

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1823.

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LONDON:

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THE LION'S HEAD.

BEING afflicted with a severe ophthalmia, we requested our Amanuensis to read over to us a few of those contributions which had lately been presented for insertion. With a sigh that would turn a windmill, our luckless deputy quitted the desk where he had been more gratefully employed in transcribing, and prepared himself for the task. Patience is a virtue, said we, designing to console him; the sooner you begin, the sooner shall you end. He appeared to be struck with the originality of these observations, and summoning up his fortitude, with a resigned and manly voice he proceeded to recite one of the articles entitled, "Irish Stories," by P. P. Q. The question put by the Author of these Stories, in a private letter to the Editor, cannot, we fear, be answered in the affirmative. They are strongly conceived, and not ill expressed, but they want in a very great degree that discreet conduct of a Story which is necessary to procure success. They are *uninclosed* Narratives, like the scenery which they describe.

Our Secretary now pruned his cravat and his tucker, whilst he "pour'd down from his pretty swelling throat" a "Northumbrian Legend." This was followed by a "Mendicant Princess;" and this by a "True Mourner," upon the hearing of whose distresses we really felt considerable sympathy. These pieces are all by the same prolific hand, occupying upwards of seven and twenty pages of letter paper. The Author himself appears to hold but an humble opinion of these his productions, and though we think his modesty very commendable, we cannot venture to dissent from him. We beg leave, indeed, here to remind our Correspondents-to-be, that "a first attempt," "an humble imitation," or a thing "hastily written," is far from being a recommendation with us, although it may be consolatory to the Author himself to know that "half his strength he put not forth," and that this was the cause of his piece being rejected. We would, in the way of advice, ask the writer of the above voluminous articles, why he does not rather choose to favour us with a mature attempt, a bold original, or a thing written with deliberation? It would be temerity in us to assert, from any thing we have seen in the above specimens, that a shorter and better digested article from the same hand would be more successful; but it is a

duty we owe to ourselves as readers, and to our future Correspondents as writers, to proclaim that *brevity*, and an appearance of earnest attempt towards good composition, are the best introductions to an Editor's favour.

"The Spanish Soldier to his Mistress." This hullo'd us to as sweet a sleep as we ever performed for five minutes. We were roused by some sprightly sallies at the commencement of an article, signed Titus, but they did not last long; and one of the best was the motto. "The Devil outfaced by a Scotchman," *outfaced* us, for we held down our head during the whole lecture; nor could a "Sonnet to the Moon," "The Evening Star," "D.'s Sonnet to Elia," nor even the announcement of "Ellen Tracey," make us prick up our ears for more than a moment.

"The thoughts and dreams of an unknown." Alas! we have ourselves known what it is to have "thoughts and dreams;" we have known what it is to be "*unknown*." We can pity most feelingly the young day-dreamer, the visionary enthusiast, the unknown aspirant, depressed by his own fears, harassed by his anxieties, neglected by the world, and forsaken by his friends, for we have needed the like commiseration; but there is a still more melancholy character,—the aspirant to honours which he is not fitted to attain. Where there appears any considerable intensity of ambition to excel in literature, we would be very delicate in pronouncing an unfavourable opinion on the prospect of ultimate success, for we think men's genius may be often best known from their inclinations; but we would earnestly entreat the unknown to beware how he mistakes the will for the power—admiration of genius for genius itself. His "thoughts and dreams" do not display more feeling than we have frequently met with in persons who had yet no pretensions to genius; and, unless the effort of a *very* youthful mind, are developed with far less ingenuity than would lead us to encourage the author to a second attempt. They possess all that vague incorrectness of idea, which by care sometimes improves into definite beauty of conception, but more generally ends in verbiage and unintelligible refinement of thought. If, as we fear is most likely, the preceding observations do not dissuade the author from a perilous and eventually, perhaps, fatal course, we can only, as a last advice, counsel him to read, think, and write, in private, a great deal more than he appears to have done, before he again offers himself to the notice of an Editor.

Sancho Redivivus, Henda, S. P. of Cambridge, B. Y.—Prosper—Ontario—and Cyril, were not in their happiest moods, we suppose, when they favoured us. Milton always wrote best in the Equinoxes.—Zig Zag's letter shall be sent to Elia.

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THE DICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FOR more than one hundred and fifty years had the family of Schroll been settled at Taubendorf; and generally respected for knowledge and refinement of manners superior to its station. Its present representative, the bailiff Elias Schroll, had in his youth attached himself to literature; but later in life, from love to the country, he had returned to his native village; and lived there in great credit and esteem.

During this whole period of one hundred and fifty years, tradition had recorded only one single Schroll as having borne a doubtful character: he indeed, as many persons affirmed, had dealt with the devil. Certain it is that there was still preserved in the house a scrutoire fixed in the wall—and containing some mysterious manuscripts attributed to him; and the date of the year—1630, which was carved upon the front, tallied with his era. The key of this scrutoire had been constantly handed down to the eldest son, through five generations—with a solemn charge to take care that no other eye or ear should ever become acquainted with its contents. Every precaution had been taken to guard against accidents or oversights: the lock was so constructed, that even with the right key, it could not be opened without special instructions; and for still greater security, the present proprietor had added a padlock of most elaborate workmanship, which presented a sufficient obstacle before the main lock could be approached.

In vain did the curiosity of the

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whole family direct itself to this scrutoire. Nobody had succeeded in discovering any part of its contents, except Rudolph, the only son of the bailiff: he *had* succeeded: at least his own belief was, that the old folio, with gilt edges, and bound in black velvet, which he had one day surprised his father anxiously reading, belonged to the mysterious scrutoire. For the door of the scrutoire, though not open, was unlocked; and Elias had hastily closed the book with great agitation, at the same time ordering his son out of the room in no very gentle tone. At the time of this incident, Rudolph was about twelve years of age.

Since that time the young man had sustained two great losses, in the deaths of his excellent mother, and a sister tenderly beloved. His father also had suffered deeply in health and spirits under these afflictions. Every day he grew more fretful and humoursome; and Rudolph, upon his final return home from school in his eighteenth year, was shocked to find him greatly altered in mind as well as in person. His flesh had fallen away; and he seemed to be consumed by some internal strife of thought. It was evidently his own opinion that he was standing on the edge of the grave: and he employed himself unceasingly in arranging his affairs, and in making his successor acquainted with all such arrangements as regarded his more peculiar interests. One evening, as Rudolph came in suddenly from a neighbour's house, and happened to pass the

scrutoire, he found the door wide open, and the inside obviously empty. Looking round, he observed his father standing on the hearth close to a great fire, in the midst of which was consuming the old black book.

Elias entreated his son earnestly to withdraw: but Rudolph could not command himself; and he exclaimed—"I doubt, I doubt, Sir, that this is the book which belongs to the scrutoire."

His father assented with visible confusion.

"Well, then, allow me to say, that I am greatly surprised at your treating in this way an heir-loom that for a century and more has always been transmitted to the eldest son."

"You are in the right, my son," said the father, affectionately taking him by the hand: "You are partly in the right: it is not quite defensible, I admit: and I myself have had many scruples about the course I have taken. Yet still I feel myself glad upon the whole that I have destroyed this accursed book. He, that wrote it, never prospered; all traditions agree in that:—why then leave to one's descendants a miserable legacy of unhallowed mysteries?"

This excuse, however, did not satisfy Rudolph. He maintained that his father had made an aggression upon his rights of inheritance; and he argued the point so well, that Elias himself began to see that his son's complaint was not altogether groundless. The whole of the next day they behaved to each other—not unkindly, but yet with some coolness. At night Elias could bear this no longer; and he said, "Dear Rudolph, we have lived long together in harmony and love; let us not begin to show an altered countenance to each other during the few days that I have yet to live."

Rudolph pressed his father's offered hand with a filial warmth; and the latter went on to say—"I purpose now to communicate to you by word of mouth the contents of the book which I have destroyed: I will do this with good faith and without reserve—unless you yourself can be persuaded to forego your own right to such a communication."

Elias paused—flattering himself, as it seemed, that his son would fore-

go his right. But in this he was mistaken: Rudolph was far too eager for the disclosure; and earnestly pressed his father to proceed.

Again Elias hesitated, and threw a glance of profound love and pity upon his son—a glance that conjured him to think better and to waive his claim: but, this being at length obviously hopeless, he spoke as follows:—"The book relates chiefly to yourself: it points to you as *to the last of our race*. You turn pale. Surely, Rudolph, it would have been better that you had resolved to trouble yourself no farther about it?"

"No," said Rudolph, recovering his self-possession, "No: for it still remains a question whether this prophecy be true."

"It does so, it does, no doubt."

"And is this all that the book says in regard to me?"

"No: it is *not* all: there is something more. But possibly you will only laugh when you hear it: for at this day no body believes in such strange stories. However, be *that* as it may, the book goes on to say plainly and positively, that the Evil One (Heaven protect us!) will make you an offer tending greatly to your worldly advantage."

Rudolph laughed outright; and replied that, judging by the grave exterior of the book, he had looked to hear of more serious contents.

"Well, well, my son," said the old man, "I know not that I myself am disposed to place much confidence in these tales of contracts with the devil. But, true or not, we ought not to laugh at them. Enough for me that under any circumstances I am satisfied you have so much natural piety, that you would reject all worldly good fortune that could meet you upon unhallowed paths."

Here Elias would have broken off: but Rudolph said, "One thing more I wish to know: What is to be the nature of the good fortune offered to me? And did the book say whether I should accept it or not?"

"Upon the nature of the good fortune the writer has not explained himself: all that he says—is, that by a discreet use of it, it is in your power to become a very great man. Whether you will accept it—but God preserve thee, my child, from any thought so criminal—upon this ques-

tion there is a profound silence. Nay, it seems even as if this trader in black arts had at that very point been overtaken by death: for he had broken off in the very middle of a word. "The lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Little as Rudolph's faith was in the possibility of such a proposal, yet he was uneasy at his father's communication and visibly disturbed; so that the latter said to him—"Had it not been better, Rudolph, that you had left the mystery to be buried with me in the grave?"

Rudolph said "No:" but his restless eye, and his agitated air, too evidently approved the accuracy of his father's solicitude.

The deep impression upon Rudolph's mind from this conversation—the last he was ever to hold with his father—was rendered still deeper by the solemn event which followed. About the middle of that same night he was awakened suddenly by a summons to his father's bed-side: his father was dying, and earnestly asking for him.

"My son!" he exclaimed with an expression of the bitterest anguish; stretched out both his arms in supplication towards him; and in the anguish of the effort he expired.

The levity of youthful spirits soon dispersed the gloom which at first hung over Rudolph's mind. Surrounded by jovial companions at the university which he now visited, he found no room left in his bosom for sorrow or care: and his heaviest affliction was the refusal of his guardian at times to comply with his too frequent importunities for money.

After a residence of one year at the university, some youthful irregularities in which Rudolph was concerned subjected him, jointly with three others, to expulsion. Just at that time, the Seven Years' War happened to break out: two of the party, named Theiler and Werl, entered the military service together with Rudolph: the last, very much against the will of a young woman to whom he was engaged. Charlotte herself, however, became reconciled to this arrangement, when she saw that her objections availed nothing against Rudolph's resolution, and heard her lover describe in the most flattering colours his own return to her arms in the uniform of an officer: for that his

distinguished courage must carry him in the very first campaign to the rank of lieutenant, was as evident to his own mind as that he could not possibly fall on the field of battle.

The three friends were fortunate enough to be placed in the same company. But in the first battle, Werl and Theiler were stretched lifeless by Rudolph's side: Werl, by a musket ball through his heart, and Theiler by a cannon shot which took off his head.

Soon after this event Rudolph himself returned home: but how? Not, as he had fondly anticipated, in the brilliant decorations of a distinguished officer; but as a prisoner in close custody: in a transport of youthful anger he had been guilty, in company with two others, of insubordination and mutiny.

The court-martial sentenced them to death. The judges, however, were so favourably impressed by their good conduct whilst under confinement, that they would certainly have recommended them unconditionally to the royal mercy, if it had not been deemed necessary to make an example. However, the sentence was so far mitigated, that only one of the three was to be shot. And which was he? That point was reserved in suspense until the day of execution, when it was to be decided by the cast of the dice.

As the fatal day drew near, a tempest of passionate grief assailed the three prisoners. One of them was agitated by the tears of his father; the second by the sad situation of a sickly wife and two children. The third, Rudolph, in case the lot fell upon him, would be summoned to part not only with his life, but also with a young and blooming bride, that lay nearer to his heart than anything else in the world. "Ah!" said he on the evening before the day of final decision, "Ah! if but this once I could secure a lucky throw of the dice!" And scarce was the wish uttered, when his comrade Werl, whom he had seen fall by his side in the field of battle, stepped into his cell.

"So, brother Schroll, I suppose you didn't much expect to see me?"

"No, indeed, did I not—" exclaimed Rudolph in consternation: for in fact, on the next day after the battle, he had seen with his own eyes

this very Werl committed to the grave.

"Aye, aye, it's strange enough, I allow: but there are not many such surgeons as he is that belongs to our regiment: he had me dug up, and brought me round again, I'll assure you. One would think the man was a conjurer. Indeed there are many things he can do which I defy any man to explain; and to say the truth, I'm convinced he can execute impossibilities."

"Well, so let him, for aught that I care: all his art will scarcely do me any good."

"Who knows, brother? who knows? The man is in this town at this very time; and for old friendship's sake I've just spoken to him about you: and he has promised me a lucky throw of the dice that shall deliver you from all danger."

"Ah!" said the dejected Rudolph, "but even this would be of little service to me."

"Why, how so?" asked the other.

"How so? Why, because—even if there were such dice (a matter I very much dispute)—yet I could never allow myself to turn aside, by black arts, any bad luck designed for myself upon the heads of either of my comrades."

"Now this, I suppose, is what you call being noble? But excuse me if I think that in such cases one's first duty is to oneself."

"Aye, but just consider; one of my comrades has an old father to maintain, the other a sick wife with two children."

"Schroll, Schroll, if your young bride were to hear you, I fancy she wouldn't think herself much flattered. Does poor Charlotte deserve that you should not bestow a thought on her and her fate? A dear young creature, that places her whole happiness in you, has nearer claims (I think) upon your consideration than an old dotard with one foot in the grave, or a wife and two children that are nothing at all to you. Ah! what a deal of good might you do in the course of a long life with your Charlotte!—So then, you really are determined to reject the course which I point out to you? Take care, Schroll! If you disdain my offer, and the lot should chance to fall upon you,—take care lest the thought

of a young bride whom you have betrayed, take care, I say, lest this thought should add to the bitterness of death when you come to kneel down on the sand-hill. However, I've given you advice sufficient: and have discharged my conscience. Look to it yourself: and farewell!"

"Stay, brother, a word or two;" said Rudolph, who was powerfully impressed by the last speech, and the picture of domestic happiness held up before him, which he had often dallied with in thought both when alone and in company with Charlotte;—"stay a moment. Undoubtedly, I do not deny that I wish for life, if I could receive it a gift from heaven: and *that* is not impossible. Only I would not willingly have the guilt upon my conscience of being the cause of misery to another. However, if the man you speak of can tell, I should be glad that you would ask him upon which of us three the lot of death will fall. Or—stay; don't ask him," said Rudolph, sighing deeply.

"I have already asked him," was the answer.

"Ah! have you so? *And it is after his reply that you come to me with this counsel?*"

The foretaste of death overspread the blooming face of Rudolph with a livid paleness: thick drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead; and the other exclaimed with a sneer—"I'm going: you take too much time for consideration. May be you will see and recognize me at the place of execution: and, if so, I shall have the dice with me; and it will not be too late even then to give me a sign: but take notice I can't promise to attend."

Rudolph raised his forehead from the palm of his hand, in which he had buried it during the last moments of his perturbation, and would have spoken something in reply: but his counsellor was already gone. He felt glad and yet at the same time sorry. The more he considered the man and his appearance, so much the less seemed his resemblance to his friend whom he had left buried on the field of battle. This friend had been the very soul of affectionate cordiality—a temper that was altogether wanting to his present counsellor. No! the scornful and insulting

tone with which he treated the unhappy prisoner, and the unkind manner with which he had left him, convinced Schroll that he and Werl must be two different persons. Just at this moment a thought struck him, like a blast of lightning, of the black book that had perished in the fire and its ominous contents. A lucky cast of the dice! Aye; *that* then was the shape in which the tempter had presented himself; and heartily glad he felt that he had not availed himself of his suggestions.

But this temper of mind was speedily changed by his young bride, who hurried in, soon after, sobbing, and flung her arms about his neck. He told her of the proposal which had been made to him; and she was shocked that he had not immediately accepted it.

With a bleeding heart, Rudolph objected that so charming and lovely a creature could not miss of a happy fate, even if he should be forced to quit her. But she protested vehemently that he or nobody should enjoy her love.

The clergyman, who visited the prisoner immediately after her departure, restored some composure to his mind, which had been altogether banished by the presence of his bride. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord!" said the grey-haired divine; and with so much earnestness and devotion, that this single speech had the happiest effect upon the prisoner's mind.

On the morning after this night of agitation—the morning of the fatal day—the three criminals saw each other for the first time since their arrest. Community of fate, and long separation from each other, contributed to draw still closer the bond of friendship that had been first knit on the field of battle. Each of the three testified a lively abhorrence for the wretched necessity of throwing death to some one of his comrades, by any cast of the dice which should bring life to himself. Dear as their several friends were to all, yet at this moment the brotherly league, which had been tried and proved in the furnace of battle, was triumphant over all opposing considerations. Each would have preferred death himself, rather than escape it at the expense of his comrade.

The worthy clergyman, who possessed their entire confidence, found them loudly giving utterance to this heroic determination. Shaking his head, he pointed their attention to those who had claims upon them whilst living, and for whom it was their duty to wish to live as long as possible. "Place your trust in God!" said he: "resign yourselves to him! He it is that will bring about the decision through your hands; and think not of ascribing that power to yourselves, or to his lifeless instruments—the dice. He, without whose permission no sparrow falls to the ground, and who has numbered every hair upon your head—He it is that knows best what is good for you; and he only."

The prisoners assented by squeezing his hand, embraced each other, and received the sacrament in the best disposition of mind. After this ceremony they breakfasted together, in as resigned, nay, almost in as joyous a mood as if the gloomy and bloody morning which lay before them were ushering in some glad-some festival.

When, however, the procession was marshalled from the outer gate, and their beloved friends were admitted to utter their last farewells, then again the sternness of their courage sank beneath the burthen of their melancholy fate. "Rudolph!" whispered amongst the rest his despairing bride, "Rudolph! why did you reject the help that was offered to you?" He adjured her not to add to the bitterness of parting; and she in turn adjured him, a little before the word of command was given to march—which robbed her of all consciousness—to make a sign to the stranger who had volunteered his offer of deliverance, provided he should anywhere observe him in the crowd.

The streets and the windows were lined with spectators. Vainly did each of the criminals seek, by accompanying the clergyman in his prayers, to shelter himself from the thought, that all return, perhaps, was cut off from him. The large house of his bride's father reminded Schroll of a happiness that was now lost to him for ever, if any faith were to be put in the words of his yesterday's monitor; and a very remarkable

faintness came over him. The clergyman, who was acquainted with the circumstances of his case, and, therefore, guessed the occasion of his sudden agitation, laid hold of his arm—and said, with a powerful voice, that he who trusted in God would assuredly see all his *righteous* hopes accomplished—in this world, if it were God's pleasure; but, if not, in a better.

These were words of comfort: but their effect lasted only for a few moments. Outside the city gate his eyes were met by the sand-hill already thrown up—a spectacle which renewed his earthly hopes and fears. He threw a hurried glance about him: but no where could he see his last night's visitor.

Every moment the decision came nearer and nearer. It has begun. One of the three has already shaken the box: the die is cast: he has thrown a six. This throw was now registered amidst the solemn silence of the crowd. The by-standers regarded him with silent congratulations in their eyes. For this man and Rudolph were the two special objects of the general compassion; this man, as the husband and father; Rudolph, as the youngest and handsomest, and because some report had gone abroad of his superior education and attainments.

Rudolph was youngest in a double sense—youngest in years, and youngest in the service: for both reasons he was to throw last. It may be supposed, therefore, how much all present trembled for the poor delinquent, when the second of his comrades likewise flung a six.

Prostrated in spirit, Rudolph stared at the unpropitious die. Then a second time he threw a hurried glance around him—and that so full of despair, that from horrid sympathy a violent shuddering ran through the by-standers. "Here is no deliverer," thought Rudolph, "none to see me, or to hear me! And if there were, it is now too late: for no change of the die is any longer possible." So saying he seized the fatal die; convulsively his hand clutches it; and before the throw is made he feels that the die is broken in two.

During the universal thrill of astonishment which succeeded to this

strange accident, he looked round again. A sudden shock, and a sudden joy, fled through his countenance. Not far from him, in the dress of a pedlar, stands Theiler without a wound—the comrade whose head had been carried off on the field of battle by a cannon-ball. Rudolph made an under sign to him with his eye. For clear as it now was to his mind—with whom he was dealing, yet, the dreadful trial of the moment overpowered his better resolutions.

The military commission were in some confusion. No provision having been thought of against so strange an accident, there was no second die at hand. They were just on the point of despatching a messenger to fetch one, when the pedlar presented himself with the offer of supplying the loss. The new die is examined by the auditor, and delivered to the unfortunate Rudolph. He throws: the die is lying on the drum; and again it is a six! The amazement is universal: nothing is decided: the throws must be repeated. They *are*: and Weber, the husband of the sick wife—the father of the two half-naked children, flings the lowest throw.

Immediately the officer's voice was heard wheeling his men into their position: on the part of Weber there was as little delay. The overwhelming injury to his wife and children inflicted by his own act, was too mighty to contemplate. He shook hands rapidly with his two comrades; stepped nimbly into his place; kneeled down; the word of command was heard—"Lower your musquets;" instantly he dropt the fatal handkerchief with the gesture of one who prays for some incalculable blessing: and in the twinkling of an eye, sixteen bullets had lightened the heart of the poor mutineer from its whole immeasurable freight of anguish.

All the congratulations, with which they were welcomed on their return into the city, fell powerless on Rudolph's ear! Scarcely could even Charlotte's caresses affect with any pleasure the man who believed himself to have sacrificed his comrade, through collusion with a fiend.

The importunities of Charlotte prevailed over all objections which the pride of her aged father suggested against a son-in-law who had been capitally convicted. The marriage

was solemnized: but at the wedding-festival, amidst the uproar of merriment, the parties chiefly concerned were not happy or tranquil. In no long time the father-in-law died, and by his death placed the young couple in a state of complete independence. But Charlotte's fortune, and the remainder of what Rudolph had inherited from his father, were speedily swallowed up by an idle and luxurious mode of living. Rudolph now began to ill-use his wife. To escape from his own conscience, he plunged into all sorts of dissolute courses. And very remarkable it was—that from manifesting the most violent abhorrence for every thing which could lead his thoughts to his own fortunate cast of the die, he gradually came to entertain so uncontrollable a passion for playing at dice—that he spent all his time in the company of those with whom he could turn this passion to account. His house had long since passed out of his own hands: not a soul could be found anywhere to lend him a shilling. The sickly widow of Weber and her two children, whom he had hitherto supported, lost their home and means of livelihood. And in no long space of time the same fate fell upon himself, his wife, and his child.

Too little used to labour to have any hope of improving his condition in that way, one day he bethought himself that the Medical Institute was in the habit of purchasing from poor people during their life-time the reversion of their bodies. To this establishment he addressed himself; and the ravages in his personal appearance and health, caused by his dissolute life, induced them the more readily to lend an ear to his proposal.

But the money thus obtained, which had been designed for the support of his wife and half-famished children, was squandered at the gaming-table. As the last dollar vanished, Schroll bit one of the dice furiously between his teeth. Just then he heard these words whispered at his ear—"Gently, brother, gently: All dice do not split in two, like that on the sand-hill." He looked round in agitation: but saw no trace of any one who could have uttered the words.

With dreadful imprecations on himself and those with whom he had

played, he flung out of the gaming-house, homewards on his road to the wretched garret where his wife and children were awaiting his return and his succour. But here the poor creatures, tormented by hunger and cold, pressed upon him so importunately, that he had no way to deliver himself from misery but by flying from the spectacle. But whither could he go thus late at night, when his utter poverty was known in every ale-house? Roaming he knew not whither, he found himself at length in the churchyard. The moon was shining solemnly upon the quiet grave-stones, though obscured at intervals by piles of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at himself and his own existence. He strode with bursts of laughter over the dwellings of the departed; and entered a vault which gave him shelter from the icy blasts of wind which now began to bluster more loudly than before. The moon threw her rays into the vault full upon the golden legend inscribed in the wall—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" Schroll took up a spade that was sticking in the ground, and struck with it furiously against the gilt letters on the wall: but they seemed indestructible; and he was going to assault them with a mattock, when suddenly a hand touched him on the shoulder, and said to him, "Gently, comrade: thy pains are all thrown away." Schroll uttered a loud exclamation of terror: for, in these words, he heard the voice of Weber, and, on turning round, recognized his whole person.

"What would'st thou have?" asked Rudolph,—"*What art thou come for?*"—"To comfort thee," replied the figure, which now suddenly assumed the form and voice of the pedlar to whom Schroll was indebted for the fortunate die. "Thou hast forgotten me: and thence it is that thou art fallen into misfortune. Look up and acknowledge thy friend in need that comes only to make thee happy again."

"If *that* be thy purpose, wherefore is it that thou wearest a shape before which, of all others that have been on earth, I have most reason to shudder?"

"The reason is—because I must not allow to any men my help or my

converse on too easy terms. Before ever my die was allowed to turn thy fate, I was compelled to give thee certain intimations from which thou knewest with whom it was that thou wert dealing."

"With whom then was it that I was dealing?" cried Schroll, staring with his eyes wide open, and his hair standing erect.

"Thou knewest, comrade, at that time—thou knowest at this moment," said the pedlar laughing, and tapping him on the shoulder. "But what is it that thou desirest?"

Schroll struggled internally; but, overcome by his desolate condition, he said immediately—"Dice: I would have dice that shall win whenever I wish."

"Very well: but first of all stand out of the blaze of this golden writing on the wall: it is a writing that has nothing to do with thee. Here are dice: never allow them to go out of thy own possession: for *that* might bring thee into great trouble. When thou needest me, light a fire at the last stroke of the midnight hour; throw in my dice and with loud laughter. They will crack once or twice, and then split. At that moment catch at them in the flames: but let not the moment slip, or thou art lost. And let not thy courage be daunted by the sights that I cannot but send before me whensoever I appear. Lastly, avoid choosing any holy day for this work; and beware of the priest's benediction. Here, take the dice."

Schroll caught at the dice with one hand, whilst with the other he covered his eyes. When he next looked up, he was standing alone.

He now quitted the burying ground to return as hastily as possible to the gaming-house, where the light of candles was still visible. But it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained money enough from a "friend" to enable him to make the lowest stake which the rules allowed. He found it a much easier task to persuade the company to use the dice which he had brought with him. They saw in this nothing but a very common superstition—and no possibility of any imposture, as they and he should naturally have benefited alike by the good luck supposed to accompany the dice. But the nature

of the charm was—that only the possessor of the dice enjoyed their supernatural powers; and hence it was, that towards morning, Schroll reeled home, intoxicated with wine and pleasure, and laden with the money of all present, to the garret where his family were lying, half frozen and famished.

Their outward condition was immediately improved. The money, which Schroll had won, was sufficient not only for their immediate and most pressing wants: it was enough also to pay for a front apartment, and to leave a sum sufficient for a very considerable stake.

With this sum, and in better attire, Rudolph repaired to a gaming-house of more fashionable resort—and came home in the evening laden with gold.

He now opened a gaming establishment himself; and so much did his family improve in external appearances within a very few weeks, that the police began to keep a watchful eye over him.

This induced him to quit the city, and to change his residence continually. All the different baths of Germany he resorted to beyond other towns: but, though his dice perseveringly maintained their luck, he yet never accumulated any money. Every thing was squandered upon the dissipated life which he and his family pursued.

At length at the baths of ——— the matter began to take an unfortunate turn. A violent passion for a beautiful young lady whom Rudolph had attached himself to in vain at balls, concerts, and even at church, suddenly bereft him of all sense and discretion. One night, when Schroll (who now styled himself Captain Von Schrollshausen) was anticipating a master-stroke from his dice, probably for the purpose of winning the lady by the display of overflowing wealth and splendour,—suddenly they lost their virtue, and failed him without warning. Hitherto they had lost only when he willed them to lose: but, on this occasion, they failed at so critical a moment, as to lose him not only all his own money, but a good deal beside that he had borrowed.

Foaming with rage, he came home. He asked furiously after his wife:

she was from home. He examined the dice attentively; and it appeared to him that they were not his own. A powerful suspicion seized upon him. Madame Von Schrollshausen had her own gaming circle as well as himself. Without betraying its origin, he had occasionally given her a few specimens of the privilege attached to his dice: and she had pressed him earnestly to allow her the use of them for a single evening. It was true he never parted with them even on going to bed: but it was possible that they might have been changed whilst he was sleeping. The more he brooded upon this suspicion, the more it strengthened: from being barely possible, it became probable: from a probability it ripened into a certainty; and this certainty received the fullest confirmation at this moment when she returned home in the gayest temper, and announced to him that she had been this night overwhelmed with good luck; in proof of which, she poured out upon the table a considerable sum in gold coin. "And now," she added laughingly, "I care no longer for your dice; nay, to tell you the truth, I would not exchange my own for them."

Rudolph, now confirmed in his suspicions, demanded the dice—as his property that had been purloined from him. She laughed and refused. He insisted with more vehemence; she retorted with warmth: both parties were irritated: and, at length, in the extremity of his wrath, Rudolph snatched up a knife and stabbed her: the knife pierced her heart: she uttered a single sob—was convulsed for a moment—and expired. "Cursed accident!" he exclaimed, when it clearly appeared, on examination, that the dice which she had in her purse were not those which he suspected himself to have lost.

No eye but Rudolph's had witnessed the murder: the child had slept on undisturbed: but circumstances betrayed it to the knowledge of the landlord; and, in the morning, he was preparing to make it public. By great offers, however, Rudolph succeeded in purchasing the man's silence: he engaged in substance to make over to the landlord a large sum of money, and to marry his daughter, with whom he had

long pursued a clandestine intrigue. Agreeably to this arrangement, it was publicly notified that Madame Von Schrollshausen had destroyed herself under a sudden attack of hypochondriasis, to which she had been long subject. Some there were undoubtedly who chose to be sceptics on this matter: but nobody had an interest sufficiently deep in the murdered person to prompt him to a legal inquiry.

A fact, which at this time gave Rudolph far more disturbance of mind than the murder of his once beloved wife, was—the full confirmation, upon repeated experience, that his dice had forfeited their power. For he had now been a loser for two days running to so great an extent, that he was obliged to abscond on a misty night. His child, towards whom his affection increased daily, he was under the necessity of leaving with his host as a pledge for his return and fulfilment of his promises. He would not have absconded, if it had been in his power to summon his dark counsellor forthwith: but on account of the great festival of Pentecost, which fell on the very next day, this summons was necessarily delayed for a short time. By staying he would have reduced himself to the necessity of inventing various pretexts for delay, in order to keep up his character with his creditors: whereas, when he returned with a sum of money sufficient to meet his debts, all suspicions would be silenced at once.

In the metropolis of an adjacent territory, to which he resorted so often, that he kept lodgings there constantly, he passed Whitsunday with impatience—and resolved on the succeeding night to summon and converse with his counsellor. Impatient, however, as he was of any delay, he did not on that account feel the less anxiety as the hour of midnight approached. Though he was quite alone in his apartments, and had left his servant behind at the baths,—yet long before midnight he fancied that he heard footsteps and whisperings round about him. The purpose he was meditating, that he had regarded till now as a matter of indifference, now displayed itself in its whole monstrous shape. Moreover, he remembered that his wicked

counsellor had himself thought it necessary to exhort him to courage, which at present he felt greatly shaken. However, he had no choice. As he was enjoined therefore, with the last stroke of twelve he set on fire the wood which lay ready split upon the hearth, and threw the dice into the flames, with a loud laughter that echoed frightfully from the empty hall and stair-cases. Confused, and half-stifled by the smoke which accompanied the roaring flames, he stood still for a few minutes, when suddenly all the surrounding objects seemed changed, and he found himself transported to his father's house. His father was lying on his death-bed just as he had actually beheld him. He had upon his lips the very same expression of supplication and anguish with which he had at that time striven to address him. Once again he stretched out his arms in love and pity to his son; and once again he seemed to expire in the act.

Schroll was agitated by the picture, which called up and re-animated in his memory, with the power of a mighty tormentor, all his honourable plans and prospects from that innocent period of his life. At this moment the dice cracked for the first time; and Schroll turned his face towards the flames. A second time the smoke stifled the light in order to reveal a second picture. He saw himself on the day before the scene of the sand-hill sitting in his dungeon. The clergyman was with him. From the expression of his countenance he appeared to be just saying—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Rudolph thought of the disposition in which he then was—of the hopes which the clergyman had raised in him—and of the feeling which he then had that he was still worthy to be re-united to his father, or had become worthy by bitter penitence. The next fracture of the die disturbed the scene—but to substitute one that was not at all more consolatory. For now appeared a den of thieves, in which the unhappy widow of Weber was cursing her children, who—left without support, without counsel, without protection, had taken to evil courses. In the back ground stood the bleeding father of these ruined children,

one hand stretched out towards Schroll with a menacing gesture, and the other lifted towards heaven with a record of impeachment against him.

At the third splitting of the dice, out of the bosom of the smoke arose the figure of his murdered wife, who seemed to chase him from one corner of the room to another, until at length she came and took a seat at the fire-place; by the side of which, as Rudolph now observed with horror, his buried father, and the unhappy Weber, had stretched themselves; and they carried on together a low and noiseless whispering and moaning that agitated him with a mysterious horror.

After long and hideous visions, Rudolph beheld the flames grow weaker and weaker. He approached. The figures that stood round about held up their hands in a threatening attitude. A moment later, and the time was gone for ever; and Rudolph, as his false friend had asserted, was a lost man. With the courage of despair he plunged through the midst of the threatening figures, and snatched at the glowing dice—which were no sooner touched than they split asunder, with a dreadful sound, before which the apparitions vanished in a body.

The evil counsellor appeared on this occasion in the dress of a gravedigger, and asked with a snorting sound—"What would'st thou from me?"

"I would remind you of your promise," answered Schroll, stepping back with awe: "your dice have lost their power."

"Through whose fault?"

Rudolph was silent, and covered his eyes from the withering glances of the fiendish being who was gazing upon him.

"Thy foolish desires led thee in chase of the beautiful maiden into the church: my words were forgotten; and the benediction, against which I warned thee, disarmed the dice of their power. In future, observe my directions better."

So saying, he vanished; and Schroll found three new dice upon the hearth.

After such scenes, sleep was not to be thought of; and Rudolph resolved, if possible, to make trial of his dice this very night. The ball at the hotel over the way, to which he had been invited, and from which

the steps of the waltzers were still audible, appeared to present a fair opportunity. Thither he repaired; but not without some anxiety, lest some of the noises in his own lodgings should have reached the houses over the way. He was happy to find this fear unfounded. Every thing appeared as if calculated only for his senses: for when he inquired with assumed carelessness what great explosion *that* was which occurred about midnight, nobody acknowledged to having heard it.

The dice also, he was happy to find, answered his expectations. He found a company engaged at play: and by the break of day he had met with so much luck, that he was immediately able to travel back to the baths, and to redeem his child and his word of honour.

In the baths he now made as many new acquaintances as the losses were important which he had lately sustained. He was reputed one of the wealthiest cavaliers in the place; and many who had designs upon him in consequence of this reputed wealth, willingly lost money to him to favour their own schemes: so that in a single month he gained sums which would have established him as a man of fortune. Under countenance of this repute, and as a widower, no doubt he might now have made successful advances to the young lady whom he had formerly pursued: for her father had an exclusive regard to property; and would have overlooked morals and respectability of that sort in any candidate for his daughter's hand. But with the largest offers of money, he could not purchase his freedom from the contract made with his landlord's daughter—a woman of very disreputable character. In fact, six months after the death of his first wife, he was married to her.

By the unlimited profusion of money with which his second wife sought to wash out the stains upon her honour, Rudolph's new raised property was as speedily squandered. To part from her was one of the wishes which lay nearest his heart: he had however never ventured to express it a second time before his father-in-law: for on the single occasion when he had hinted at such an intention, that person had immediately

broken out into the most dreadful threats. The murder of his first wife was the chain which bound him to his second. The boy, whom his first wife had left him, closely as he resembled her in features and in the bad traits of her character, was his only comfort—if indeed his gloomy and perturbed mind would allow him at any time to taste of comfort.

To preserve this boy from the evil influences of the many bad examples about him, he had already made an agreement with a man of distinguished abilities, who was to have superintended his education in his own family. But all was frustrated. Madame Von Schrollshausen, whose love of pomp and display led her eagerly to catch at every pretext for creating a *fête*, had invited a party on the evening before the young boy's intended departure. The time which was not occupied in the eating-room, was spent at the gaming-table, and dedicated to the dice, of whose extraordinary powers the owner was at this time availing himself with more zeal than usual—having just invested all his disposable money in the purchase of a landed estate. One of the guests having lost very considerable sums in an uninterrupted train of ill-luck, threw the dice, in his vexation, with such force upon the table, that one of them fell down. The attendants searched for it on the floor; and the child also crept about in quest of it: not finding it, he rose; and in rising stepped upon it, lost his balance, and fell with such violence against the edge of the stove—that he died in a few hours of the injury inflicted on the head.

This accident made the most powerful impression upon the father. He recapitulated the whole of his life from the first trial he had made of the dice. From them had arisen all his misfortunes. In what way could he liberate himself from their accursed influence?—Revolving this point, and in the deepest distress of mind, Schroll wandered out towards night-fall and strolled through the town. Coming to a solitary bridge in the outskirts, he looked down from the battlements upon the gloomy depths of the waters below, which seemed to regard him with looks of sympathy and strong fascination. “So be it then!” he exclaimed, and sprang

over the railing. But, instead of finding his grave in the waters, he felt himself below seized powerfully by the grasp of a man—whom, from his scornful laugh, he recognized as his evil counsellor. The man bore him to the shore, and said—"No, no my good friend: he that once enters into a league with me—him I shall deliver from death even in his own despite."

Half crazy with despair, the next morning Schroll crept out of the town with a loaded pistol. Spring was abroad — spring flowers, spring breezes, and nightingales*: they were all abroad, but not for *him*, or *his* delight. A crowd of itinerant tradesmen passed him, who were on their road to a neighbouring fair. One of them, observing his dejected countenance with pity, attached himself to his side, and asked him in a tone of sympathy what was the matter. Two others of the passers-by Schroll heard distinctly saying—"Faith, I should not like for my part to walk alone with such an ill-looking fellow." He darted a furious glance at the men, separated from his pitying companion with a fervent pressure of his hand, and struck off into a solitary track of the forest. In the first retired spot, he fired the pistol: and behold! the man who had spoken to him with so much kindness lies stretched in his blood, and he himself is without a wound. At this moment, while staring half-unconsciously at the face of the murdered man, he feels himself seized from behind. Already he seems to himself in the hands of the public executioner. Turning round, however, he hardly knows whether to feel pleasure or pain on seeing his evil suggester in the dress of a grave-digger. "My friend," said the grave-digger, "if you cannot be content to wait for death until I send it, I must be forced to end with dragging you to *that* from which I began by saving you—a public execution. But think not thus, or by any other way, to escape me. After death thou wilt assuredly be mine again."

"Who, then," said the unhappy

man, "who is the murderer of the poor traveller?"

"Who? why, who but yourself? was it not yourself that fired the pistol?"

"Aye, but at my own head."

The fiend laughed in a way that made Schroll's flesh creep on his bones. "Understand this, friend, that he whose fate I hold in my hands cannot anticipate it by his own act. For the present, begone, if you would escape the scaffold. To oblige you once more, I shall throw a veil over this murder."

Thereupon the grave-digger set about making a grave for the corpse, whilst Schroll wandered away—more for the sake of escaping the hideous presence in which he stood, than with any view to his own security from punishment.

Seeing by accident a prisoner under arrest at the guard-house, Schroll's thoughts reverted to his own confinement. "How happy," said he, "for me and for Charlotte—had I then refused to purchase life on such terms, and had better laid to heart the counsel of my good spiritual adviser!"—Upon this a sudden thought struck him—that he would go and find out the old clergyman, and would unfold to him his wretched history and situation. He told his wife that some private affairs required his attendance for a few days at the town of ———. But, say what he would, he could not prevail on her to desist from accompanying him.

On the journey his chief anxiety was—lest the clergyman, who was already advanced in years, at the memorable scene of the sand-hill, might now be dead. But at the very entrance of the town he saw him walking in the street, and immediately felt himself more composed in mind than he had done for years. The venerable appearance of the old man confirmed him still more in his resolution of making a full disclosure to him of his whole past life: one only transaction, the murder of his first wife, he thought himself justified in concealing; since, with all his peni-

* It may be necessary to inform some readers, who have never lived far enough to the south to have any personal knowledge of the nightingale, that this bird sings in the daytime as well as the night.

tence for it, that act was now beyond the possibility of reparation.

For a long time, the pious clergyman refused all belief to Schroll's narrative; but being at length convinced that he had a wounded spirit to deal with, and not a disordered intellect, he exerted himself to present all those views of religious consolation which his philanthropic character and his long experience suggested to him as likely to be effectual. Eight days' conversation with the clergyman restored Schroll to the hopes of a less miserable future. But the good man admonished him at parting to put away from himself whatsoever could in any way tend to support his unhallowed connexion.

In this direction Schroll was aware that the dice were included: and he resolved firmly that his first measure on returning home should be to bury in an inaccessible place these accursed implements that could not but bring mischief to every possessor. On entering the inn, he was met by his wife, who was in the highest spirits, and laughing profusely. He inquired the cause. "No," said she: "you refused to communicate your motive for coming hither, and the nature of your business for the last week: I too shall have my mysteries. As to your leaving me in solitude at an inn, *that* is a sort of courtesy which marriage naturally brings with it: but that you should have travelled hither for no other purpose than that of trifling away your time in the company of an old tedious parson, *that* (you will allow me to say) is a caprice which seems scarcely worth the money it will cost."

"Who then has told you that I have passed my time with an old parson?" said the astonished Schroll.

"Who told me? Why, just let me know what your business was with the parson, and I'll let you know in turn who it was that told me. So much I will assure you, however, now—that the cavalier, who was my informant, is a thousand times handsomer, and a more interesting companion, than an old dotard who is standing at the edge of the grave."

All the efforts of Madame Von Schrollshausen to irritate the curiosity of her husband proved ineffectual to draw from him his secret. The next day on their return homewards

she repeated her attempts. But he parried them all with firmness. A more severe trial to his firmness was prepared for him in the heavy bills which his wife presented to him on his reaching home. Her expenses in clothes and in jewels had been so profuse, that no expedient remained to Schroll but that of selling without delay the landed estate he had so lately purchased. A declaration to this effect was very ill received by his wife. "Sell the estate?" said she: "what, sell the sole resource I shall have to rely on when you are dead? And for what reason, I should be glad to know; when a very little of the customary luck of your dice will enable you to pay off these trifles? And whether the bills be paid to-day or to-morrow—cannot be of any very great importance." Upon this, Schroll declared with firmness that he never meant to play again. "Not play again!" exclaimed his wife, "pooh! pooh! you make me blush for you! So then, I suppose it's all true, as was said, that scruples of conscience drove you to the old rusty parson; and that he enjoined as a penance that you should abstain from gaming? I was told as much: but I refused to believe it; for in your circumstances the thing seemed too senseless and irrational."

"My dear girl," said Schroll, "consider—"

"Consider! what's the use of considering: what is there to consider about?" interrupted Madame Von Schrollshausen: and, recollecting the gay cavalier whom she had met at the inn, she now for the first time proposed a separation herself. "Very well," said her husband, "I am content." "So am I," said his father-in-law, who joined them at that moment. "But take notice that first of all I must have paid over to me an adequate sum of money for the creditable support of my daughter: else——"

Here he took Schroll aside; and the old threat of revealing the murder so utterly disheartened him, that at length in despair he consented to his terms.

Once more, therefore, the dice were to be tried; but only for the purpose of accomplishing the separation: *that* over, Schroll resolved to seek a livelihood in any other way,

even if it were as a day labourer. The stipulated sum was at length all collected within a few hundred dollars: and Schroll was already looking out for some old disused well into which he might throw the dice and then have it filled up: for even a river seemed to him a hiding-place not sufficiently secure for such instruments of misery.

Remarkable it was on the very night, when the last arrears were to be obtained of his father-in-law's demand,—a night which Schroll had anticipated with so much bitter anxiety,—that he became unusually gloomy and dejected. He was particularly disturbed by the countenance of a stranger, who for several days running had lost considerable sums. The man called himself Stutz; but he had a most striking resemblance to his old comrade, Weber, who had been shot at the Sand-hill; and differed indeed in nothing but in the advantage of blooming youth. Scarce had he leisure to recover from the shock which this spectacle occasioned, when a second occurred. About midnight another man, whom nobody knew, came up to the gaming-table—and interrupted the play by recounting an event which he represented as having just happened. A certain man, he said, had made a covenant with some person or other, that they call the Evil One—or what is it you call him? and by means of this covenant he had obtained a steady run of good luck at play. “Well, Sir” (he went on), “and would you believe it, the other day he began to repent of this covenant: my gentleman wanted to rat, he wanted to rat, Sir. Only first of all, he resolved privately to make up a certain sum of money. Ah! the poor idiot! he little knew whom he had to deal with: the Evil One, as they choose to call him, was not a man to let himself be swindled in that manner. No, no, my good friend. I saw—I mean, the Evil One saw—what was going on betimes; and he secured the swindler just as he fancied himself on the point of pocketing the last arrears of the sum wanted.”

The company began to laugh so loudly at this pleasant fiction as they conceived it, that Madame Von Schrollshausen was attracted from

the adjoining room. The story was repeated to her: and she was the more delighted with it, because in the relater she recognized the gay cavalier whom she had met at the inn. Every body laughed again, excepting two persons—Stutz and Schroll. The first had again lost all the money in his purse; and the second was so confounded by the story, that he could not forbear staring with fixed eyes on the stranger, who stood over against him. His consternation increased when he perceived that the stranger's countenance seemed to alter at every moment; and that nothing remained unchanged in it, except the cold expression of inhuman scorn, with which he perseveringly regarded himself.

At length he could endure this no longer: and he remarked, therefore, upon Stutz's again losing a bet, that it was now late; that Mr. Stutz was too much in a run of bad luck; and that on these accounts he would defer the further pursuit of their play until another day. And, thereupon, he put the dice into his pocket.

“Stop!” said the strange cavalier; and the voice froze Schroll with horror; for he knew too well to whom that dreadful tone, and those fiery eyes, belonged.

“Stop!” he said again: “produce your dice!” And tremblingly Schroll threw them upon the table.

“Ah! I thought as much,” said the stranger: “they are loaded dice!” So saying, he called for a hammer, and struck one of them in two. “See!” said he to Stutz, holding out to him the broken dice, which in fact seemed loaded with lead. “Stop, vile impostor!” exclaimed the young man, as Schroll was preparing to quit the room in the greatest confusion; and he threw the dice at him, one of which lodged in his right eye. The tumult increased; the police came in; and Stutz was apprehended, as Schroll's wound assumed a very dangerous appearance.

Next day Schroll was in a violent fever. He asked repeatedly for Stutz. But Stutz had been committed to close confinement; it having been found that he had travelled with false passes. He now confessed that he was one of the sons of the mutineer Weber; that his sickly

mother had died soon after his father's execution; and that himself and his brother, left without the control of guardians, and without support, had taken to bad courses.

On hearing this report, Schroll rapidly worsened; and he unfolded to a young clergyman his whole unfortunate history. About midnight, he sent again in great haste for the clergyman. He came. But at sight of him Schroll stretched out his hands in extremity of horror, and waved him away from his presence;

but before his signals were complied with, the wretched man had expired in convulsions.

From his horror at the sight of the young clergyman, and from the astonishment of the clergyman himself, on arriving and hearing that he had already been seen in the sick-room, it was inferred that his figure had been assumed for fiendish purposes. The dice and the strange cavalier disappeared at the same time with their wretched victim; and were seen no more.

THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

A FAËRY TALE.

I've heard it said that flowers have music in them,
With which they lull the truant bee to sleep,
And so preserve their sweets. *Anon.*

THE Day had closed his languid eyes,
And Evening sent her lucid star
To herald through the silent skies
The coming of her roseate car.
The winds were resting in their caves,
The birds reposed on every tree;
And sea-fowl on the glassy waves
Were slumbering in security:
And golden hues o'erspread the rills,
And tinged the valley's robe of green;
While, far above the giant hills,
The moon sat gazing o'er the scene.
And Night, that ever-changeling maid,
Seem'd lingering in her own dark bower,
With all her storms, as if afraid
To mar the beauty of that hour;—
When Florestine roam'd sadly on,
And thought of one, with speechless pain,
Who to the distant wars had gone,
And never might return again.

She thought of him, and, in a vale,
Where Nature in her beauty smiled,
The maid reclined—serene, but pale
As Sorrow's gentlest, saddest child.
She turn'd her eyes, with mourning dim,
Towards the moon that shone above,
As if her light could tell of him
For whom she felt both grief and love.
Then bending to the earth her gaze,
And weeping o'er her hapless lot,
She saw, illumed by Evening's rays,
A simple, sweet "Forget-me-not."
At other times—in other mood—
The little flower perhaps were slighted,
But in the dreary solitude
Of parted love, and pleasures blighted,
Her mind on that alone could muse—
Her eye on that alone could rest.—

Was it that pearl'd and shining dew
 Lay glittering on its azure breast?
 Was it that other flowers, adorn'd
 With hues the brightest heaven could print,
 Rose proudly round, as if they scorn'd
 Its faint and unobtrusive tint?
 Or was't the name that so enthrall'd,
 And bound her, as with magic spell;
 And, without voice or language, call'd
 The hermit, Thought, from Memory's cell?

"Poor flower! (she said) that liv'st apart,
 And shrink'st before the noon-day sun,
 No tongue could whisper to my heart
 More feelingly than thou hast done.
 For though, to share thy humble state,
 No flower, akin to thee, appears,
 Thou droop'st not o'er thy lonely fate,
 But smilest through twilight's crystal tears.
 Oh! thou, in hours of grief and care,
 My voiceless monitor shalt be,
 And I will shun the fiend, Despair,
 And resignation learn—from thee."

She sigh'd no more—and ceased to weep—
 And bow'd her head in meekness lowly:
 The floweret seem'd to wake from sleep,
 And ope its little blue eyes slowly.
 The leaves expanded, and a sound
 Came breathing from them, like a sigh
 That mingles with the air around,
 And as it mingles seems to die.
 And these the accents that were heard
 To issue from that azure cave,
 In tones as sweet as ever bird
 Gave to the woods or listening wave.

.....

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me,
 In thy gloom of heart and thy misery;
 And never yet, or in spring-time's bloom,
 Or summer-months laden with rich perfume,
 Or Autumn's sun-shine, or Winter's rain,
 Did the wretched-one hasten to me in vain.

"I am the spirit that loves to dwell
 Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell:
 But when brother spirits to me resort,
 In the roomy tulip I hold my court:
 And when bells of the lily ring loud in the air,
 The sylphs from each floweret are revelling there.

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me—
 In thy gloom of heart and thy misery:
 And thou shalt find that the dew I meet,
 In my world of flowers, are choice and sweet
 As bee ever rifled, or summer-winds stole
 From the violet's cup or the rose's bowl.

"Linger here 'till the eve has faded,
 And the sky's dark hair with stars is braided:
 Linger here 'till the night is o'er thee,
 And the hills and the valleys lie dark before thee;
 And when three bright stars shall fall from above,
 Turn to the west and thou'lt see thy love.

"Thou wilt hear a voice through the stillness creeping,
Thou wilt mark an eye through the green leaves peeping;
By a gentle step shall the earth be press'd,
And thy head shall lie on thy Reginald's breast:
Then thou'lt think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell.

"Maiden, farewell!—Maiden, farewell!
Think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell."

.....

The voice's gentle murmur pass'd,
The floweret's leaves in silence closed,
And Night and all her stars at last
In the blue fields of heaven reposed.

The maiden watch'd till midnight came,
Still gazing on the spangled sky,
And saw three brilliant stars of flame
Shoot from their radiant spheres on high.

She heard a voice through the stillness creeping,
She mark'd an eye through the green leaves peeping,
The earth by a gentle step was press'd,
Her head reclined on her Reginald's breast:
And she thought of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell.

V. D.

A SECOND LETTER TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus: et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.—*Horace.*

GENTLEMEN,—I said a good deal more in my letter of last month, about the misery of your plots, than perhaps you approve; but a great deal less, in my private opinion, than the occasion warrants. I pledged myself in the said letter, to recur to this subject as a text, and lo! here I am.—'Tis my habit to plunge, head foremost, into the vortex of an argument; so

Are you aware, or are you not, that a tragedy may be defective in every other good quality, and yet by the mere force of *plot* lead an audience as completely by the nose to admire it as if it were perfection itself? Southerne's *Isabella*, for instance. Is there a line in *Isabella* worth the strip of paper it blackens? Not one. Is there a character in that play drawn with half so much discrimination or life as *Punch* in a puppet-show? Not one. In what consists the effective-

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ness of the tragedy then? In the interest of its story. *Oroonoko* is another piece by the same author. Here is certainly a very fine passage from it:

Ha! thou hast roused
The lion in his den—he stalks abroad—
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
A. 3. S. 2.

But it is a poetical oasis: the surrounding expanse of verbiage, from *Ha!* backwards to Act 1, Scene 1, and from *roar* forwards to *exeunt omnes*, is a waste of blossomless sterility, a desert without a single flower to relieve its blank uniformity. Yet the tragedy, though not very popular, as well on this account, as by reason of the heroine *Imoinda* seldom finding a fit representative amongst our ladies of the buskin,—*Oroonoko*, I say, is an effective tragedy compared to yours. And why? Chiefly because of its story; which

K

is yet nothing very superhuman in its conception or developement. Take a few passages out of the Orphan, such as, the Boar, the Witch, the Shepherd's Pipe (quoted in my last), and the following, where Chamont impeaches Castalio to his father Acasto, of having dishonoured Monimia, Chamont's sister, and Acasto's adopted daughter:

You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next
frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful loving
hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines; there long
she flourish'd;
Grew sweet to sense and lovely to the eye;
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweet-
ness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

A. 4. Sc. 1.

Take away these few passages, and I scruple not to affirm, that the Orphan is as bad a play as one would wish to read on a summer's morning,—save and except in this one particular, that it involves an affecting story. And mark! the plot of the Orphan is really not a good one, critically speaking. The action is neither great, nor scientifically perplexed and unravelled. It is full of inconsistencies and inexplicabilities. But it is affecting; it takes fast hold of our hearts; our eyelids cannot possibly fall till the curtain does, if they take even that opportunity. We are wrapt in a kind of abstraction, where the whole soul is concentrated in the eyes and ears. Monimia's unhappy, innocent, but inexpiable error; and that most heart-rending scene, where Polydore, after provoking his brother Castalio to a quarrel, runs on the latter's sword, by way of self-punishment for an injury unwittingly committed against Castalio's honour,—render this tragedy one of the most affecting in our language. But in point of imagery, elegance of diction, and other attributes merely poetical, the Orphan, Oroonook, and Isabella, fall infinitely beneath many tragedies of the present day. Whence arises then, their superior attraction, their greater efficacy as stage presentations? Almost solely from the interest conveyed to our bosoms by

their plots or stories. To be sure, they are not quite so deficient in oral energy, in good *mouthings* passages, magniloquence, and ear-splitting heroicals; they are not quite such mewling, milk-and-water, *suaviter-in-modo* soporifics, as yours, Gentlemen; but nevertheless, their superiority as stage pieces, nay, as closet reading, is mainly attributable to the interest couched in their stories. Your tragedies, Messieurs *Melpomenidos*, are truly little more than what I denominated in my preceding letter (forgive me the application),—*pro* and *con* poems. Your personages hold very pretty and poetical chat with each other; but for any thing like interest of story, I, in mine own person avow, that I would much rather peruse or listen to a cross-examination at one of the Courts of Law in a case of crim. con. or breach of promise of marriage, than any "conversation in verse," with which the best of your tragedies enforces my library or the play-house. The author of DURAZZO complains in his advertisement of the hesitation and delay exhibited by the managers in adopting his tragedy. Verily, I am not the least surprised at this forbearance of the managers. Though I think highly of Durazzo as abstract poetry, I for one of that many-headed monster, an audience, could not positively swear, that I should be able to keep my chin off my bosom, or my body in the erect line of perpendicular attention, during the recitation of Durazzo. Notwithstanding all the wonderworking adjuncts of the play-house property-room,—scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, with as much of double-drum and double-bass as would out-roar the thunder,—it appears to me, that any drama of so little fabular interest, so little in its story to affect or amaze, of so flimsy, meagre, and insipid a plot as Durazzo, must totally fail in impressing any thing more deeply-seated than the tympanum of an auditor; must inevitably put to rest the vigilance of the most determined spectator, before half the time of representation was worn out; and by the fall of the curtain must eventually convert the theatre into a public dormitory. Ay, and on this very principle of sacrificing every

thing, plot, action, characterism (I have no better word just now), in fact, all the *et ceteras* of legitimate tragedy, to puling, pitiful, emasculate poetry, do the dramatists of the day construct their pieces. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*: few of our tragic writers quit the manager's presence-room with dry eyes; but with a pocket-handkerchief in one hand and their tragedy in the other, these April gentlemen come before the public, and make up their miserable mouths at the manager, because he will not imperil his property with the same nonchalance that they risk their reputation. It is time now to confess, that all this about managers is mere guess-work upon my part, and they may be as inexorable as Judge Rhadamanthus, and as blind as Belisarius for aught I know of the matter; but I cannot persuade myself that they are so dull or so foolish as to reject an efficient tragedy; and till I see more irrefragable testimony than Durazzo affords, that they do reject efficient tragedies, I beg leave to persist in my present incredulity. To revert to plot-work: with the exception of VIRGINIUS, I do not recollect a modern tragedy having a plot worthy to be so called, amongst all our innumerable. The plot of Virginius is in its elements a good one: I cannot say that the author appeared to me to have developed or set them off with much felicity or illustration, when I read the tragedy. MIRANDOLA, if my memory serves me trustily, hath no very surprising fulness or beauty of plot-work; it is rather of that "lean kine," which you all, it would seem, expect "to be adored" by the public. But the author of this tragedy hath contrived to throw into it that interest of character which frequently usurps the place of fabular interest, and in the persons of Guido and Isidora, youthful and unhappy lovers, hath lighted a flame of curiosity in our bosoms, which is only to be extinguished at the catastrophe with our tears. Indeed, perhaps, I should in justice allow this to be legitimate interest of story, and that the plot of Mirandola possesses some merit, as it draws our affections along with it to the denouement; but it certainly is not remarkable either for its ingenui-

ty of arrangement or novelty of conception. On the whole, Gentlemen, you seem determined to owe little to history, romance, or tradition, on the score of fable, and also to indulge your fancies in very few excesses of invention, with respect to the incidents which make up the sum of your dramatic stories. By St. Machiavel, there's more plot in Poucet and his Seven Brothers than in all your tragedies put together!

And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting age, No place is freer from it than the stage.

Only think of that wretched piece of prosaic common-place, George Barnwell: by a happy choice of subject or plot, it accomplishes what all your suaviloquent poesy, all your double-refined, perelegant thoughts, your beautiful wire-drawn conceits, are incompetent to engender,—a bosom interest towards the catastrophe, an inextinguishable rapacity in swallowing the successive incidents till we are satisfied by the final result. Certes, you have much reason to clap your wings upon your dramatic superiority to poor Lillo.

In the name of Jesuitry, Jacobinism, and Gunpowder, look at SARDANAPALUS! Here is a plot to blow up a playhouse: nothing less, I'll assure ye, than the fall of an empire, the overthrow of a dynasty, the conflagration of a little world! Look here, my masters, at the work of your arch-genius. Doth it not require, let me ask you, a little more than common obliquity of intellect, a determinate proneness to the *diminuendo* in poetry, a kind of "alacrity in sinking," to render such a magnificent catastrophe as insipid as the bursting of a water-bubble? to extirpate a royal family with less noise than you crush a covey of hornets under foot in a meadow? and to set fire to the imperial palace of Nineveh as coolly and dispassionately as you kindle a pipe or inflame a billet-doux? Here it must be confessed the author does not "poke into the crevices and corners of history for insignificant events," but he takes a huge fact by the forelock, and pulls it with a giant's hand into the arena:—then, as if his arm were blasted with a thunderbolt, withered by a charm, or palsied by a visitation, he lets it fleet away into

the recesses of obscure antiquity again, when he ought to have exhibited it in all its most striking points of view, and by the force of an illustrative genius impressed its image and circumstances indelibly upon our minds. Heaven and earth, what a last day Shakspeare would have made of such a subject! What horror, ruin, tumult, and confusion, would he set together by the ears to mark the downfall of Assyria! We might justly say to the noble author:—

————— What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That *you had*? he would drown the stage
with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid
speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.—
Yet *you*,
A dull and muddy-mettled poet, peak
Like John-a-dreams, impregnant of *your*
cause,
And can say nothing,—no, not for a
king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made.

O for shame, my lord! to let five acts of poetry slip through your fingers as imperceptibly as a figurative eel, when you might, with a proper determination of your abilities, have conjured up such a scene of commotion, imbrangement, and magnanimous mischief, that Pandemonium with all the devils at play would not have been missed out of it. Away with your flowing lines and eloquent insipidity. *A la lanterne!* with your voluptuous diatribes and Italic super-sweetness of versification. Write me a good, honest, spirit-stirring, ear-piercing, homely, *English* tragedy; such as will go near to burst me a blood-vessel, and I'll thank you. Let its metre come a little rough off the palate of the reciter; let it have a little tang of the vigorous soil that produced you: let it be racy, and flavourous of the manly spirit that imbues our native productions. Or, if you must write for Miss Maudlin, prythee do not debase Melpomene to the unworthy office of catering for her sickly appetite: if you will put together such puerile harangues as Master Mawkish shall admire, prythee, my lord, do not deprave our simple un-

sophisticated tragic phraseology to your effeminate purposes. But to my proper theme:—

How different from the conduct of Lord Byron in his *Sardanapalus*, is that of the prince of the drama in his *Macbeth*. There, a meagre fact, taken from an obscure chronicle, is worked up into a tale of such overpowering sublimity and terrific grandeur, so fraught with momentous occurrences, so crowded with incidents, action, and heart-thrilling circumstances, a tale so replete with perpetual calls on our attention by its ever-changing intensity of excitement, that it is almost too much for the mind; and the person who has once read or heard the tragedy, remembers the murder of Duncan and its concomitants, when he forgets his neighbour's name or his own. Now what is the case with *Sardanapalus*? Speaking for myself, I can only say, that though I read the composition with the profoundest attention I was able to exert, I could not now repeat too successive lines of it; and have little farther recollection of the story, than that after an infinite deal of puling between the monarch and a Greek girl, with something or other about a conspiracy between a priest and a soldier, the king and his concubine throw themselves into the fire. No more of it can I remember; and it would be physically impossible to refresh my memory, for I might as well endeavour to compel myself to prefer misery to ease, as read *Sardanapalus* over again. Nevertheless, there are in this self-same play some very noble images and eloquently beautiful passages; which, by the bye, is a heinous aggravation of the noble author's crime, for the imagination which engendered them might well have conceived more mightily, had it not been prostituted to the impotent embraces of derogate *prose-poetry*. One of those above-mentioned *eloquia* which I extracted while reading the play is the following description of Myrrha, the Greek girl, by her lover *Sardanapalus*:—

————— I paused
To look upon her and her kindled cheek;
Her large black eyes, that flash'd through
her long hair
As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins
that rose

Along her most transparent brow ; her nos-
 tril
 Dilated from its symmetry ; her lips
 Apart ; her voice that clove through all the
 din
 As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's
 clash,
 Jarr'd, but not drown'd by the loud brat-
 tling ; her
 Wav'd arms, more dazzling with their own
 born whiteness
 Than the steel her hand held, which she
 caught up
 From a dead soldier's grasp ; all these
 things made
 Her seem unto the troops a prophetess
 Of victory, or Victory herself
 Come down to hail us hers. A. 3, S. 1.

You will easily perceive, Gentle-
 men Parnassians, that this speech is
 essentially *undramatical*, being mere-
 ly descriptive, long-drawn-out, and
 deficient in action ; it is however very
 beautiful, and harmonious, notwith-
 standing the noble author's false meth-
 od of versification, upon which I
 shall take a more fitting occasion to
 dilate hereafter. But the noblest
 passage in perhaps the whole range
 of modern poetry is to be found in
 this otherwise very worthless play,—
 the *Dream*. This, although written
 entirely *out* of the true spirit of the
 drama, is written with an immortal
 hand, and as such must exact our
 admiration wherever it be found.
 The *Vision of Sardanapalus* is too
 long for insertion here ; neither would
 it serve my purpose indeed, for its
 splendour as abstract poetry might
 blind us to its dramatic impropriety.
 It is enough to say of it, that if we
 dare not oppose it to *Clarence's Dream*,
 we may certainly compare the two
Visions together, without charge of
 impiety. I may at some future time
 oblige the public with such a com-
 parison,—on a general petition of the
 counties.

Let me beseech the attention of the
 dramatic fraternity to one prime re-
 mark, which the mention of *Sarda-
 napalus* immediately suggests, a play
 consisting of nought but interminable
 scenes of still-life and feats of loqua-
 city. The first grand leading essen-
 tial attribute of drama, whereby it is
 distinguished from all other species
 of literature, and without which it is
 not what it professes to be, is *action*.
 Pardon me, O Parnassians ! but I
 really believe this simple fact has, by

some curious lapse or aberration of
 the mind, totally escaped your me-
 mories. The intoxicating influence
 of poetry *par excellence*, hath, I fear,
 “steeped your senses in forgetful-
 ness,” and you think that so as your
 pages are divided, now and then, by
 gaps for a name in small capitals, so
 as your lines are distributed into
 something like responsive oration,
 so as your paragraphs are consigned
 to more than one pair of lips to pro-
 nounce them,—that this is sufficient
 to constitute action.

My belief deceives me, say you.
 However impalpable our plots may
 be, however unattractive, insubstan-
 tial, and delible our stories,—still,
 our plots are plots, our stories are
 stories ; and being carried on or
 related by the several characters pre-
 fixed to our tragedies under the deno-
 mination of *dramatis personæ*,—con-
 stitute the action of our pieces.—
 “Now infidel, we have thee on the
 hip.”

“Soft you ; a word or two before
 you go.” What are we speaking of,
 Gentlemen Defendants ? Drama ?—
 No. Tragedy ?—No. But of *legiti-
 mate* drama, *effective* tragedy. Now,
 though I might possibly, by a stretch
 of urbanity, allow your tragedies to
 be simple dramas, i. e. stories capa-
 ble of personal representation,—which
 by the bye, your rather luxurious in-
 dulgence in description and narration
 would perhaps bear me out in deny-
 ing,—though I might allow your tra-
 gedies to be dramas in this liberal
 sense of the word, you have better
 authority than my opinion that they
 are not effective tragedies, viz. the
 public voice, or rather the public si-
 lence. Nay, put the question to your
 own vanity, my friends : compare
 the best of your tragedies with
Hamlet, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, or *Othello*,
 and independent of dialogue, charac-
 terism, or poetry, on the sole ground
 of action,—answer sincerely, if in
 potency of effect, excitative force,
 ability to provoke the tumult of pas-
 sion which should rule the bosoms of
 an audience, the very *crack* of your
 tragedies compared to any of these,
 be not as a zephyr to a hurricane, a
 wind that bows the reed in the shal-
 lows to the blast that shakes the oak
 of the forest.

I grant you then, that it was a

"lapse or aberration of the mind," to arraign you of forgetfulness as to action being an essential attribute of the drama, (though perhaps the knowledge of this principle rather vegetates than lives in your memories,) when I ought to have impeached you of oblivion as to *perpetual* action being an essential attribute of *effective* tragedy. Whenever the action of a scene degenerates into *speechification*, as it did with the *wits* of Queen Anne's reign, Addison, Rowe, &c. or into mere poetry, as with you, the attention of the spectator flags, his spirits sleep, his blood stagnates, the eye glazes, and the jaw drops. You will probably allege the Greek or the French drama, as your example, precedent, and defence, in penury of action and superfluity of elocution. To this I might be content with answering, that an English audience is not a Greek, nor (God be praised!) a French one: that it enjoys neither the exquisite refinement of the former (and never can, till numerically the same), nor the hollow sentimentality of the latter. But I will take better ground: Would not more action, and less *talk*, improve even the faultless perfection of the Greek tragedy? Would not a compound of Shaksperian hurry of incidents and sublime audacity of language with Sophoclean regularity of process and stateliness of diction, be a consummation devoutly to be wished? Is not the activity of the scene, the agitation of our bosoms? Doth not the vivacity of the stage enliven our spirits, quicken our pulse, full-breathe our lungs, trim the decaying lamps of our eyesight, and spread the blaze of intellectual ardour like wildfire through the breasts of an audience? In one word; if action be the essence of drama, is not drama most powerful when action is most predominant? is not tragedy most effective when most agitative? But why do I ask these questions? They are axioms. You do not deny their truth, you only forget their necessity.

Let us now, for illustration's sake, compare the quantity of action in the last act of Othello with that in the last of the DOGE OF VENICE. First, however, let us consider that part of the action not springing from the verbal

vivacity of the dialogue. Thus, there is more action in Othello's defence than in Dover Cliff, the former being personal narration, the other mere description, which is almost always inactive and heavy on the ear. There is still more action in Lear's storm-invocation than in Othello's defence, the former indeed being the very essence of action, and therefore the perfection of drama. But to action, with which the language of a tragedy may thus be considered pregnant, as obliging the speaker to exert his gesticulative powers, I do not now allude. The action which I would now enlarge upon is, the mobility of the scene, the fluctuation of passing objects, the busy-ness of the stage. Well then: by what criterion is the quantity of this kind of action in a drama (or part of a drama) to be estimated? Manifestly not by the number of scenes; for an act may consist of but few scenes, yet contain a great deal of action; and two different acts may comprise the same number of scenes, yet one of them include much more action than the other. Thus, there are seven scenes in the first and last acts of Macbeth, respectively, yet the last act is infinitely more busy than the first. But I'll tell you how the quantity of action is to be graduated; by—I might say, by the number of striking incidents brought before us; but then you would tell me that this criterion is no criterion at all,—for how are you to know what I mean by *striking* incidents; an incident may strike me which lets another escape scot-free; *ergo*, &c. &c. Besides I must then confound the incidents of the story with the striking parts of the dialogue, which I would yet wish to keep separate in this investigation; *ergo*, &c. &c. again. So my criterion is good for nothing but to laugh at. Oh! oh! are you there with me, Gentlemen? Then I'll not meddle with the criterion at all, since you seem so well disposed to squabble about it; indeed, perhaps, it may be quite as well, instead of cramping my genius with a definition, which I must keep to, as a matter touching my honour, whether good or bad, to explain what I wish you to understand and chew upon, by that familiar but probably not less infallible

mode of argument—an instance. Let us therefore, institute a comparison at once, between the last acts respectively of Othello and the Doge of Venice, with regard to their quantities of action. You will thus see how I estimate the quantity of action in a play, and also whether I am warranted in impeaching your dramas of want of dramatic essence, viz. action.

There are but *two* scenes in the last act of Othello, as it is usually performed; there are *four* in that of the Doge. But in the first of those scenes from Othello, there are four interruptions to the continuity of the dialogue, by the successive entrances (Roderigo and Iago being already on the stage) of Cassio, Iago (who had gone out), Lodovico with Gratiano, and Emilia; whilst there are at the very most, but the same number in the *two* first scenes of the Doge. Again, the last scene of Othello is broken into four parts by the successive entrances (and consequent change of subject) of Emilia, Montano with others, Gratiano, Lodovico, with others; whilst *neither* of the two last scenes in the Doge is broken, except in one instance. Hence, there are *nine* of these stage evolutions performed in the last act of Othello (counting the change from scene 1st. to scene 2d. as one), whereby the whole face of the scene is varied and transmuted; and but *seven* in that of the Doge (also counting the changes from scene to scene). But this is not all: the first of the Othello evolutions is itself again subdivided into two distinct parts by the exit of Roderigo and soliloquy of Iago: the third also is divided into two separate portions, the first relating solely to Iago and Cassio, the second to Iago and Roderigo; the fifth is twice subdivided by the waking and murder of Desdemona (leaving Othello to soliloquize); the sixth is dichotomized by Desdemona's final death, who was only killed *Hibernicè* before; the seventh is broken, twice at least, by the conviction of Iago and death of Emilia; the ninth thrice, by the different circumstances of Othello's conversation with Iago, with Cassio, and his own death. I do not, in the above enumeration, speak of the scene being subdivided merely by the falling

out of a remarkable occurrence, such as a death; but I speak of a total change of subject, whereby the colour of the dialogue is perpetually varied. Now, of similar evolutions in the Doge, I do not think there is one subdivisible into distinct and unconnected manœuvres, except, perhaps, the fifth, which might be *once* divided; in all the rest, the runnel of poetry is not once interrupted in its course of monotony, the tranquillity of the conversation is not once disturbed by the intrusion of a new character or unexpected occurrence. The verse glides on, from first to last, in easy volubility and placid abundance, as if it flowed for the sole sake of hearing itself murmur; instead of foaming, fretting, fuming, stopping to brawl at every impediment, deviating into numberless channels, now stilly, now impetuous, here deepening into a rapid current, there spreading into an even flood, filling the ear with every diversity of sound, and the mind with every variety of agitation. But, indeed, how can it be otherwise? How can it but sleep to its own cadence, when there is not a rock, nor a gully, nor a crinkle, jut, or precipice, interposed by the God of the river to give it freshness or vivacity? In plain prose, there is no diversity of incident, subject, or matter, in our modern dramas. If we sum up the number of divisions and subdivisions, enumerated above in the last act of Othello, we shall find them to amount to *nineteen*; whilst those in the Doge of Venice make but *eight* in number. Hence, by this general mode of computing the quantity of action in a play, considering these evolutions, manœuvres, divisions, and subdivisions, as the striking incidents of the story alone, we find there to be nearly *twice and a half* as much action in one of these acts that there is in the other. Add to this, that the last act of the Doge contains almost twice as many *lines* as that of Othello, and we shall have nearly *five times as much action* in the latter as in the former, for the result of our (I must confess somewhat novel) investigation.

Perhaps without adverting to the quantity of poetic genius displayed in these tragedies, there is little else than the above statement of their

different quantities of action, necessary to explain why the Doge was damned in the threshold, whilst Othello has continued a stock-play upwards of two hundred years. But if any one believe this statement to be correct, he will be miserably deceived. The real excess of action in Othello above that in the Doge, is in every sense incalculable; the proportion of their true quantities of action is not five to one, but almost infinity to nothing; there is, however, no method, that I know of, by which we might reduce the general question to any thing like plausible computation. This will be evident to every one who considers that there are two (not to speak of more) kinds of action, viz. energetic action (such as Othello exhibits), and indolent action (such as we for the most part see exhibited in the Doge). Every line of the former play is action; almost every line of the latter is devoid of that quality of speech;—how are we to bring this under a calculus? The language of Othello is that of passion; the language of the Doge that of *passiveness*. There are, to be sure, a few exceptions to this latter assertion, such as in the concluding lines of Faliero's last speech, where he bestows his imprecation upon Venice:

Amidst thy many murders think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of
princes!

Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!—Slave do thine
office!

(Turning to the executioner.)
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as
my curse!

Strike—and but once!—A. 5. Sc. 4.

This indeed is something like the language of effective tragedy; a few such specimens of vigour as this, and the exclamation—

Oh! that the Saracen were in St. Mark's!
Thus would I do him homage.

(Dashing down the ducal bonnet.)

A. 1. Sc. 2.

would do much to relieve the listlessness of an auditor condemned to sit out three hours and a half of "long homilies," preached by the laity of the green-room. But "like angel-visits, few and far between," our au-

ricles are seldom beatified with aught but the equable *hum* of that kind of purling fluency into which the stream of our English poetry has lately subsided.

I beseech you, Gentlemen, let what I have said above, with regard to the different quantities of action in Othello and the Doge of Venice, engage a small part of your diurnal attention. You will find it of service, believe me. By a fair, if not very orthodox mode of investigation, we have found that the action in the first of these tragedies, is five times as great in quantity as that in the latter; and if to this we add, the perpetual recurrence of incidents, which could not be there enumerated, the hurry of circumstances, the busyness, and agitation, the changes, crosses, innumerable entrances and exits, the minor interruptions of subject, breaches of dialogue, fluctuation, variety, and quick succession of objects, which distinguish the progress of Shakspearian story, but which would "dizzy the arithmetic" of Newton to compute; if we super-add the activity of the kind of action employed; and finally subjoin the energy of the language, and the action thereto belonging;—we may truly assert, if Othello be not *more* than a drama (i. e. a *Frenziad*, fit only to be performed in Bedlam), that the Doge of Venice is *less*, scilicet,—a *pro* and *con* poem or blank dialogue, whichever his lordship may prefer to re-christen it.

To conclude: your tragedies, O ye prospective proprietors of the niches in Fame's Temple! appear to me to be deficient in the first grand leading essential attribute of the drama, viz. action. Your plots are poor, your stories meagre; they have neither boldness of delineation, nor fulness of incident: your scenes are too few, too long, and too seldom themselves subdivided by change of topic, or introduction of new characters (be so good as to turn over your Shakspeares, and see how short his scenes, generally-speaking, are; and also what a number of violent transitions of subject, abrupt departures from the high-road of colloquy, entrances, exits, manœuvres, and evolutions, divide and subdivide the line of his dialogue); your fables want interest;

your matter diversity ; in short, your action is nothing, and your poetry every thing.

If you are not pleased with the above paragraph, perhaps you will be with this of one of your fair fellow-labourers :—

These men have earthly ties,
And bondage on their natures!—To the
cause
Of God, and Spain's revenge, they bring
but half
Their energies and hopes. But he whom
Heaven

Hath call'd to be th' awakener of a land,
Should have his soul's affections all ab-
sorb'd

In that majestic purpose, and press on
To its fulfilment, as a mountain-born
And mighty stream, with all its vassal-rills
Sweeps proudly to the ocean, pausing not
To dally with the flowers.

Siege of Valencia, A. 1, Sc. 2.

Permit me, ladies and gentlemen,
to subscribe, with my humble re-
spects, my name,

("for fault of a better,")

JOHN LACY.

POEMS FROM THE DUTCH OF

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

GERBRAND BREDERODE was born at Amsterdam, on the 16th March, 1585. His works, during his lifetime, were held in great esteem; but they have of late years been comparatively neglected by his countrymen. Whether this arises from his occasional want of polish, or from a change in public opinion, or from both of these causes combined, is now difficult to determine. Yet it appears to us, that he has been rather unfairly treated. Even *Jeronimo de Vries*, in his *Proeve eener Geschiedenis der Nederduitsche Dichtkunde*, (Specimen of a History of Dutch Poetical Literature,) although generally the most lenient of critics, has, we think, barely done him justice. Brederode had not, it is true, the imagination, and energy, and sublimity of Hooft and Vondel, and others of his contemporaries; but he possessed abundant natural feeling, an almost feminine sensibility, and, in most instances, an easy and harmonious flow of versification. Nor, although living in the golden age of Dutch literature, did he ever abandon his originality of thought and expression, and condescend to be the mere imitator of even the most splendid models which his country has produced. It should also be borne in mind, that he was an utter stranger to the learned languages, and that he died when only thirty-three years of age; a period at which some minds scarcely do more than deve-

lope the first blossoms of genius; for literary talent, like an exotic plant, is of fickle growth, and the dews of inspiration fall not at stated seasons. He was principally celebrated for his comedies, into which he introduced the language of the lower classes of Amsterdam with great effect. It is even said that he often attended the fish-market and similar places, to collect materials for his various pieces. This, indeed, is apparent in his *Moortje* and his *Spuanschen Brabander*. His Poems were published at Amsterdam in 1622, by Cornelis van der Plasse, under the titles of *Het Boertigh Liedt-Boeck* (Facetious Song-Book); *De Groote Bron der Minnen* (The Great Fountain of Love); and *Aendachtigh Liedt-Boeck* (Meditative Song-Book). The first edition, published at Leyden by Govert Basson, was followed by a pirated one at Amsterdam. To the latter he thus alludes in the Preface to his *Boertigh Liedt-Boeck*.

Next appeared a spurious edition at Amsterdam, containing among other things, lewd and lascivious verses, which I, of course, gained the credit of having written; but the honour that was thus conferred upon me, and the gratitude that I owe to these my benefactors, I shall take an opportunity of acknowledging in a manner that they will remember. For truly all pure-hearted and generous persons will now pause ere they publish any work, however creditable to their feelings and morality, seeing that unlawfulness has risen to such a pitch, that any individual may give his

disgusting obscenities to the world under the cloke of another's name.

Among the many verses composed in honour of Brederode, we select those of *Hooft*; as the praise of such a man will outweigh a thousand common eulogies.

*In Editionem Poëmatum, nobilissimi
Batavi Poëtæ Gerbrandi Brederodii.*

Roma sibi placuit divinâ capta Poësi,
Dum placet argutis Accius illecebris;

Aut rediviva suis ardentia Pergama flammis,
Quæque gravis veterum digna cothurnus
habet;

Aut tristes elegi, aut satyræ mordentia verba,
Aut festivus amor, compositive sales.

Quid sibi non placeat Batavum caput Am-
stelodamum

Illa peregrinos jactat, at illa suum.
Adde; quod innumeri vix præstitère Poëtæ,
Unus sacra jocos tristitia læta dedit.

Brederode died on the 23d August,
1618.

Du dobbert myn Liefje op de ree
Op de woelende springhende baaren.

Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 10.

1.

My love is now floating away from me
On the waves that in chorus are sounding,
As they rise from the vast and foaming sea
O'er whose bosom his ship is bounding.
Sail on, sail on, with breezes fair,
And never from thy memory tear
The girl whose home is there.

2.

Oh! if two eyes like the sun were mine,
Which might gaze o'er the world for ever;
Or could I beguile one grief of thine,
I would follow and leave thee never.
Though maiden shame restrains my will,
Though parted by rising wave and hill,
My soul is with thee still.

3.

And though I have not the Athenian's* art,
Which through air was his love's protection;
Yet, would but this earthly clay depart,
With the guiding star of affection,
My soul should lead the wanderer on.
With thee it goes—with thee 'tis gone—
Each thought is thine alone.

4.

Were the voice of Stentor mine, for aye
Should that voice be heard beside thee;
But, alas! no words can force their way
Through the gather'd clouds that hide thee:
Yet though between us oceans roar,
My heart beyond all space will soar,
And speak with thine once more.

5.

Were Medea's magic skill my own,
Not an adverse wind should alarm thee;
In his caves I would strike rude Æolus down,
That no breath might escape to harm thee.
Or steal from him a gentle gale,
To waft thee on—and never fail
Thy widely-spreading sail.

* Dædalus.

6.

The winds and the waters of the sea,
 The fix'd poles and the bright stars peeping—
 Are dearer now than all else to me,
 Since my love—light—life—are in their keeping.
 O merciful Gods who o'er us move!
 O Rulers of all around—above—
 Protect and shield my love!

7.

Thy pensive bride is weeping alone,
 And tearing her hair asunder:—
 Yes! thy turtle-dove doth nought but moan
 Now the storms and tempests thunder.
 Thou loved-one!—loved-one!—while apart
 What anguish fills her sorrowing heart
 Who lives but where thou art.

8.

My love is now floating away from me
 On the waves that so loudly are sounding,
 As they rise from the vast and foaming sea
 O'er whose bosom his ship is bounding.
 Sail on, sail on, with breezes fair,
 And never from thy memory tear
 The girl whose home is there.

*Ma Aeltien is't soo haest vergheten,
 Men lang verhoig van dagh en nacht.*

Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 13.

1.

Can'st thou so soon unkindly sever
 My long, long suit from memory?
 The precious time now lost for ever,
 The vanish'd moments pass'd with thee,
 In friendliness, in happiness,
 In love's caress, and converse free from guile,
 From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile?

2.

A father's rage and friends' derision
 For thee I've borne, when thou wert kind;
 But they fled by me as a vision
 That fades and leaves no trace behind.
 Oh! thus I deem'd, when fondly beam'd,
 And purely gleam'd, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
 Hath made me linger near thee through the day.

3.

How oft those tender hands I've taken,
 And drawn them to my breast, whose flame
 Seem'd, at their gentle touch, to waken
 To feelings I dared scarcely name.
 I wish'd to wear a lattice there
 Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
 Thou might'st behold what tongue could never tell.

4.

Oh! could the heart within me glowing
 E'er from its cell have been removed,
 I had not shrunk—that heart bestowing
 On thee, whom I so warmly loved:
 So long'd to wed, so cherished.
 Ah! who could dread that thou would'st wanton be,
 And so inconstant in thy love to me!

5.

Another youth has stolen my treasure,
 And placed himself upon the throne,
 Where late I reign'd, supreme in pleasure,
 And weakly thought it all my own.
 What causes now that chilling brow?
 Or where did'st thou such evil counsel gain
 As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

6.

What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
 Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
 When thou survey'st each true-love token,
 And think'st of joys together shared!
 Of vows we made beneath the shade,
 And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
 And given back with murmur'd sigh to mine.

7.

Bethink thee of those hours of wooing—
 Of words that seem'd the breath of truth—
 The Eden thou hast made a ruin—
 My wither'd hopes and blighted youth!
 It wonders me that thou shouldst be
 So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
 Within the heart where love to malice turns.

8.

Away—away—accursed deceiver!
 With tears delude the eyes and brain
 Of him, the fond—the weak believer—
 Who follows now thy fickle train.
 That senseless hind (to whom thou'rt kind
 Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
 Disturbs me not—farewell! we meet no more.

V. D.

THE DAISY.*

BELLIS.

CORYMBIFERÆ.

SYNGENESIA POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.

The botanical name is derived from the Latin word *bellus*, handsome. In Yorkshire called Dog-daisy and Bairnwort. The word Daisy is a compound of day's and eye, Day's-eye; in which way, indeed, it is written by Ben Jonson.—*French*, la paquerette, paquerette vivace; paquette; marguerite [pearl]; petite marguerite; petite consire: in Languedoc, margarideta.—*Italian*, margheritena; margherita; pratellina [meadow-flower]; bellide; fiore di primavera [spring-tide flower.]

Who can see, or hear the name of flowers. Turn it all ways, and on the Daisy, the common Field Daisy, every side you will find new beauty, without a thousand pleasurable associations! You are attracted by the snowy It is connected with the white leaves, contrasted by the golden sports of childhood and with the tuft in the centre, as it rears its head pleasures of youth. We walk abroad above the green grass: pluck it, and to seek it; yet it is the very emblem you will find it backed by a delicate of home. It is a favourite with man, star of green, and tipped with a woman, and child: it is the *robin* of blush-colour, or a bright crimson.

* From *Flora Domestica*, or the *Portable Flower Garden*: with *Directions for the Treatment of Plants in Pots*, and *Illustrations from the Works of the Poets*. 8vo. London, 1823.

Daisies with their pinky lashes
are among the first darlings of spring.
They are in flower almost all the
year; closing in the evening and in
wet weather, and opening on the re-
turn of the sun.

The little dazie, that at evening closes.

Spenser.

By a daizie, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed.

G. Withers.

No flower has been more frequently
celebrated by our poets, our best
poets; Chaucer, in particular, expa-
tiates at great length upon it. He
tells us that the Queen Alceste, who
sacrificed her own life to save that of
her husband Admetus, and who was
afterwards restored to the world by
Hercules, was, for her great good-
ness, changed into a Daisy. He is
never weary of praising this little
flower:

— Whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devocion,
Now have I than eke this condicion,
That of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and
rede,

Such that men callen daisies in our town:
To them I have so great affectioun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen in the Maie,
That in my bedde there daweth me no
daie,

That I nam up, and walking in the mede
To seen this floure ayenst the sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morrow,
That blissful sight softeneth my sorow,
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,

As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honoure,
And every ilike faire, and fresh of hewe,
And ever I love it, and ever ilike newe,
And ever shall, until mine herte die,
All sweare I not, of this I woll not lie.
There loved no wight nothen in this life,
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,
As soone as ever the sunne ginneth west,
To seen this floure, how it woll go to rest,
For feare of night, so hateth she darkenesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the sunne, for there it woll uncloze:

My busie ghost, that thursteth alway new,
To seen this floure so yong, so fresh of hew,
Constrained me with so gredy desire,
That in my haste, I fele yet the fire,
That made me rise ere it were day

And this was now the first morowe of Maie,
With dreadfull herte, and glad devocion
For to been at the resurrection
Of this floure, whan that it should uncloze.
Again the sunne, that rose as redde as rose,
That in the brest was of the beast that day
That Angenores daughter ladde away.
And doune on knees anon right I me sette,
And as I coulde, this fresh floure I greete,
Kneeling alway till it unclosed was,
Upon the small soft swete grass,
That was with floures swete embrouded all,
Of such sweteness, and odour over all,
That for to speak of gomme, herbe, or tree,
Comparison may not imaked be,
For it surmounteth plainly all odoures,
And of riche beaute of floures.

And Zephyrus and Flora gentelly
Yave to the floures soft and tenderly,
Hir swete breth, and made hem for to
sprede,

As god and goddesse of the flourie mede,
In which me thought I might day by daie,
Dwellen alway the joly month of Maie,
Withouten slepe, withouten meat, or drinke:
Adowne full softly I gan to sinke,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide,
For nothing els and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisie,
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the iye of the day.
The emprise, and floure of floures all,
I pray to God, that faire mote she fall,
And all that loven floures for her sake:

And from a ferre come walking in the mede,
The god of love, and in his hand a queene,
And she was clad in royal habit greene,
A fret of golde she had next her heere,
And upon that a white croune she bare,
With florouns small, and I shall not lie,
For all the world right as a daisie
Icrouned is, with white leaves lite,
So were the florounes of her croune white,
And of a perle fine orientall,
Her white croune was imaked all,
For which the white croune above the grene
Made her like a daisie for to seme,
Considred eke her fret of gold above:

Quod Love

Hast thou not a book in thy cheste
The great goodnesse of the Queene Alceste
That turned was into a daisie,
She that for her husband chose to die,
And eke to gone to hell rather than he,
And Hercules rescued her parde
And brought her out of hell again to bliss?
And I answerde againe, and said, 'Yes,
Now I knowe her, and is this good Alceste,
The daisie, and mine owne hertes rest?'

* See Chaucer's Prologue to the Legend of Good Women.

Chaucer makes a perfect plaything of the Daisy. Not contented with calling to our minds its etymology as the eye of day, he seems to delight in twisting it into every possible form; and, by some name or other, introduces it continually. Commending the showers of April, as bringing forward the May flowers, he adds:

And in speciall one called se of the daie,
The daisie, a flower white and rede,
And in Frenche called La Bel Margarete.
O commendable floure, and most in minde!
O floure and gracious of excellence!
O amiable Margarite! of natife kind—

In another poem, describing an arbour, he says:

With margarettes growing in ordinaunce
To shewe hem selfe as folke went to and fro,
That to beholde it was a great plesaunce,
And how they were accompanied with mo,
Ne momblishesse and soneness also
The poure pensis were not dislogid there,
Ne God wote ther place was every where.

He tells us that the Queen Alceste, who was changed into this flower, had as many virtues as there are florets in it: and that

Cybillia made the daisie, and the flour
Icrownid all with white, as man may se;
And Mars yave her a corown red, parde,
In stede of rubies set among the white.

The daisy scattered on each meade and
downe,
A golden tuft within a silver croune.
Fayre fall that dainty flowre! and may
there be
No shepherd graced that doth not honor thee!

W. Browne.

But the Field Daisy is not an inhabitant of the flower-garden: it were vain to cultivate it there. We have but to walk into the fields, and there is a profusion for us. It is the favourite of the great garden of Nature:

Meadows trim with daisies pied.

The reader will doubtless remember Burns's Address to a Mountain Daisy, beginning

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.

The Scotch commonly call it by the name of Gowan; a name which they likewise apply to the dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.

The opening gowan, wet with dew.

Wordsworth, with a true poet's delight in the simplest beauties of

nature, has addressed several little poems to the Daisy:

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet daisy!

When soothed awhile by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole Summer fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
If welcomed once, thou count'st it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor carest if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He need but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:

And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing ;
An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
A happy genial influence,
Coming one knows not how nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the day's begun
As morning leveret,
Thy * long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
Dear shalt thou be to future men
As in old time ;—thou, not in vain,
Art Nature's favourite.

Nor in vain is it a favourite with
the poet, who emulates Chaucer
himself in doing it honour. At one
time he describes it as

A nun demure, of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In her simplicity the sport
Of all temptations.
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all as seems to suit it best,
Its appellations.

A little Cyclops with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next,—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish ; and, behold !
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover.

But again we must remember this
is not to be a reprint of Mr. Words-
worth's poems.

Of the Garden Daisy there are
many varieties: the Double White ;
Red ; Red and White Striped ; the
Variegated ; the Proliferous, or Hen
and Chicken, &c. These, indeed,
are but double varieties of the Field
Daisy, but less prolific, and flower-
ing only for a few months—April,
May, and June.

The Annual resembles the Com-
mon Daisy, but is not so large: it is
a native of Sicily, Spain, Montpelier,
Verona, and Nice.

The Garden Daisy should be
planted in a loamy, unmanured earth,
and placed in the shade ; as the full
noon-day sun will sometimes kill it.

The roots should be parted every
autumn: they should be taken up in
September or October, parted into
single plants, and put in pots about
five inches wide. When in pots,
they will require a little water every
evening in dry weather.

Rousseau, in his Letters on Bo-
tany, gives a long and beautiful de-
scription of the structure of the
Daisy.

A long extract, like the preceding,
sufficiently exemplifies the plan of
the *Flora Domestica*, and gives a
fairer notion of the way in which
it is executed, than the most elabo-
rate critique: we have no doubt, that
our readers will rise from the perusal
of it quite as well satisfied as if we
had stept before the author, and said
“ Here is a person who professes to
have something interesting and use-
ful to communicate to you ; but we
have conversed with him, and ‘ suck-
ed his brains,’ and now you have
only to hear what we have to tell
you, and our informant may go about
his business. The fee we ask for
taking all this trouble for your sakes
is but small compared with the recom-
pence he would demand; for he has
devoted much time, and talent, to
the subject on which his heart is set:
but we have had no occasion to
study; a day or two is all the time
we have spent on the subject; and
instead of labour, we have been
agreeably occupied in hearing the
progress and the results of his inqui-
ries;—then as for talent,—we have
no demand to make on that score,
for had we possessed more than is
required to tell a plain unvarnished
tale, or to carry a message in other
and perhaps fewer words than it was
delivered in, we might have been too
proud for the profitable office we
now possess, and have had nothing
but—

Virtue, though in rags, to keep us warm.”

This is not an imaginary picture,
nor an overcharged representation
of the principle on which too
many reviews are conducted. We
remember seeing the prospectus of
one lately, where, among other claims
to public favour, it was stated, that
every new book worth reading would

* See in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

be made the subject of an article, and every part deserving notice would be extracted or compressed in the account, so that the original work need not be published. Candid critics!—But what will become of the author?—Oh, poor fellow! he will be the sooner “put out of his misery,” as we say of insects when they are trodden upon.

Our readers will peruse with some interest the following unaffected remarks on the *Flora Domestica*, contained in a letter from a Correspondent, whose poems furnish many of the illustrations. We trust our friend will pardon the liberty we have taken in printing it without his permission.

I am pleased with the mention the author has made of me, and not only pleased, but proud of it: I will make a few remarks while I am hot, for I shall be soon cold perhaps. How pretty is the allusion to poor Keats's grave! Hazlitt says, the early writers described flowers the best; perhaps they do; and, I think, they are mentioned too sparingly, and the living

ones almost (will vanity let me own it) too much. Milton is a capital painter of them; and Cowley, when he does mention them, does it finely, often in spite of his conceits. Our Shakspeare—no, the world will not let him be ours any longer—well, the world's Shakspeare sounds better—he has some bewitching pictures of them, sweeter even (if it is possible) than Nature herself: and my favourite Thomson shall not yield to any one, either ancient or modern, in my opinion—only mine perhaps. See how he paints the white hyacinth:

Hyacinths of purest virgin white
Low bent, and blushing inward!

The Author is mistaken about the Cowslip, as it is a very favoured flower, and no cottager's garden is without it, nor farmer's neither: it is as great a favourite as the single Daisy, and the Dwarf Buttercup—the “little Celandine” of botanists. All spring flowers are beloved with us; but the summer ones seem hardly to claim any notice, their names are lost in their number. The ox-eye is our “summer Daisy;” and, I believe, it is the only flower, almost, that the shepherd, ploughman, and milkmaid know by name, among the summer multitude.

TWO SONNETS TO MARY.

I met thee like the morning, though more fair,
And hopes 'gan travel for a glorious day;
And though night met them ere they were aware,
Leading the joyous pilgrims all astray—
Yet know I not, though they did miss their way
That joy'd so much to meet thee,—if they are
To blame or bless the fate that bade such be.
Thou seem'dst an angel when I met thee first,
Nor has aught made thee otherwise with me.
Possession has not cloy'd my love, nor curst
Fancy's wild visions with reality.
Thou art an angel still; and Hope, awoke
From the fond spell that early raptures murst,
Still feels a joy to think that spell ne'er broke.

The flower that's gather'd, beauty soon forsakes;
The bliss grows feeble as we gain the prize;
Love dreams of joy, and in possession wakes,
Scarce time enough to hail it ere it dies:
Life intermingles, with its cares and sighs,
And rapture's dreams are ended. Heavenly flower!
It is not so with thee:—still fancy's power
Throws rainbow-halos round thee; and thine eyes,
That once did steal their sapphire blue from even,
Are beaming on—thy cheeks' bewitching dye,
Where partial roses all their blooms had given,
Still in fond memory with the rose can vie;
And thy sweet bosom which to view was heaven—
No lily yet a fairer hue supplies. PERCY GREEN.

THE MARRIAGE ACT OF OLYMPUS.

1.

In those remote, forgotten times
We never hear of but at college,
Yclept the golden age in rhymes,
Because of gold it had no knowledge ;

2.

When laws were few and lawyers none,
To give to simple words a sly sense,
A law there was—a solemn one,
No marriage without Cupid's licence.

3.

How happy then was human life,
How worthy of a poet's blessing ;
When all the days of man and wife
Were spent in loving and caressing !

4.

And yet in time complaints were made,
For mortals ever will be grumbling ;
" Brothers, beware," a croaker said,
" The social edifice is tumbling ;

5.

" For marriage here so rare is grown,
We can't keep up our population."
Malthus's book was then unknown,
So no one thought of refutation.

6.

Indeed the counsel was well-meant,
Nor quite untrue—the world grew vicious,—
And Cupid never gave consent
To join the old and avaricious.

7.

Then Jupiter, good easy God,
Framed a new Marriage Act to suit us ;
And gave, by his celestial nod,
Joint powers of licensing to Plutus.

8.

But Love swore men should rue the day
They first shook off his sweet dominion :
Now Love could do as well as say,
Nor spared his bow, nor flagg'd his pinion.

9.

To prove Sir Cupid kept his word,
Needs not, alas ! my tedious rhyming ;
Flames of all sorts are now preferr'd
To that which comes from torch of Hymen.

10.

Ah ! hapless days of human life,
Ah ! days of wretchedness and fury !
When the *de facto* man and wife
Differ so much from the *de jure*.

11.

Would we might olden times restore,
And call past ages with a wish up,—
Marriage should flourish as of yore,
And Cupid be the sole Archbishop !

HANNIBAL.

VISIT TO THE CITY OF SORRENTO.

(Continued from our last Number.)

THE next morning we were awakened at an early hour by our *parsonale*; and, apt as we are to indulge ourselves in the morning (for late dinners, and theatres, and city hours spoil a man sadly), we arose immediately, and in a few minutes were walking in the open air. We accompanied our friend Natale, the *parsonale*, to his cottage; here we found all the family a-foot, and variously employed. Natale's cottage, like the other peasants' cottages, was divided into two parts; the habitable half, to which you ascended by a flight of stone steps, was formed into two rooms, one of which served as a sleeping-room to the greater part of the family, and the other was at once kitchen, parlour, and store-room; the lower half was divided into various offices, as stalls for cattle, barns, &c. and one large room was filled with presses, and other machinery for making wine and oil. We observed here, as about all this part of the country, that the people were very frugal, robust, and hardy, tolerably industrious, and not very cleanly: among many things, illustrative of the latter fact, we might mention that the approach to the door was defended, or adorned, or what you please, by an immense dunghill, which, standing immediately in front of the cottage, furnished its inhabitants with a constant subject of contemplation.

When the heats of the day were over we set out to see the *Arco di Sant' Elia*, which had been mentioned to us as *una cosa degna da vedere*: a strapping lad, the son of the countryman, was our guide; our road lay along the ridge of the hill for about a quarter of a mile, and then, passing through some *masserie*, we entered a wooded lane running along under a hill, which led us to a little open moor, just above a glen descending to the sea. Here we saw the *Galli* (*Sirenum scopuli*) the broad bay of Salerno full before us, the mountains that hide the city of Salerno, and, afar off, under the blue hills, the melancholy flat on which Pæstum is situated, fringed towards its extremities by woods, and shut in by mountains and sea; we have been told, that hence, with a

good telescope, the massy columns of those ponderous ruins may be discovered. From this flat, a rocky, bushy, and precipitous path leads down the glen to the *arco*;—we descended through tall and fragrant wild myrtles, which formed the greater part of a sort of thicket, which filled the dell, growing thicker and more luxuriant as we went down; we observed on either hand, long ranges of rude, warm coloured rocks, disposed in vertical strata; and, after descending some ten minutes, we caught sight of the upper part of the arch, which looked like a rude bridge, and seemed to open and rise as we descended: we soon afterwards saw through its broad span the sea, the rocks, and the olive plantations on the other side. As we approached the basis of the arch, we quitted the little winding path, and pushed in through the bushes and dwarf trees to a place where we had a pleasant seat and a good point of view. This *arco di Sant' Elia* is a natural arch of great height and span; there are, in truth, two arches, one of which is inconsiderable when compared with the enormous height and stride of the other: the top of the grand arch is very thin and narrow, and the stones which compose it seem, seen from below, to be loose slabs laid by the hands of man; the mountain to which it is attached on one side, is covered with olives, and indeed all the neighbouring slopes are covered with the same plant; a few of them even fringe a part of the top of the arch. On these very slopes are produced the finest olives of the kingdom of Naples, and this is just the soil and situation which ancient and modern agriculturists consider the best for those trees. The dell discharges itself through the main arch, and opens on slopes which run down in terraces to cliffs above the sea.

While we were sitting here, a little troop of peasants came toiling up the steep, bending beneath loads of dried fern, brushwood, grass, and corn; they wound under the arch in the most picturesque manner imaginable, at times entirely hid by projections of rocks, or interwoven

boughs, and, at times, showing only their burdened heads: as they drew near to where we lay, we were forcibly attracted by an old, decrepid, witch-like woman; she bowed low beneath a large bundle of fern, some of the withered branches of which hung dangling down, and partially concealed her wrinkled sun-burnt face; her skin was dark brown, a quantity of black, or rather grizzled hair hung about her neck and shoulders; her long arms, bare and skinny, were held above her head to grasp her burden; her feet were naked, and seemed as insensible as the stones she trod on. When they drew near us, they heard our voices, and paused a moment to listen; we were so completely concealed that they could not discover us, though they pryed very curiously about, and at length, not being able thus to satisfy their curiosity, one of them called out to know who was there; as we did not answer they repeated the question; and as we were still silent, a certain alarm seized them, they quickened their steps, hastily threaded the green thicket, and we lost sight of them in a minute. We afterwards arose and descended through the arch; at almost every step, right or left, upward or downward, we were charmed with a new combination of rocks and verdure, sea, islands, and hills; the objects which deserve particular remark, are the *Galli*, the mountains of Calabria across the bay, and the lofty and noble hills, near Amalfi, which dip so boldly into the water. We lingered about here, sketching, &c. till the evening, and then slowly returned home; as we passed along we heard at every cottage the peasants muttering the *ave-maria*; they sat out-side their doors, enjoying the freshness of the hour, the cadence of their voices harmonized with the subdued sounds of some church and convent bells which floated upwards from the Piano, and the united effect of these soft prayers, the distant murmur of the bells, the coolness of the breeze, the masses of mountains and woods, the scattered cottages, these latter growing more grotesque in the increasing obscurity, with many other little particulars, formed a scene so romantic and picturesque as to retard our progress and baffle our powers of description.

The peasants on these hills we found very devout, and we had frequent opportunities of observing how punctually they attended the chapel which stood on the ridge of the Conti, a short distance from our house, and whither we ourselves sometimes repaired. Every Sunday morning an old priest came up from the Piano to say mass; at a very early hour a small tinkling bell began to ring, to warn the peasants in the cottages around, who presently sallied out, adorned in their little finery, and repaired to the house of prayer. We frequently saw the old priest going along in all his humble importance, mounted on an ass, and surrounded by respectful country people, to whom, ever and anon, he put a question or imparted a piece of advice. Straggling groups came towards the chapel by different paths, all clean and decently attired, and with seriousness in their looks. Mass was said in the place to a devout and attentive audience, and the priest was afterwards remunerated for his services by a general collection, to which each person subscribed his grain, or two or three grains, according to his circumstances. Sometimes, in fine weather, the priest remained upon the hill all day, and in the evening gave a brief sermon in the chapel, which was always very well attended. While he remained on the hill he was entertained by some one or other of the most substantial peasants, to whom, in return for good fare, he imparted good advice, not only spiritual, but temporal. We observed that a great deal of cordiality existed between the priest and the peasantry, and this was equally creditable to both, and at the same time very natural, as the priest, besides his clerical dignity, was the adviser and comforter of all the community. His evening discourses were not altogether bad, but generally savoured somewhat of a pecuniary affection for *la madre chtesa*, an interest, apparently, not by any means of opinion, but very real and tangible: his discourses were, of course, calculated for the meridian of his auditors' intellects; he was exceedingly fond of elucidating his subject with tropes and figures, which were always, as may be supposed, of a very homely nature. A part of one of his sermons comes into our

minds at this moment : "The grace of God," said he, "is like a fire in a *braciere*, which always requires to be watched and renewed and fanned to be kept alive ; thus, *per via di esempio*, if you want a fire to cook your dinner, you do not light it and go away and leave it to itself, for then, you know it would go out ; but you stand over it and fan it, and stir it, and trim it, and take all care of it, and thus it burns brightly ; so does the grace of God require care and watching, and fanning, and stirring to keep it alive within you, otherwise it is also soon extinguished."

Another of our excursions, which, perhaps, it may be worth while to mention, was to a bold hill called Vicarvano, which rises abruptly from the ridge of the Conte Fontanella. This hill is the most romantic of any in the neighbourhood ; it is exceedingly lofty, and so steep that the path is merely a series of rude steps from the bottom to the top ; the ascent is very bushy, and every moment we lost sight of one another, behind thick screens of broom, fern, myrtle, dwarf-oak, and other hardy shrubs, which, rooted in the fissures of the rocks, and encouraged by soil and sun, and rain, would soon form an impassable wilderness, but that the persons to whom the property belongs employ peasants to cut down the brushwood every year, and to burn it to charcoal at the foot of the hill, and the flames and smoke of those large fires may be seen at intervals all the way up. On our way we met, every now and then, country-people descending, some bearing long poles and branches of trees, but the greater part carrying large loads of newly cut grass. In about three quarters of an hour, we came up to a wall of rocks, so lofty and so abrupt, that it seemed impossible to pass them ; an immense block, a little detached from the principal mass, as we approached it, appeared to stand immediately in our path, but on reaching it we found the track wound round its base, and afterwards crept between a parcel of huddled rocks until it reached a rude and narrow gap in the main strata, which brought us to the summit of the hill. We found the top a large irregular flat, covered with grass and bushes, and,

here and there, feathered with a few small trees. The extent of view from this elevation is immense, embracing the two bays, the line of Apennines, running across the Sarnia, and ending (to our view) at the cape, that divides the gulph of Policastro from the bay of Salerno, being bounded on one side by Mount Sant Angelo, and on the other by the blue arch of the horizon beyond the island of Ponza. From this height we looked down into the higher valleys, and all the secrets of the mountains were revealed ; we saw little villages, and vineyards, and flocks, in solitary and almost unknown defiles : looking one way we had before us the *Monte comune*, very brown and bleak ; some scattered flocks of sheep and goats browsed on its side, and near its summit stood a solitary hut ; beyond we saw the higher head of Sant Angelo still more wild and bleak and forlorn ; it appears to have been shattered by some violence, as its strata on the side towards us are all laid bare ; a little white hermitage is placed in a rocky corner on its summit, at least three quarters of a mile above the sea. From one point of the hill we looked down on a large deserted Camaldolese convent, which is situated at the edge of Monte Camaldoli,—on the little old city of Vico, which stands behind Monte Chiaro, and on the whole of the Piano with its gardens and villages. We could see also the disposition of the hills on the other side of the Piano ; Malacoccola, St. Angelo, and the Deserto, forming, as it were, a fork, which is presented towards Naples, and includes in its span the city of Sorrento. Beyond these we saw Capri peering over Cape Minerva, now Cape Campanella, and a little further to the right, the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisita, while just below us, in the bay of Salerno, lay the Galli. So many objects, so wide and beautiful a view, fully occupied our attention for some time, and would probably have done so much longer, but that our two guides, stout hearty lads, sons of Natale, who had, while we were gazing on the landscape, been sitting apart among the bushes, seriously and diligently employed with a basket of provisions which we had ordered up, observed it was time to go home, for—the basket

was empty. We were unable to oppose such reasoners, and accordingly began to descend, leaving a scene so glorious, with a regret heightened by reflecting that we should most probably never see it again, or at least, never with that quick and fresh and joyful sense of beauty which, it seems, no scene can twice inspire.

On our return, as we passed by a little house of entertainment, which stood at a short distance from our casino, we were attracted by the appearance of more company than was usual in that solitary place, and we entered to drink a little wine and look about us. This humble mansion, though dignified (as much worse *cabarets* are in this country) with the name of Taverna, was in reality little or nothing better than a *cantina*. Those, however, who wished to eat might be furnished with bread, *cacio cavallo*, and eggs; during our residence on the hills we were accustomed to go, not unfrequently, and visit our host of the Taverna, and we never but once found any other fare; that *once* we found a fine dish of fresh fish from the bay below; we regaled ourselves on this with some eggs, and bread and wine, and paid for the whole two carlins—we may add here, that we met with more civility and honesty in this humble canteen, than in any other house of entertainment in the kingdom of Naples. The peasantry of the hills met there;—in the fine evenings and on the *giorni di festa*, the young men of the neighbourhood used to amuse themselves by playing at bowls; now and then a *forestiere* from Amalfi, or Vico, or Massa, called in, which circumstance always elicited a good deal of chat; and, at times, a puffed-up Neapolitan or two, who had come up the hills to shoot little birds, honoured the quiet hostelry. The object of these latter, at least of all we happened to see, was to impress the peasants with a vast idea of their figure and importance in the great city: we met there one morning a dirty, paltry fellow, whose whole equipment was not worth five dollars, and yet he was talking, in a tone of infinite dignity, of his saddle horse

and gold watch, which he had left at Naples; of the Villa Reale, and *Passeggio di Chiaja*; of visiting the boxes at S. Carlo (though the rogue would have run some risk of being kicked out of the pit); of balls, routs, masquerades, &c. His conversation was enriched by two or three French words of no modest signification, and by all the Neapolitan loudness of voice and violence of gesticulation. We were, however, pleased to observe that he did not impose on his audience, simple as it was, and that when he turned his back the hostess said to her spouse, *che guapperia!** We never saw any excesses in drinking at the Taverna; two stout fellows would enjoy themselves over a bottle of poor mountain wine for half an hour, and seem perfectly satisfied; whenever we entered, we were very respectfully saluted by all present, helped to chairs, and served with alacrity and urbanity.

The country people may be considered as divided into two classes: the first of which is composed of those who rent farms of land proprietors, or have a little property in land of their own; the second, of those who have no property of their own, and who are not entrusted with that of others. Those who are possessed of some lands, usually take more of the larger proprietors, and thus contrive to have a pretty good farm to manage. The others, who merely rent farms, take them of proportionate extent; and if their own family is not numerous enough to work them, they let out small parcels to those who are in still more humble conditions than they. Our friend Natale had a pretty numerous family, consisting of himself and wife, five sons, and four daughters, all of whom worked hard from morning till night, in the *masseria*, or in other employments which their way of life demanded. The young ones led about the cows, by halters tied to their horns, to pick up a little grass, or a few sweet herbs on the common land, or in the copses; the elder branches of the community dug up the ground, planted and gathered the various produce, threshed and winnowed the

* *Guapperia* is a most expressive, but untranslatable word, of which the Neapolitans make much use—it means, an outrageous, overbearing boasting, or any action intended to strike one with a profound idea of the powers and worth of the actor.

corn, dried the beans, trimmed the vines and fig-trees, &c. in common; but the important operations of making wine, oil, and *cacio*, were only entrusted to the heads of the family, that is to say, Natale, his wife, and eldest son; and then the others were merely employed in gathering and treading out the grapes, and working at the presses. The eldest daughter had, for some time, the care of an extraordinary number of silkworms,* but when these insects grew to their full size, it required a great addition of labour, in which all the family took part, to keep them supplied with fresh leaves. These various occupations demanded so much attention, that Natale, notwithstanding the number of his hands, found himself compelled to let out a portion of his *masseria* to another peasant; the terms of the agreement, which were the same as those which exist all over the Peninsula, were that Natale should furnish half the seed, and receive half the produce as his rent; the compact was renewed every year after the *raccolta*. We saw the division of the grain, which was effected in great good humour, and apparently with much justice. While speaking of Natale, we must not forget to mention his religious opinions, which furnished us with many a conversation, for, as he observed we never disputed any thing he said about the *Santa Chiesa*, he seemed to think we were heretics who might, by judicious means, be brought back to the bosom of the church. He therefore very frequently entertained us with accounts of miracles, descriptions of hell, and assurances that all protestants went thither. His opinion was rather singular in one respect, for he believed that, as St. Augustin says of unbaptized children, "an easy kind of damnation is prepared for them," because they have not had the opportunities which others have had, of seeing the miraculous proofs and lights which are lavished to convince the favoured inhabitants of the Peninsula, Natale opined that out of every ten Catholics, six went to hell, two to paradise, and two to purgatory; the rest of the human race, without any distinction, went

straight to the devil, but, as has been hinted before, were better treated than reprobate Catholics, because they had served the devil all their lives, and because, moreover, his infernal Majesty had an intolerable aversion to Catholics, as they were the only enemies he feared. Natale, when once he had begun upon this subject, did not know precisely when to stop, but would babble on as long as we thought proper to listen; when we had heard enough, we took advantage of his pausing a moment for breath, asked him some question about bread, or milk, or so on, and effectually interrupted his discourse, which he had not the faculty of resuming, unless he began again "at the beginning." We must not, however, fill our page with any longer account of him, since if we do, we shall not have time to take you with us on another excursion, which we made during our residence on the hill, and which we would not willingly forget; it was to one of the lower hills called Malacocola, which we have already mentioned.

We set out from home one Sunday afternoon, very resolutely determined to resist certain seducing invitations to sleep, which had been occasioned by an alluring dinner of stewed mutton chops, and an interesting bottle or so of mountain wine, whose pure and rosy blushes we could hardly resist: we however seized our hats, and boldly ran away from temptation. We had got but a short distance from home, when we observed a gay group of men and women ascending the hill; as they approached, we saw that they were walking in procession, with a young man and woman at their head. Every one was dressed in holiday attire, and all appeared unusually merry; the procession was closed by four men carrying a long coffer, of much the same form as the *bara* in which they carry the dead. We followed the train until it stopped, and the coffer was deposited in the only habitable room of a little white cottage; (you must not, by the bye, imagine, from our saying the only habitable room, that only one habitable room was any indication of unusual poverty, for the

* A great deal of excellent silk is obtained on this Peninsula.

simple rustics here find one room quite enough for a family of four or five individuals); the persons who composed the train entered the cottage in a pretty orderly manner, and an old man, observing we had stopped to gaze, civilly invited us to follow. On entering the cottage, we found the young man and woman who had headed the procession, sitting down side by side, and receiving the compliments and congratulations of their friends on their marriage; and, presently after, the visitors discharged a shower of comfits at the young couple, particularly at the young woman, who seemed rather fluttered, and blushed abundantly. After this, the coffer which we have mentioned was brought forward in great state, and the bride's mother advanced into the middle of the room, with great alacrity, though with all due seriousness, to display its contents, which composed the bride's *trousseau*. When the lid was raised, the first things that appeared were very gay indeed; to wit, two jackets, one of velveteen, and one of cloth, covered with gold lace and fringe; three or four cotton *veste* of different and gaudy patterns; several pair of thread stockings, some fine, some coarse; three pair of worsted, two blue and one red; two pair of shoes, with one pair of broad silver buckles, and various trinkets, as, a necklace of wire gold, long enough to go three times round the neck; a pair of long drop ear-rings, crusted with pearls; a very smart little crucifix, inlaid with figures of Christ and the Madonna, in mother of pearl; a little silver cup to contain holy water; two small pictures in gilt frames, one a Madonna, the other some saint, whom we had not the honour of knowing; and a handsome rosary, with a small head of the Pope, in gold. The bride wore on her person a number of other trinkets, particularly a quantity of rings. What was afterwards taken from the coffer was not quite so gay; there were about half a dozen coarse shifts, some cotton handkerchiefs, two or three old jackets, and *veste* for every day use, a pair of wooden-soled shoes, and some other articles of which we do not know the names or use; but which seemed rather

mezzo mezzo in quality and condition. All these articles were taken out one by one, and submitted to the examination of the company; and, at the bottom of the chest, there were found some papers full of comfits, which the bride seized, and began to throw about with a trepidation which seemed to result from bashfulness, struggling with pleasure. After this, some wine and fruit were produced, and the company drank very affectionately to the health of the new married pair. We afterwards sat some little time apart, discoursing with a communicative old man, who told us that the young people had been married that morning, and that their relations had, as was usual, accompanied them to their home; that the young lady had been long courted by her spouse, but that their union had been opposed by her parents, careful people, and well to do in the world, until the lover could attain a situation in life suitable to the condition and quality of his mistress; that the young man had lately taken a *masseria in affitto*, had bought a bed, and other articles of furniture, (necessaries in the present sophisticated state of society) and had produced to the sight of the prudent parents 100 ducats in hard cash; the good old folks relented at this prospect, and could no longer refuse any thing to a person of so much merit.

After having sat here about half an hour, we resumed our walk, and, in a little time, we reached the hills, just where a fine bushy glen divides the lesser Sant Angelo from Malacocola, and sweeping round the base of the latter, descends towards the Bay of Salerno: we took a rough path which led us into a romantic thicket, and after ascending for some time, we emerged upon an open slope, where there was an immense profusion of myrtles in flower, and of sweet briar; we had a hard scramble here through thick bushes, but at length we reached the last steep, which is rude and stony, abounding in rocks and thistles; it is, in some places, covered with a short matted grass; and, at intervals, large bushes of broom, or other wild shrubs, are seen springing from the reluctant soil. At the top of the hill

is a deep and shady thicket, chiefly composed of hazel bushes and dwarf oaks; we had just reached it, and had found a nice seat on a large flat mass of rock in the skirts of the copse, where we were shaded by a fine bush of broom, and having got out our books, were preparing to begin our sketches, when a dark and threatening cloud appeared rapidly advancing towards us from the bay of Salerno. It struck against the hill, and divided into two parts, one of which rose above our heads, and immediately began to exhibit a grand specimen of those interesting phenomena, lightning and thunder, and rivers of rain. We are great admirers of these magnificent elemental fireworks, but at the same time prejudiced in favour of admiring them through good glass-windows, with a tight roof over our heads; we therefore got up, and in great haste retreated through the dripping thicket, intending to descend to a cottage, which was a quarter of a mile from the place; but observing a hut perched among some rocks, we clambered up to it, and took shelter there. It was deserted, but appeared to have been a goatherd's cot; a more picturesque position than that in which it stood, could hardly have been selected; from a loop-hole we had a view of the clouds driving over the bay of Salerno, and roughening the sea as they passed. After a little while a glorious light broke out between the heights of Vicarvano and Sant Angelo; it was a rainbow, which rose slowly in a grand arch, and seemed to descend into the bay; immediately the rain ceased, the sun shone, and we returned to our post. From the summit of Malacocola, the eye roves over an extent of undulating hills, terminated by one higher and ruder than the rest, which descends rapidly, and runs out in a low jagged cape into the sea. Capri frowns above, gloomy and rude; and at the left extremity four rocks rise out of the sea like teeth, and suggest the idea of a marine monster. The lofty and purple cone of Ischia appears farther on; it is gilded with a grand smile, and looks like the queen of the surrounding waters. A bushy dell divides us from the next hill, on the top of which stands a telegraph,

which is just now waving its mysterious arms. The *Galli* are seen here to great advantage; there are some ruins on two of them, which, like most of the ruins in the neighbourhood of Naples, are said to be the work of that indefatigable Queen, *La Regina Giovanna*, who is indeed the architect of every ruin that wants a name. One of these little islands but just rises above the water, and looks not much unlike the back of a whale; it is a sort of Sindbad's island, but, fortunately, does not possess the same sinister faculty of motion. The Apennines pass from the Calabrian chain, rising and falling in all the sublimity of confusion, until they disappear behind the grand Sant Angelo, which shoots up into the clouds in unrivalled bulk and height. Here, also, one has a fine view of the bay of Naples; there are, of course, few places around, where Vesuvius, dark and portentous, does not intrude upon the observation, but here he is seen to great advantage, with the villages and towns which whiten the shore, and lie in beauty and in peace at his feet.

The shade of thickets, the solitude of mountains, the magic of landscape, were not new to us; but such combinations of sea and hill, and cape and bay, are ever—must ever be quitted with reluctance; but more particularly when the glorious sun is sinking sublime, and fills the heart with admiration and tenderness: for us, we scarcely know which hour is more beautiful, morning or evening: morning is like youth, jocund and fresh; evening is like age, meditative and sad: morning springs up and scatters roses in the path of day; evening steals slowly after the God, and spreads her grey veil gently over all that he forsakes: morning begins in darkness and mist, and blush after blush brightens into glory; evening begins in glory, but soon and sadly fades into darkness—in a word, morning is the fit companion for the happy and the full of hope; but evening only is the friend of the forsaken, and the soother of the wretched.

But leaving these considerations, which we are aware will suggest themselves to you without our assistance, we shall return to our sub-

ject. We stood for a time watching some cattle and peasants, which were passing on the edge of the hills, and, as it were, crossing the disk of the sun, their distant and minute figures brightly and curiously relieved by it; and then we paused to see the moon glancing coyly through the trees, to observe the lights, and shades, and colours peculiar to that hour, which day cannot bestow; and we enjoyed the gale that swept up the hill, cool and odorous; all was tranquillity, and night and silence seemed listening to our thoughts. To-morrow, next year, next century, the same phenomena will return, all grand and glorious, but we shall not admire them: the sun will shine on the same hills, the sea roll to the same shores, when every being that now has life, human and brute, will have assembled in that common grave, where ages have laid up their dead, and to which all the generations of the earth must ultimately resort. It is a solemn thought, but one which seldom intrudes into the mind of man, that we are continually advancing on a tide which knows no reflux, and that no power in nature can enable us to go back one day—one moment; that every pleasure, however dear, passes away and cannot be re-called; but that, though we are thus pressing onward, the great system of nature remains the same,—that not one beauty perishes—that thus, perhaps, some human being will stop in this very spot, at the same hour, to gaze on these same hills and seas, to muse as we muse, to wonder and to enjoy, a thousand years after we shall have been forgotten.

Before we bid adieu to the hills of Sorrento, we must say a few words of their rude and simple inhabitants. The population on the hills is, of course, small and thinly scattered; they are a fine strong healthy race, frugal, laborious, and generally addicted to no vice—a happiness resulting partly, perhaps, from the diluted state of society in which they live; man being, *according to us*, generally more or less vicious in proportion to the greater or less con-

centration of the society in which he lives, the vices which flame in the individual being reflected upon the mass with a vigor commensurate to its density. The peasants of these hills, be this the case or not, are eminently simple and innocent; the men are honest, the women chaste, and crimes of every kind are most honourably rare. Their virtues must, in part, be attributed to several other circumstances, as their poverty, their temperance, their laborious occupations, their early marriages, and even their ignorance and superstition; their ignorance is far better for them, than that little pernicious learning, which suffices to make a fool presumptuous and discontented; and a superstitious belief of what is good, and gracious, and comfortable to the heart of man, is to be preferred to a superstitious disbelief, or half philosophic doubts of the same. In fine, the poor people in question are ignorant, innocent, unambitious, and happy.

The air on the hills is pure and wholesome, but, perhaps, rather too stimulating; the gales cross the hills from the two bays every day—in the morning from the bay of Salerno, and in the evening from that of Naples. The water on the heights is commonly bad, having a disagreeable, earthy taste, and yielding, though reluctantly, a slight sediment. The people here generally live to a great age, and are seldom afflicted by disease; but we observed that the *goitre* was not unfrequent; we were told that it never ended in idiocy, but it sometimes attains to such an enormous size as almost to obliterate the resemblance of humanity. How long will this disease continue the reproach of science? How long will its mysterious cause linger in darkness, and remain undetected?

We must, for the present, bid you farewell; but before we part we may tell you, that having made the necessary arrangements for our removal, we one day loaded two stout peasants with our little conveniences, bade adieu to the hills, and descended to the Monastery,* to which we shall introduce you in our next.

* For a description of the Franciscan Monastery of Sorrento, see vol. vii. p. 53.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No. V.

THE graver poets of Spain have re-proved the gay and joyous character which the Spaniards are wont to give to their devotions; but if such devotions are not solemn, they are at least sincere—which is, perhaps, the rarer and the better virtue. A romantic and poetical spirit pervades almost all the religious acts of the people. He must be made of stern and sorry stuff who has seen the parade, and heard the songs, of the *Rosario del Aurora* without sympathy. This interesting procession takes place late on Saturday night, and lasts till the dawning of the Sabbath sun. Devout and pious emotions, blended with a sober measured gaiety, find utterance in a peculiar hymn which is remarkable for its sweetness and its melancholy;—and the hours which are commonly given to repose are here consecrated to the pathetic effusions of natural

but excited religious feeling. In Andalusia, when death has entered the villages, the *Rosario del Aurora* visits the nearest relative of the dead before the break of day, and conducts him to the tomb of the departed, where he kneels down, encircled by his friends, who pour forth their complaints and their prayers. They who have never witnessed scenes like these may fancy them in all their vivid and imposing imagery—twilight—and tears and hymns—and the grave. No delirium of joy—no bitterness of sorrow, ever left a deeper impress than this funeral picture has stamped on him who has once been present.

Thus are the religious feelings blended with the daily pursuits of life—and those pursuits become elevated and sanctified by devout associations.

Que producirá mi Dios,
tierra que regais así?
“ Las espinas para mi,
“ y las flores para vos.”
Regarda con tales fuentes
jardin se habrá de hacer!

“ Si, mas de el se han de coger
“ guirnaldas muy diferentes.”

Cuyas han de ser, mi Dios,
esas guirnaldas, deci?

“ Las de espinas para mi,
las de flores para vos.”—*Böhl*, No. 47.

WHAT SHALL THE LAND PRODUCE.

What shall the land produce, that thou
Art watering, God! so carefully?

“ Thorns to bind around my brow,
“ Flowers to form a wreath for thee.”

Streams from such a hand that flow
Soon shall form a garden fair!

“ Yes! but different wreaths shall grow

“ From the plants I water there.”

Tell me who, my God! shall wear,
Wear the garlands round their brow?

“ I the wreath of thorns shall bear,

“ And the flowery garland thou.”

Whatever delusions, whatever errors, superstition may have interwoven with popular belief in Spain,—there is much that is affecting and dramatic in its external observances. The mother of God is more various in her forms than the Hindoo Vishnu. Her personifications are infinite—and in each she has a peculiar identity. The Virgin of Mount Carmen—and the Virgin of Montserrat, are distinct and separate characters. Our

lady of the rosary—and our lady of sorrow, have their special virtues, and their particular votaries. Sometimes the Virgin appears a sublime and imposing epic heroine—and at others a tender friend, weeping with those who weep—and mingling sympathies with every species of woe. What Spanish maid ever felt the first influences of love without singing the well-known couplet—

La virgen de las angustias
es la que sabe mi mal;
me meto en su capilla
y no me harto de llorar.

Virgin of grief! she knows my woe;
Then to her sacred shrine I'll go,
Recount to her my sorrows o'er,
And weep till I can weep no more.

But Mary, when giving birth to the infant Jesus, is of all objects the most beloved. She is represented in a thousand forms, and with a thousand titles: the virgin of pain—the virgin of agony—the virgin of dejection—the virgin of life—the virgin of

the bitter pangs—the virgin of death: while to every designation innumerable poetical compositions, or romances, are attached. Sometimes a high tone of reverence and devotion is assumed—at others all the familiarity of fond and tender affection. Now all the chivalric ardour of fervent and vehement love—and now the trembling and hesitating expression of fear and awe.

These lines were written in the 15th century, by Pero Lopez de Ayala, while in prison in England.

Señora, Estrella luciente
que á todo el mundo guía
guía á este tu sirviente
que su alma en ti fia.

A canela bien oliente
eres, Señora, comparada,
de la mina de oriente
has loor mui señalada,
á te fas clamor la gente
en sus cuitas todavía
quien por pecador se siente
llama á Santa Maria.

Al cedro en la altura
te comparó Salomon

la eglesia tu fermosura
al cipres del monte Sion:
palma fresca en verdura
fermosa y de grant valia
y oliva la escritura
te llama, Señora mia.

De la mar eres estrella
del cielo puerta lumbrosa
despues del parto doncella
de Dios madro, fija, sposa.
tu amansaste la querella
que por Eva nos venia
y el mal que fizo ella
por ti hobo mejoría.

LADY! STAR OF BRIGHTEST RAY.

Lady! star of brightest ray,
Which this world of darkness guides,
Light thy pilgrim on his way,
For his soul in thee confides!

Thou art like the fragrant bough
Of the beauteous cassia-tree—
Like the Orient myrrh art thou,
Whose sweet breath is worthy thee.
Lady! when the sufferer mourns,
'Tis to thee he bends his eye:
'Tis to thee the sinner turns,
Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee has wisdom's son compar'd
To the towering cedar trees;
And thy church—which thou dost guard,
To Mount Sion's cypresses.
Thou art like the palm-trees green,
Which their richest fruits have given,
Thou the olive—radiant queen!
Blooming in the book of heaven.

Brightest planet of the sea,
Dazzling gate in heaven's abode—
Virgin in the agony,
Mother, daughter, spouse of God.
Though the curse that Eve had brought
O'er her children threat'ning stood,
All the evil that she wrought,
Lady! thou hast turn'd to good.

In the *Romerías*—or religious festivals, compositions are often sung, alike remarkable for their simplicity and their tenderness. They are divested of their magic power when they are thus presented in their nakedness; but they fill the hearts

of thousands with joyous devotion—they are the intellectual spirit of the pageant—the living principle that endures when the flowers are faded, the music is hushed, and the altar sunk in the dust.

Caminad esposa
virgen singular
que los gallos cantan
cerca está el lugar

Caminad Señora
bien de todo bien,
que antes de una hora
somos en Belen:
alla mui bien
podras reposar
que los gallos cantan
cerca está el lugar.

Yo, Señora, siento
que vais fatigada
y paro tormento
por veros cansada
puesto habrá posada
do podreis holgar:

que los gallos cantan
cerca está el lugar.

Señora, en Belen
ya presto seremos
que alla habra bien
do nos alveguernos
parientes tenemos
con quien descansar
que los gallos cantan
cerca está el lugar.

¡Ay! Señora mia
si paridá os viera
de albricias daria
cuanto yo tuviera:
este asno que fuese
holgaria dar:
que los gallos cantan
cerca está el lugar.

Francisco de Ocaña.

JOURNEY TO BETHLEM.

Onward, fair maiden—
Wife, virgin dear!
The cocks are now crowing,
The village is near.

Onward, fair maiden—
Best of the best;
Soon our tired footsteps
In Bethlem shall rest—
Then shalt thou rest thee
Peacefully there:
The cocks are now crowing,
The village is near.

I see thou art weary—
Fair lady! my heart
With fear is tormented,
So weary thou art—
The guest-house awaits thee,
And rest will be there:
The cocks are now crowing,
The village is near.

O lady! in Bethlem
A dwelling's prepared,
Where thou shalt repose thee,
And peace be thy guard.
We have friends, we have neighbours
To welcome us there:
The cocks are now crowing,
The village is near.

O lady! Heaven watch thee
In nature's distress,
I would give for thy safety
Even all I possess—

This ass, kind and faithful,
With pleasure confer :
The cocks are now crowing,
The village is near.

Thus again, that most energetic and condensed description of the crucifixion, by Maria Doceo.

Piedra levantada
vida amenazada
injurias oidas
penas repetidas
el amor ausente
el dolor presente
¿ quien tal sufre—quien ?
quien quiere bien.

Luces apagadas
cayendo pedradas
los ayres armados
cabellos volados
el llanto en los ojos
los pies entre abrojos
¿ quien tal sufre—quien ?
quien quiere bien.

El camino estrecho
oprimido el pecho
triste el corazon
del mundo irrisión

la flor al morir
el sol sin salir :
¿ quien tal sufre—quien ?
quien quiere bien.

Suspiros cansados
clamores negados
lagrimas vertidas
glorias escondidas
ausencia punzante
sin ver al amante :
¿ quien tal sufre—quien ?
quien quiere bien.

Estrella embozada
la suerte encontrada
caminar penoso
temple riguroso
el puerto perdido
de todos herido :
¿ quien tal sufre—quien ?
quien quiere bien.

THE STONES THEY RAISE.

The stones they raise,
Life's hope decays—
With insults greeted
And woes repeated—
Affection gone,
Woe stands alone;
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

Lights darken'd all,
The stone-showers fall,
The wild winds blowing,
His long hair flowing,
His eyes are wet,
Thorns wound his feet.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

Perplex'd the road,
His breast a load;
His heart is torn :
The world in scorn—
The flowers are faded,
The sun is shaded.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

What weary sighs,
And weeping eyes,
And plaints forbid,
And glories hid,
And absence drear,
From friends sincere.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

A clouded star,
A journey far,
A fearful doom,
A day of gloom ;
The path mistaken—
By all forsaken.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis he who loves so well.

But in the midst of the superstitions that deform and degrade the public profession of religion in Spain—superstition itself, and especially the faults and follies of its representatives, the monks and friars, are often the subjects of pungent satire, and bitter animadversion. Of the influence of the Spanish drama, in counteracting the gross absurdities of ultra Catholicism, we may have occasion to speak hereafter. In the comedies of the *Principe tonto* (the crazy Prince),—*el Diablo Predicador* (the Devil turned Preacher),—the abuses of the regular clergy are treated with the sharpest ridicule—nor does ridicule stop here, for there are a hundred couplets, which pass from tongue to tongue, in which doubt and scepticism find vent; and among others, the

bald head (*calva*) of St. Peter, for example, is bared to numberless epigrams and jokes. Reverence itself becomes tainted by familiarity—and religion, being but a garment with splendid trappings, is thrown off when the pageant is over. We have heard the saints abused in language the most vehement and ungoverned, when they have appeared unpropitious to their votary—We have seen St. Anthony dashed into the Tagus, when, after repeated prayers, he has refused to bring the wind from the quarter friendly to the boatman's course.

The Romancers have versified a great variety of subjects from Holy Writ. A single specimen may suffice, which is to be found in all the old collections.

Con rabia está el Rey David
rasgando su corazon
sabiendo que alli en la lid
le mataron a Absalon
cubriose la su cabeza
y subiose a un mirador
con lagrimas de sus ojos
sus canas regadas son
hablando de la su boca
dice esta lamentacion
o fili mi fili mi
o fili mi Absalon
que es de la tu hermosura
tu estremada perfeccion
los tus cabellos dorados
parecian rayos del sol
tus ojos lindos azules
que jacinta de Sion
o manos que tal hizieron

enemigas de razon
o Jonatas que hiziste
no lo merecia no
miraras que era hijo
engendrado en bendicion
que quien le dava la muerte
me doblava la passion
si era desobediente
yo te otorgara perdon
si mi mandado cumplieras
truxeras me lo a prision
o madre que tal pariste
como auras consolacion
rompanse las tus entrañas
rasgue se el corazon
lloremos le padre y madre
el fruto de bendicion:
o fili mi fili mi
o fili mi Absalon.

DAVID THE KING IS MAD WITH GRIEF.

David the king is mad with grief,
His heart is harrow'd with pain ;
His son is slain in the battle-fight,
His Absalom is slain.
He covers his head with his mantle wide,
And mounts his highest tower—
While tears that flow from his eyes of woe
Wash his grey tresses o'er—
And his trembling lips these words repeat
This lamentation sore :
O fili mi, fili mi,
Fili mi, Absalom—

Where is thy dazzling beauty now,
 Thy charms—by song untold—
 Those locks like sun-beams in the air,
 Shining like rays of gold ;
 Thy azure eyes, that shone as fair
 As hyacinths on Zion's hill :
 O hands that wrought this cruel ill,
 Careless of woe—say, Jonathan,
 What had thy brother done ?
 Had he deserved it, cruel man ?
 And was he not my son ?
 He was conceived in blessedness—
 And they who plann'd his fall
 Have doubled all my love for him :—
 Was he rebellious ?—all,—
 All,—all would I forgive him now ;
 And had I been obey'd,
 He were a prisoner—not a corpse !
 Mother—thy child is dead.
 Who will console thee ?—let thy heart
 Burst—and thy soul be sad—
 Father and mother—let us weep
 O'er our devoted lad—
O fili mi, fili mi,
O fili mi, Absalom.

The Romances of Spain, as has been well remarked by Mr. Wiffen, in his most interesting volume on Garcilaso de la Vega, seem rather the production of instinct than of art. The exceeding facility for composition which the *asonantes* give to the poet, allows of the rapid and natural arrangement of almost every thought and feeling in a poetical form. There is no situation in life to which some *copla* is not instantly created or applied. The *copla* is generally the expression of some vehement emotion, taking the shape of poetry in its very earliest conception—

Thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers —

We have often heard in the miserable dark prisons of Spain such a verse as this :

No hay quien le lleve la nueva
 á la dulce madre mia
 que en un calabozo oscuro
 me estan quitando la vida.

Will none the mournful history bear
 To my sweet mother—that I lie
 Bound in a gloomy dungeon here,
 Where in oppression's arms I die ?

Or this extempore couplet sung by a prisoner on leaving his melancholy abode.

A Dios calabozo y carcel
 Sepultura de hombres vivos

Donde se doman los bravos
 y se olvidan los amigos.

Farewell ! and now—thou living grave,
 Prison and cell be far removed !
 Where chilling fear subdues the brave,
 And friends forget the friends they loved.

But the most remarkable and the most striking peculiarity of Spanish customs, is that chivalric spirit which has descended to the very lowest classes of Spain from the feudal times, and given to the whole nation that characteristic gravity which has become proverbial. If aught remain of this among other nations, it is vested exclusively in the aristocracy—but a high sense of honour, a self-supporting dignity, and a mutual respect, are universal among all classes in the Peninsula. Even their modes of salutation, and their habitual style of conversation, are quite fresh with the polish of chivalry—*Buenos dias Caballero*, Good morning, Knight—*A Dios Caballero*, God go with you, Chevalier—is the language employed even among the poorest of the poor. It is become synonymous with “man of worth,” or “man of honour.”

From the Romances quoted in “*Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*,” some curious examples of Spanish heroism might be quoted. They are admirable portraiture of character.

Alabez. Auda Christiano cautivo
tu fortuna no te assombre
y dinos luego tu nombre
sin temor del daño esquivo.

Que aunque seas prisionero
con el rescato y dinero,
si nos dizes tu verdad
tendrás luego libertad.

Quiñonero. Es mi nombre Quiñonero
soy de Lorca natural
cavallero principal,
y aunque me siga fortuna
no tengo pena ninguna
ni se me haze de mal.

Que en la guerra es condicion
Que oy soy tuyo yo confio
mañana podras ser mio
y sugeto á mi prision.

Por tanto pregunta y pide
porque en todo á tu pregunta
satisface sin repunta
poes el temor no me impide.

Alabez. Trompetas se oyen sonar
y descubrimos pendones
y cavallos y peones
junto de aquel olivar.

Y querria Quiñonero
saber de ti por entero
que pendones y que gente
es la que vemos presente
con animo bravo y fiero.

Quiñonero. Aquel pendon colorado
con las seys coronas de oro
muy bien muestra en su decoro
ser de Murcia y es nombrado.

y el otro que tiene un Rey
armado por gran blason
es de Lorca y es pendon
que lo conoce tu grey.

Porque como es frontero
de Granada y de su tierra
siempre se halla en guerra
de todos el delantero.

Traen la gente bellicosa
con gana de pelear
si quieres mas preguntar
no siento desto otra cosa.

Apercibete al combate
porque vienen a gran priessa
para quitarte la presa
y darán fin en tu remate.

Alabez. Pues por prisa que se den
ya guerra nuestro Alcoran
la Rambla no passaran
porque no les yra bien ;
Y si con valor estraño
la rambla pueden romper
muy bien se podra entender
que ha de ser por nuestro daño.

Sus al arma que ellos vienen
y en nada no se detienen
toquese el son y la Zambra
porque llegue a nuestra Alhambra
nuestras famas y resuenen.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.

Alabez. Christian Captive, tell us here,
Tell us here your name,—nor bow
Helpless under fortune's blow :
Christian, thou hast nought to fear ;
True, thou art our prisoner,—
Yet thy rescue light shall be,
If, in all sincerity,
Thou wilt answer boldly here.

Quiñonero. Quiñonero is my name,
Lorca is my birth-place—I
Have inherited a fame
Which in me shall never die ;
I am reckless, careless still,
Quiñonero waits your will.
'Tis the fate of war—to-day
I am yours—and wait your nod—
But to-morrow, Moor, you may
Tremble 'neath my conquering rod.
Ask, and I shall answer,—say
All your weakness wills to know,
Fear my tongue could never sway—
All that willing tongue shall show.

Alabez. Trumpets in the distance sound,
Flags are waving in the breeze,
Horses stamp the echoing ground,
Troops are midst yon olive trees ;

Quiñonero,—tell us then,
Tell us then what bands are these,
Whose these banners—who the men
That so boldly forward tread
Where the prophet's troops are spread?

Quiñonero. Yonder splendid penion red,
Where six golden crowns appear,—
That is Marcia's harbinger,
Oft it has to triumph led.

Next there comes a King renown'd,
Arm'd in glorious panoply—
He of Lorca—daring he,
As thy bands too oft have found.

He is from the boundary side
Where Granada's kingdom is:
To be foremost all his bliss,
First in battle all his pride.

Panting for the fight they come,
Breathing fury—seeking war:
Dost thou ask me who they are?
Wouldst thou know each warrior's home?

Go! prepare thee for the fray—
Lo! their squadrons hasten nigh—
Gather up thy spoils—for I
May thy rescue fix to-day.

Alabez. Let them come—they seek their fate,
Ne'er shall they the Rambla see,
So the Koran whispers me,
Woe and death their steps await.

If indeed, by Alla taught,
They should burst the Rambla's wall,
That indeed might us appal—
That would be a fearful thought.

Let them come,—and they shall see
How we meet them manfully;
Sound the trumpet, sound the zambra,
Listen now, for our alhambra
Echoes "victory!—victory!"

But it is the passion of love which the *Romanceros* have sung in every conceivable form—they associate with it all the devotion of knight-errantry—with all the recollections of departed time—with all the decorations of classical imagery—with all the bright scenery of nature—they plunge into the subtilties of metaphysics, and follow imagination through all her winding mazes.

Durandarte Durandarte
buen caballero provado
yo te ruego que hablemos
en aquel tiempo pasado
y dime si se te acuerda
quando fuiste enamorado
quando en galas y invenciones
publicavas tu cuydado
quando venciste á los Moros
en campo por mi aplanado
¿ agora desconocido

di porque me has olvidado?
Palabras son lisongeras
señora de vuestro grado
que si yo mudanza hize
vos lo aveys todo causado
pues amastes a Gayferos
quando yo fui desterrado
que si amor quereys conmigo
tenéys lo mui mal pensado
que por no sufrir ultrage
morire desesperado.

DURANDARTE, DURANDARTE.

Durandarte, Durandarte,
 Son of fame, and heir of praise ;
 Durandarte, if thou love me,
 Let us talk of former days.
 Tell me if thou hast forgotten
 Thy enamour'd time of youth,
 When with sports and songs of music
 Thou didst show thy love, thy truth :
 When the Moors retired before thee,
 When my smile conducted thee :
 Now, alas ! am I forgotten,
 Why hast thou forgotten me ?
 Words are all deceitful, warrior !
 " Lady ! If I broke my vow
 Thou wert treacherous,—thou unfaithful,—
 Thou didst break thy pledge,—even thou.
 Lady ! thou didst love Gayferos
 When I roam'd an exile drear ;—
 Such was not the love I sigh'd for ;—
 Though thou hadst been far more fair,
 Rather than submit to insult,
 I would die in lone despair."

Compañero compañero
 casóse mi linda amiga
 casóse con un villano
 que es lo que mas me dolia
 irme quiero á tornar Moro
 allende de la Moreria.
 Christiano que alla passare
 yo le quitare la vida.
 No lo hagas compañero

no lo hagas por tu vida
 de tres hermanas que tengo
 dar te he yo la mas garrida
 si la quieres por muger
 si la quieres por amiga.
 ni la quiero por muger
 ni la quiero por amiga
 pues que no pude gozar
 de aquella que mas queria.

Romances, Madrid, 1640.

O MY COMRADE ! O MY COMRADE !

O my comrade ! O my comrade !
 She is wed that ruled my heart,
 She has ta'en a base-born peasant ;
 That is sorrow's deepest smart :
 I will go and serve the Prophet,
 Far in Moorish lands away,—
 And the first by-passing Christian,
 To avenge my wrongs I'll slay.
 " Check thy rashness—O my comrade !
 On thy life no threats like this ;
 Thou shalt have of three fair sisters,
 Her who fairest, brightest is ;
 She shall be thy loving mistress ;
 She thy faithful wife shall be—"
 She shall never be my mistress,
 Never be a wife to me—
 I have lost that lovely maiden
 Whom I loved so tenderly.

The following are taken from the *Silva de Romances*, published in 1644.

Mientras duerme la niña
 flores y rosas
 açucenas, y lirios
 le hazen sombra.

En el prado verde
 la niña reposa
 donde Mançanares
 sus arroyos brota.

No se mueve el viento,
ramas, ni hojas
que açucenas y lirios
le hazen sombra.

El sol la obedece
y su passo acorta

que son rayos bellos
sus ojos y boca.

Las aves no cantan
viendo tal gloria,
que açucenas y lirios
la hazen sombra.

Sylva de Romance, 1644.

SHE SLEEPS.

She sleeps ;—Amaryllis
Midst flowerets is laid ;
And roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade :

The maiden is sleeping,
Where, through the green hills,
Manzanares is creeping
Along with his rills.

Wake not, Amaryllis,
Ye winds in the glade !
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

The sun, while upsoaring,
Yet tarries awhile,
The bright rays adoring
Which stream from her smile.

The wood-music still is
To rouse her afraid,
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

Si á do quieren reyes
alla leyes van
donde el rey amor quiere
allà mi ley và.

Si amor es el rey
á quien todos dan
devida obediencia,
mi ley allà và.

Dele por tributo
mis penas y afan,
que no ay ley mejor
que la ley de amar.

Si a do quieren reyes, &c.

Esta ley adoro,
que aunque presa està
de sus yetros duros
soy la piedra iman.

Leyes rigurosas,
y de zelos ay,
mas entre las leyes
mi ley vale mas.

Si a do quieren reyes, &c.

Idem.

IF LAWS FULFIL A MONARCH'S WILL.

If laws fulfil a monarch's will—
O how should I withstand,
When sovereign love—from heaven above,
Sends forth his high command.

If all obey his royal sway,
His rule from age to age ;
O how should I his might deny,
To honest vassalage ?

No ! to my king my faith shall bring
A tribute of allegiance,
For love's bright law may surely draw
Submission and obedience.

If laws fulfil a monarch's will,
O how should I withstand,
When sovereign love—from heaven above,
Sends forth his proud command.

Within my soul, without controul,
He rules ; and though I wear
His fettering chains—my heart maintains
Unshaken fealty there.

His laws are hard—but I regard
His service far more free,
Than license given, by earth or heaven,
To wandering liberty.

If laws fulfil a monarch's will,
O how should I withstand ;
When sovereign love—from heaven above,
Sends forth his proud command.

Durmióse Cupido al son
de una fuente de cristal,
que saltando bordava con perlas
blancas flores de un verde arrayá.

Mientras su madre le hazia
para poder hazer mal,
nuevos hierros á las flechas,
por estar tan botos ya.

Mirava entre los claveles,
y las perlas que le da
prestadas la muda noche
para que se adorne mas.

Y como en nada no hallase
remedio para su mal,
diuirtido entre mil penas

si a divertir dan lugar :
durmiose Cupido, etc.

Cupido que está zeloso
soñando empeço á llorar,
porque amando es bien que llore
quien no recuerda jamas.

Cantavan los Ruyseñores
al son del claro cristal.
y el ayre va con las hojas
lleuandoles el compàs.

Consuelate pues que sabes
que no ay amor firme ya :
y mientras cantava aquesto
para alivio de su mal,
durmiose Cupido al son, etc. *Idem.*

THE BOY-GOD SLEPT BY THE LULLABY.

The boy-god slept by the lullaby
Of chrystal streams, whose waters threw
Bright pearls on flowers, that smilingly
Upon the banks of emerald grew.

And while he slept,—the careless child !
His mother stole his quiver full
Of arrows, which she laughing filed,
For use had made the arrows dull.

She linger'd long amidst the flowers,
Amidst the gems, which silent night
Flings o'er this faëry world of ours,
Making far brighter what is bright.

She linger'd long, but sought in vain
Balm for her silent secret wound,
Yet smiled she oft in spite of pain,
And seem'd to find what ne'er she found.
Cupid slept by the lullaby, &c.

And Cupid woke, for he had dream'd
Of jealousy, and woke in tears ;
Well might he weep, who never seem'd
To feel for others' woes or fears.

The nightingale's sweet music made
A chorus with the silver rill,
The rude winds with the foliage play'd.
Wafting the leaves o'er vale and hill.

O then console thee, gentle swain !
For love a treacherous child was aye,
This was the solitary strain,
That once a lover's grief could stay.
Cupid slept by the lullaby, &c.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

(Concluded from our last.)

OF Johnson's interview with George III. I shall transcribe the account as given by Boswell; with which such pains were taken to make it accurate, that it was submitted before publication for the inspection of the King, by one of his principal secretaries of state.

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place: so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at

Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay, (said the King,) that is the publick library."

His Majesty enquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with

others: for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why truly, (said the King,) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why, (said the King,) they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) not to Kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them, would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises: and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable."

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time than by using one. "Now, (added Johnson,) every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why, (replied the King,) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now, (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed,) began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his Sovereign, and

thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the "*Journal des Savans*," and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years: enlarging at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly and Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there was no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnson answered, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding that the authours of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the *Philosophical Transactions*, when Johnson observed that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay, (said the King,) they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

Nothing in this conversation betrays symptoms of that state which he complains of in his devotional record (on the 2d of August, 1767) when he says that he had been disturbed and unsettled for a long time,

and had been without resolution to apply to study or to business. Half of this year he passed at a distance from the metropolis, and chiefly at Lichfield, where he prayed fervently by the death-bed of the old servant of his family, Catherine Chambers, leaving her with a fond farewell, and many tears. There was no greater proof of the goodness of Johnson's nature, than his attachment to his domestics. Soon after this he placed Francis Barber, a negro boy who waited on him, at a school in Hertfordshire; and, during his education there, encouraged him to good behaviour by frequent and very kind letters. It is on such occasions that we are ready to allow the justice of Goldsmith's vindication of his friend, that he had nothing of a bear but the skin.

In the two succeeding years, he continued to labour under the same restlessness and anxiety; again sought for relief in a long visit to Oxford, and another to Brighthelmston with the Thrales; and produced nothing but a prologue to one of Goldsmith's comedies.

The repeated expulsion of Wilkes from his seat, by a vote of the House of Commons, had (in 1770) thrown the nation into a ferment. Johnson was roused to take the side of the ministry; and endeavoured in a pamphlet, called the *False Alarm*, as much by ridicule as by argument, to support a violent and arbitrary measure. It appears both from his conversation and his writings, that he thought there was a point at which resistance might become justifiable; and, surely it is more advisable to check the encroachments of power at their beginning, than to delay opposition, till it cannot be resorted to without greater hazard to the public safety. The ministry were happily compelled to give way. They were, however, glad to have so powerful an arm to fight their battles, and, in the next year (1771) employed him in a worthier cause. In his tract on the Falkland Islands, the materials for which were furnished him by Government, he appears to have much the better of the argument; for he has to show the folly of involving the nation in a war for a questionable right, and a possession of doubtful advantage; but his invective a-

gainst his opponents is very coarse; he does not perform the work of dissection neatly: he mangles rather than cuts. When he applies the word gabble to the elocution of Chatham, we are tempted to compare him to one of the baser fowl, spoken of by an ancient poet, that clamour against the bird of Jove.

Not many copies of this pamphlet had been dispersed, when Lord North stopped the sale, and caused some alterations to be made, for reasons which the author did not himself distinctly comprehend. Johnson's own opinion of these two political essays was, that there was a subtlety of disquisition in the first, that was worth all the fire of the second. When questioned by Boswell as to the truth of a report that they had obtained for him an addition to his pension of 200*l.* a year, he answered that, excepting what had been paid him by the booksellers, he had not got a farthing for them.

About this time, there was a project for enabling him to take a more distinguished part in politics. The proposition for bringing him into the House of Commons came from Strahan the printer, who was himself one of the members; Boswell has preserved the letter, in which this zealous friend to Johnson represented to one of the Secretaries of State the services which might reasonably be expected from his eloquence and fidelity. The reasons which rendered the application ineffectual have not been disclosed to us; but it may be questioned whether his powers of reasoning could have been readily called forth on a stage so different from any to which he had been hitherto accustomed; whether so late in life he could have obtained the habit of attending to speakers, sometimes dull, and sometimes perplexed; or whether that dictatorial manner which easily conquered opposition in a small circle, might not have been borne down by resentment or scorn in a large and mixed assembly. Johnson would most willingly have made the experiment; and when Reynolds repeated what Burke had said of him, that if he had come early into parliament, he would certainly have been the greatest speaker that ever was there, exclaimed, "I should like to try my

hand now." That we may proceed without interruption to the end of Johnson's political career, it should here be told that he published (in 1774) a short pamphlet in support of his friend, Mr. Thrale, who at that time was one of the candidates in a contested election, and a zealous supporter of the government. But his devotion to the powers that be, never led him to so great lengths as in the following year (1775), when he wrote *Taxation no Tyranny: an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress*. Now that we look back with impartiality and coolness to the subject of dispute between the mother country and her colonies, there are few, I believe, who do not acknowledge the Americans to have been driven into resistance by claims, which, if they were not palpably unlawful, were at least highly inexpedient and unjust. But Johnson was no statist. With the nature of man taken individually and in the detail, he was well acquainted; but of men as incorporated into society, of the relations between the governors and the governed, and of all the complicated interests of polity and of civil life, his knowledge was very limited. Biography was his favourite study; history, his aversion. Sooner than hear of the Punic war (says Murphy), he would be rude to the person that introduced the subject; and, as he told Mr. Thrale, when a gentleman one day spoke to him at the club of Catiline's conspiracy, he withdrew his attention, and thought about Tom Thumb. In his *Taxation no Tyranny*, having occasion to notice a reference made by the American Congress to a passage in Montesquieu, he calls him in contempt the fanciful Montesquieu. Yet this is the man, of whom Burke, when his just horror of every thing fanciful in politics was at its height, has passed the noblest eulogium that one modern has ever made on another, and which the reader will pardon me if in my veneration for a great name I place here as an antidote to the distraction of Johnson.

Place before your eyes such a man as Montesquieu. Think of a genius not born in every country, or every time; a man gifted by nature with a penetrating aquiline eye; with a judgment prepared

with the most extensive erudition; with an herculean robustness of mind, and nerves not to be broken with labour; a man who could spend twenty years in one pursuit. Think of a man, like the universal patriarch in Milton (who had drawn up before him in his prophetic vision, the whole series of the generations which were to issue from his loins), a man capable of placing in review, after having brought together, from the east, the west, the north, and the south, from the coarseness of the rudest barbarism, to the most refined and subtle civilization, all the schemes of government which had ever prevailed amongst mankind, weighing, measuring, collating and comparing them all, joining fact with theory, and calling into council, upon all this infinite assemblage of things, all the speculations which have fatigued the understandings of profound reasoners in all times! Let us then consider that all these were but so many preparatory steps to qualify a man, and such a man, tinctured with no national prejudice, with no domestic affection to admire, and to hold out to the admiration of mankind the constitution of England.—*Appeal from the New to the Old Institutes, at the end.*

It is to be feared, that the diploma of Doctor of Laws, which was sent to Johnson in the same year (1775), at the recommendation of Lord North, at that time Chancellor of the University, and Prime Minister, was in some measure intended to be the reward of his obsequiousness. In this instrument, he is called, with an hyperbole of praise which the University would perhaps now be more cautious of applying to any individual, "In Literarum Republica Princeps jam et Primarius."

He had long meditated a visit to Scotland, in the company of Boswell, and was, at length (in 1773), prevailed on to set out. Where he went, and what he saw and heard, is sufficiently known by the relation which he gave the world next year, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, and in his *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*. It cannot be said of him, as he has said of Gray, that whoever reads his narrative, wishes that to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment. He seems to have proceeded on his way, with the view of finding something at every turn, on which to exercise his powers of argument or of raillery. His mind is scarcely ever passive to the objects it encounters, but shapes them to its own moods.

After we lay down his book, little impression is left of the places through which he has passed, and a strong one of his own character. With his fellow-traveller, though kindness sometimes made him over-officious, he was so well pleased, as to project a voyage up the Baltic, and a visit to the northern countries of Europe, in his society. He had before indulged himself with a visionary scheme of sailing to Iceland, with his friend Bathurst. In 1774, he went with the Thrales to the extremity of North Wales. A few trifling memoranda of this journey, which were found among his papers, have been lately published; but, as he wrote to Boswell, he found the country so little different from England, that it offered nothing to the speculation of a traveller. Such was his apathy in a land

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathes around,
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmurs deep a solemn sound.

In the following year (1775) he made his usual visit to the midland counties, and accompanied the Thrales in a tour to Paris, from whence they returned by the way of Rouen. This was the only time he was on the Continent. It is to be regretted that he left only some imperfect notes of his journey; for there could scarcely have failed to be something that would have gratified our curiosity in his observations on the manners of a foreign country. We find him in the next year (1776) removing from Johnson's Court, No. 7, to Bolt Court, Fleet-street, No. 8; from whence at different times he made excursions to Lichfield and Ashburne; to Bath, with the Thrales; and, in the autumn, to Brighthelmstone, where Mr. Thrale had a house. This gentleman had, for some time, fed his expectations with the prospect of a journey to Italy. "A man," said Johnson, "who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean.

All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." Much as he had set his heart on this journey, and magnificent as his conceptions were of the promised land, he was employed with more advantage to his own country at home; for, at the solicitation of the booksellers, he now (1777) undertook to write the *Lives of the English Poets*. The judicious selection of the facts which he relates, the vivacity of the narrative, the profoundness of the observations, and the terseness of the style, render this the most entertaining, as it is, perhaps, the most instructive of his works. His criticisms, indeed, often betray either the want of a natural perception for the higher beauties of poetry, or a taste unimproved by the diligent study of the most perfect models; yet they are always acute, lucid, and original. That his judgment is often warped by a political bias can scarcely be doubted; but there is no good reason to suspect that it is ever perverted by malevolence or envy. The booksellers left it to him to name his price, which he modestly fixed at 200 guineas; though, as Mr. Malone says, 1000 or 1500 would have been readily given if he had asked it. As he proceeded, the work grew on his hands. In 1781 it was completed; and another 100*l.* was voluntarily added to the sum which had been at first agreed on. In the third edition, which was called for in 1783, he made several alterations and additions; of which, to show the unreasonableness of murmurs respecting improved editions, it is related in the *Biographical Dictionary*,* on the information of Mr. Nichols, that though they were printed separately, and offered gratis to the purchasers of the former editions, scarcely a single copy was demanded.

This was the last of his literary labours; nor do we hear of his writing any thing for the press in the meanwhile, except such slight compositions as a prologue for a comedy by Mr. Hugh Kelly, and a dedication to the King of the Posthumous

* Vol. xix. p. 71. Ed. 1815.

Works of Pearce, Bishop of Rochester.

His body was weighed down with disease, and his mind clouded with apprehensions of death. He sought for respite from these sufferings in the usual means—in short visits to his native place, or to Brighthelmston, and in the establishment of new clubs. In 1781, another of these societies was, by his desire, formed in the city. It was to meet at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard; and his wish was, that no patriot should be admitted. He now returned to the use of wine, which, when he did take it, he swallowed greedily.

About this time Mr. Thrale died, leaving Johnson one of his executors, with a legacy of 200*l*. The death of Levett, in the same year, and of Miss Williams, in 1783, left him yet more lonely. A few months before the last of these deprivations befel him, he had a warning of his own dissolution, which he could not easily mistake. The night of the 16th of June, on which day he had been sitting for his picture, he perceived himself, soon after going to bed, to be seized with a sudden confusion and indistinctness in his head, which seemed to him to last about half a minute. His first fear was lest his intellect should be affected. Of this he made experiment, by turning into Latin verse a short prayer, which he had breathed out for the averting of that calamity. The lines were not good, but he knew that they were not so, and concluded his faculties to be unimpaired. Soon after he was conscious of having suffered a paralytic stroke, which had taken away his speech. "I had no pain," he observed afterwards, "and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered, that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it." In hopes of stimulating the vocal organs, he swallowed two drams, and agitated his body into violent motion, but it was to no purpose; whereupon he returned to his bed, and, as he thought, fell asleep. In the morning, finding that he had the use of his hand, he was in the act of writing a note to his servant,

when the man entered. He then wrote a card to his friend and neighbour, Mr. Allen, the printer, but not without difficulty, his hand sometimes, he knew not why, making a different letter from that which he intended. His next care was to acquaint Dr. Taylor, his old school-fellow, and now a prebendary of Westminster, with his condition, and to desire he would come and bring Dr. Heberden with him. At the same time, he sent in for Dr. Brocklesby, who was his near neighbour. The next day his speech was restored, and he perceived no deterioration, either in his memory or understanding. In the following month, he was well enough to pass a week at Rochester, with Mr. Langton, and to appear again at the Literary Club; and, at the end of August, to make a visit to Mr. Bowles, at Heale, near Salisbury, where he continued about three weeks.

On his return to London, he was confined to the house by a fit of the gout, a disorder which had once attacked him, but with less violence, ten years before, and to which he was now reconciled, by being taught to consider it as an antagonist to the palsy. To this was added, a sarcocele, which, as it threatened to render excision necessary, caused him more uneasiness, though he looked forward to the operation with sufficient courage; but the complaint subsided of itself.

When he was able to go about again, that society might be ensured to him at least three days in the week, another club was founded at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, where an old servant of Mr. Thrale's was the landlord. "Its principles (he said) were to be laid in frequency and frugality; and he drew up a set of rules, which he prefaced with two lines from a Sonnet of Milton.

To-day resolve deep thoughts with me to drench

In mirth that after no repenting draws."

The number was limited to twenty-four. Each member present engaged himself to spend at least sixpence; and, to pay a forfeit of threepence if he did not attend. But even here, in the club-room, after his six-

pence was duly laid down, and the arm chair taken, there was no security for him against the intrusion of those maladies which had so often assailed him. On the first night of meeting (13th of December, 1783) he was seized with a spasmodic asthma, and hardly made his way home to his own house, where the dropsy combined with asthma to hold him a prisoner for more than four months. An occurrence during his illness, which he mentioned to Boswell, deserves notice, from the insight which it gives into his peculiar frame of mind. "He had shut himself up, and employed a day in particular exercises of religion—fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On a sudden, he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from the fact; but from his manner of telling it," adds Boswell, "I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events." Yet at this time, with all his aspirations after a state of greater perfectness, he was not able to bear the candour of Langton, who, when Johnson desired him to tell him sincerely wherein he had observed his life to be faulty, brought him a sheet of paper, on which were written many texts of Scripture, recommendatory of Christian meekness.

At the beginning of June, he had sufficiently rallied his strength to set out with Boswell, for Oxford, where he remained about a fortnight, with Dr. Adams, the master of Pembroke, his old college. In his discourse, there was the same alternation of gloominess and gaiety, the same promptness of repartee, and keenness of sarcasm, as there had ever been.

Several of his friends were now anxious that he should escape the rigour of an English winter by repairing to Italy, a measure which his physicians recommended, not very earnestly indeed, and more I think in compliance with his known wishes, than in expectation of much benefit to his health. It was thought requisite, however, that some addition should previously be made to his income, in order to his maintaining an appearance somewhat suitable to the

character which he had established throughout Europe by his writings. For this purpose, Boswell addressed an application to the ministry, through Lord Thurlow, who was then Chancellor. After some accidental delay, and some unsuccessful negotiation on the part of Lord Thurlow, who was well disposed to befriend him, during which time Johnson was again buoyed up with the prospect of visiting Italy, an answer was returned which left him no reason to expect from Government any further assistance than that which he was then receiving in the pension already granted him. This refusal the Chancellor accompanied with a munificent offer of supply out of his own purse, which he endeavoured to convey in such a manner as should least alarm the independent spirit of Johnson. "It would be a reflection on us all, (said Thurlow,) if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health." The abilities of Thurlow had always been held in high estimation by Johnson, who had been heard to say of him, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet with him, I should wish to know a day before." One day, while this scheme was pending, Johnson being at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was overcome by the tenderness of his friends, and by the near view, as he thought, of this long-hoped Italian tour being effected, and exclaimed with much emotion, "God bless you all;" and then, after a short silence, again repeating the words in a form yet more solemn, was no longer able to command his feelings, but hurried away to regain his composure in solitude.

After all these efforts, Johnson was fated to disappointment; and the authors of his disappointment have incurred the sentence denounced on them by the humanity of Thurlow. In this, Dr. Brocklesby, the physician, has no share; for by him a noble offer of 100*l.* a year was made to Johnson during his life.

In the meantime he had paid the summer visit, which had now become almost an annual one to his daughter-in-law, at Lichfield, from whence he made an excursion to Dr. Tay-

lor's, at Ashbourne, and to Chatsworth, still labouring under his asthma, but willing to believe that as Floyer, the celebrated physician of his native city, had been allowed to pant on till near ninety, so he might also yet pant on a little longer. Whilst he was on this journey, he translated an ode of Horace, and composed several prayers. As he passed through Birmingham and Oxford, he once more hailed his old schoolfellow Hector, and his fellow collegian, Adams. It is delightful to see early intimacies thus enduring through all the accidents of life, local attachments unsevered by time, and the old age and childhood of man bound together by these natural charities. The same willow tree, which Johnson had known when a boy, was still his favourite, and still flourishing in the meadow, near Lichfield. Hector (whom I can remember several years after, a man of erect form, and grave deportment) still met him with the same, or perhaps more cordiality than in their first days; and the virtues of Adams, which he had seen opening in their early promise, had now grown up to full maturity. To London he returned, only to prove that death was not the terrible thing which he had fancied it. He arrived there on the 15th of November. In little more than a fortnight after, when Dr. Brocklesby (with whom three other eminent physicians, and a surgeon, were in the habit of attending him gratuitously) was paying him a morning visit, he said that he had been as a dying man all night, and then with much emphasis repeated the words of Macbeth:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

To which Brocklesby promptly returned the answer, which is made by the doctor in that play,

—Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

He now committed to the flames a large mass of papers, among which

were two 4to. volumes, containing a particular account of his life, from his earliest recollections.

His few remaining days were occasionally cheered by the presence of such men as have been collected about a death-bed in few ages and countries of the world—Langton, Reynolds, Windham, and Burke. Of these, none was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton, of whom he had been heard to say I could almost wish "*anima mea sit cum Langtono*," and whom he now addressed in the tender words of Tibullus,

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

At another time, Burke, who was sitting with him in the company of four or five others, expressed his fear that so large a number might be oppressive to him. "No, Sir," said Johnson, "it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." Burke's voice trembled, when he replied, "My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me." These were the last words that passed between them. Mr. Windham having settled a pillow for him, he thanked him for his kindness.

This will do (said he,) all that a pillow can do. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds he made three requests, which were readily granted; to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. The church service was frequently read to him by some clergyman of his acquaintance. On one of these occasions, when Mr. Nichols was present, he cried out to Mr. Hoole, who was reading the Litany, "Louder, my dear Sir, louder, I entreat you, or you pray in vain;" and when the service was done, he turned to a lady who had come to pray with him, and said to her with much earnestness, "I thank you, Madam, very heartily, for your kindness in joining me in this solemn service. Live well, I conjure you, and you will not feel the compunction at the last which I now feel."

He entreated Dr. Brocklesby to dismiss any vain speculative opinions that he might entertain, and to settle his mind on the great truths of Christianity. He then insisted on his writing down the purport of their conversation; and when he had done, made him affix his signature to the paper, and urged him to keep it for

the remainder of his life. The following is the account communicated to Boswell by this affectionate physician, who was very free from any suspicion of fanaticism, as indeed is well shown by Johnson's discourse with him.

"For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ." "He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind." "He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke, and to read his Sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian. 'Because (said he) he is fullest on the propitiatory sacrifice.'" This was the more remarkable, because his prejudice against Clarke, on account of the Arianism imputed to him, had formerly been so strong, that he made it a rule not to admit his name into his Dictionary.

He desired Dr. Brocklesby to tell him whether he could recover, charging him to give a direct answer. The Doctor having first asked whether he could bear to hear the whole truth, told him that without a miracle he could not recover. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic, nor even opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." He not only kept this resolution, but abstained from all food, excepting such as was of the weakest kind. When Mr. Windham pressed him to take something more generous, lest too poor a diet should produce the very effects which he dreaded, "I will take any thing," said he, "but inebriating sustenance."

Mr. Strahan, the clergyman, who administered to him the comforts of religion, affirmed that after having been much agitated, he became tranquil, and continued so to the last.

On the eighth and ninth of December, he made his will, by which he bequeathed the chief of his property to Francis Barber, his negro servant. The value of this legacy is estimated by Sir John Hawkins, at near 1500*l*. From this time he languished on till the twelfth. That night his bodily uneasiness increased;

his attendants assisted him every hour to raise himself in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain; each time he prayed fervently; the only support he took was cyder and water. He said he was prepared, but the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning he inquired the hour; and, being told, observed that all went on regularly, and that he had but a few hours to live. In two hours after, he ordered his servant to bring him a drawer out of which he chose one lancet, from among some others, and pierced his legs; and then seizing a pair of scissars that lay near him, plunged them into both his calves, no doubt with the hopes of easing them of the water; for he had often reproached his medical attendants with want of courage in not scarifying them more deeply. At ten he dismissed Mr. Windham's servant, who was one of those that had sat up with him, thanking him, and desiring him to bear his remembrance to his master. Afterwards a Miss Morris, the daughter of one of his friends, came into the room to beg his blessing; of which, being informed by his servant Francis, he turned round in his bed, and said to her, "God bless you, my dear." About seven in the evening he expired so quietly, that those about him did not perceive his departure. His body being opened, two of the valves of the aorta were found to be ossified; the air cells of the lungs unusually distended; one of the kidneys consumed, and the liver schirrous. A stone, as large as a common gooseberry, was in the gall-bladder.

On the 20th of December, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, under a blue flag-stone, which bears this inscription.

Samuel Johnson, LL.D.
Obiit XIII. die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis sue LXXV.

He was attended to his grave by many of his friends, particularly such members of the Literary Club as were then in London; the pall being borne by Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Colman. Monuments have been erected to his memory, in the cathedrals of Lichfield and St.

Paul's. That in the latter consists of his statue, by Bacon, larger than life, with an epitaph from the pen of Dr. Parr.

A — Ω
Samueli Johnson
Grammatico et Critico
Scriptorum Anglicorum litterate perito
Poetæ luminibus sententiarum
Et ponderibus verborum admirabili
Magistro virtutis gravissimo
Homini optimo et singularis exempli.

Qui vixit ann. lxxv. Mens. ii. Dieb. xiiii.
Decessit idib. Dec. ann. Christ. clo. lccc. lxxxiii.
Sepult. in AED. Sanct. Petr. Westmonasteriens.
xiii. Kal. Januar. Ann. Christ. clo lccc. lxxxv.
Amici et Sodales Litterarii
Pecunia Conlata
H. M. Faciund. Curaver.

In the hand there is a scroll, with the following inscription:

ENMAKAPEΣΣIIONQANTAΞIOΣ
EIHAMOIBH.

Besides the numerous and various works which he executed, he had, at different times, formed schemes of a great many more, of which the following catalogue was given by him to Mr. Langton, and by that gentleman presented to his Majesty.

Divinity.

A small Book of Precepts and Directions for Piety; the hint taken from the directions in Morton's exercise.

Philosophy, History, and Literature in general.

History of Criticism, as it relates to judging of authors, from Aristotle to the present age. An account of the rise and improvements of that art: of the different opinions of authors, ancient and modern.

Translation of the History of Herodian.

New Edition of Fairfax's Translation of Tasso, with notes, glossary, &c.

Chaucer, a new edition of him, from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his language, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present; with notes, explanatory of customs, &c. and references to Boccace, and other authors, from whom he has borrowed, with an account of the liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life, and an exact etymological glossary.

Aristotle's Rhetoric, a translation of it into English.

A Collection of Letters, translated from the modern writers, with some account of the several authors.

Oldham's Poems, with notes, historical and critical.

Rosecommon's Poems, with notes.

Lives of the Philosophers, written with a polite air, in such a manner as may divert as well as instruct.

History of the Heathen Mythology,

with an explication of the fables, both allegorical and historical; with references to the poets.

History of the State of Venice, in a compendious manner.

Aristotle's Ethics, an English translation of them, with notes.

Geographical Dictionary, from the French.

Hierocles upon Pythagoras, translated into English, perhaps with notes. This is done by Norris.

A Book of Letters, upon all kinds of subjects.

Claudian, a new edition of his works, "cum notis variorum," in the manner of Burman.

Tully's Tusculan Questions, a translation of them.

Tully's De Naturâ Deorum, a translation of those books.

Benzo's New History of the New World, to be translated.

Machiavel's History of Florence, to be translated.

History of the Revival of Learning in Europe, containing an account of whatever contributed to the restoration of literature; such as controversies, printing, the destruction of the Greek empire, the encouragement of great men, with the lives of the most eminent patrons, and most eminent early professors of all kinds of learning in different countries.

A Body of Chronology, in verse, with historical notes.

A Table of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, distinguished by figures into six degrees of value, with notes, giving the reasons of preference or degradation.

A Collection of Letters from English Authors, with a preface, giving some account of the writers; with reasons for selection, and criticism upon styles; remarks on each letter, if needful.

A Collection of Proverbs from various languages.—Jan. 6.—53.

A Dictionary to the Common Prayer, in imitation of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible.—March,—52.

A Collection of Stories and Examples, like those of Valerius Maximus.—Jan. 10,—53.

From Ælian, a volume of select Stories, perhaps from others.—Jan. 28,—53.

Collection of Travels, Voyages, Adventures, and Descriptions of Countries.

Dictionary of Ancient History and Mythology.

Treatise on the Study of Polite Literature, containing the history of learning, directions for editions, commentaries, &c.

Maxims, Characters, and Sentiments, after the manner of Bruyere, collected out of ancient authors, particularly the Greek, with Apophthegms.

Classical Miscellanies, select translations from ancient Greek and Latin authors.

Lives of Illustrious Persons, as well of the active as the learned, in imitation of Plutarch.

Judgment of the learned upon English authors.

Poetical Dictionary of the English Tongue.

Considerations upon the Present State of London.

Collection of Epigrams, with notes and observations.

Observations on the English Language, relating to words, phrases, and modes of speech.

Minutiæ Literariæ; miscellaneous reflections, criticisms, emendations, notes.

History of the Constitution.

Comparison of Philosophical and Christian Morality, by sentences collected from the moralists and fathers.

Plutarch's Lives, in English, with notes.

Poetry, and Works of Imagination.

Hymn to Ignorance.

The Palace of Sloth, a vision.

Coluthus, to be translated.

Prejudice, a poetical essay.

The Palace of Nonsense, a vision.

In his last illness, he told Mr. Nichols* that he had thoughts of translating Thuanus, and when that worthy man (in whom he had begun to place much confidence) suggested to him that he would be better employed in writing a Life of Spenser, by which he might gratify the King, who was known to be fond of that poet, he replied that he would readily do it if he could obtain any new materials.

His stature was unusually high, and his person large and well-proportioned, but he was rendered uncouth in his appearance by the scars which his scrophulous disease had impressed upon him, by convulsive motions, and by the slovenliness of his garb. His eyes, of which the sight was very imperfect, were of a light grey colour, yet had withal a wildness and penetration, and at times a fierceness of expression, that could not be encountered without a sensation of fear. He had a strange way of making inarticulate sounds, or of muttering to himself in a voice loud enough to be overheard, what was passing in his thoughts, when in company. Thus, one day, when he was on a visit to Davies the bookseller, whose pretty wife is spoken of by Churchill, he was heard repeating part of the Lord's Prayer, and, on

his saying, lead us not into temptation, Davies turned round, and whispered his wife, "You are the occasion of this, my dear."

It is said by Boswell, that "his temperament was so morbid, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon." His daily habits were exceedingly irregular; he took his meals at unusual hours; and either ate voraciously, or abstained rigorously. He studied by fits and starts; but when he did read, it was with such rapidity and eagerness, that, as some one said, it seemed as if he would tear out the heart of the book he was upon. He could with difficulty believe any one who spoke of having read any book from the beginning to the end. His mode of composition was in like manner vigorous and hasty; though his sentences have all the appearance of being measured; but it was his custom to speak no less than to write with a studious attention to the numerousness of his phrase, so that he was enabled to do that by habit which others usually accomplish by a particular effort.

In matters of fact, his regard to truth was so punctilious, that it was observed he always talked as if he was talking upon oath; and he was desirous of exacting the same preciseness from those over whom he had authority or influence. He had, however, a practice that was not entirely consistent with this love of veracity; for he would sometimes defend that side of a question, which he thought wrong, because it afforded him a more favourable opportunity of exhibiting his reasoning or his wit. Thus when he began, 'Why, Sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing;' Garrick would make this arch comment on his proem; 'Now he is considering which side he shall take.' It may be urged that his hearers were aware of this propensity which he had

— To make the worse appear

The better argument,

and were therefore in no danger of being misled by it. But an excuse

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 532.

of the same kind will serve for the common liar, that he is known, and therefore disbelieved. It behoved him to be the more scrupulous in this particular, because he knew that Boswell took minutes of his ordinary conversation. Some of his idle sophisms, which thus became current, have, I fear, led to serious mischief; such as the opinion that an author may be at liberty to deny his having written a book to which he has not affixed his name; his extenuation of incontinence in the master of a family, and the gloss he put on the crime of covetousness; which last error was not confined to his conversation, but mingled itself with his writings, though no one could well be freer from any taint of the vice in his own life. Many a man may have indulged his inclinations to evil with much less compunction, while he has imagined himself sheltered under the sanction of the moralist who watches one side of the entrance into the nave of St. Paul's.

There was, in his mind, a strange mixture of credulity and doubtfulness. He did not disbelieve either in the existence of ghosts, or in the possibility of commuting other metals into gold; but was very slow to credit any fact that was at all extraordinary. He would tell of Cave's having seen an apparition, without much apparent doubt; and, with more certainty, of his having been himself addressed by the voice of his absent mother. The deception practised by the girl, in Cock Lane, who was a ventriloquist, is well known to have wrought on him so successfully, as to make him go and watch in the church, where she pretended the spirit of a young woman to be, which had disclosed to her the manner of its having been violently separated from the body. On this occasion, Boswell endeavours in vain to clear him from the imputation of a weakness, which was but too agreeable to the rest of his character. Yet on Hume's argument against miracles, that it is more probable witnesses should lie or be mistaken than that they should happen, he remarked, as I think, very judiciously, that Hume, taking the proposition simply, is right; but that the Christian revelation is not proved by the miracles alone, but as they are

connected with prophecies, and with the doctrines in confirmation of which the miracles were wrought.

He was devout, moral, and humane; frequent and earnest in his petitions for the divine succour, anxious to sublime his nature by disengaging it from worldly soil, and prompt to sympathise with the sorrows, and out of his scanty means to relieve the necessities, of others; but such is the imperfection of man, that his piety was apt to degenerate into superstition; his abstinence yielded to slight temptations, and his charity was often not proof against a discrepancy of opinion either in politics or literature.

Among his friends, Beauclerk seems most to have engaged his love, Langton his respect, and Burke his admiration. The first was conspicuous for wit, liveliness of feelings, and gaiety; the next for rectitude of conduct, piety, and learning; the last for knowledge, sagacity, and eloquence. His praise of Reynolds, that he was the most invulnerable of men, one of whom, if he had a quarrel with him, he should find it the most difficult to say any ill, was praise rather of the negative kind. The younger Warton, he contrived to alienate from him, as is related in the life of that poet. There was, indeed, an entire harmony in their political principles; but questions of literature touch an author yet more sensibly than those of state; and the "*idem sentire de republicâ*," was an imperfect bond of amity between men who appreciated so differently the *Comus* and *Lycidas* of Milton, and the *Bucolics* of Theocritus. To Savage and Goldsmith he was attached by similarity of fortunes and pursuits. A yet closer bond of sympathy united him with Collins, as the reader will see in the following extracts from letters which he wrote to Dr. Warton.

How little can we exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments, when we see the fate of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs.—March 8, 1754.

Poor dear Collins. Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure that I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration. . . .

What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance, and depart, that it may blaze and expire.—April 15, 1756.*

Difference of opinion respecting the American war did not separate him from Burke and Fox; and when the nation was afterwards divided by the struggle between the court and populace on one side and the aristocracy on the other, though his principles determined him to that party in which he found the person though perhaps not the interests of his sovereign, yet his affections continued with the great leader in the House of Commons, who was opposed to it. "I am," said he, "for the King against Fox; but I am for Fox against Pitt. The King is my master; but I do not know Pitt; and Fox is my friend;" and to Burke, when he was a candidate for a seat in the new Parliament, he wished, as he told him with a smile, "all the success that an honest man could wish him." Even towards Wilkes his asperity was softened down into good humour by their meeting together over a plentiful table at the house of Dilly the bookseller.

When he had offended any by contradiction or rudeness, it was seldom long before he sought to be reconciled and forgiven. But though his private enmities were easily appeased, yet where he considered the cause of truth to be concerned, his resentment was vehement and unrelenting. That imposture, particularly, which he with good reason supposed Macpherson to have practised on the world with respect to the poems of Ossian, provoked him to vengeance, such as the occasion seemed hardly to demand.

Of his dry pleasantry in conversation there are many instances re-

corded. When one of his acquaintances had introduced him to his brother, at the same time telling him that he would find him become very agreeable after he had been some time in his company, he replied, "Sir, I can wait." To a stupid justice of the peace, who had wearied him with a long account of his having caused four convicts to be condemned to transportation, he answered, "I heartily wish I were a fifth;" a repartee that calls to our mind Horace's answer to the impertinent fellow:

Omnes composui; Felices! nunc ego resto.

A physician endeavouring to bring to his recollection that he had been in his company once before, mentioned among other circumstances his having that day worn so fine a coat, that it could not but have attracted his notice. "Sir," said Johnson, "had you been dipped in Pactolus, I should not have noticed you." He could on occasion be more polite and complimentary. When Mrs. Siddons, with whom, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he expressed himself highly pleased, paid him a visit, there happened not to be any chair ready for her. "Madam," said he, "you who so often occasion the want of seats to others will the more readily excuse the want of one yourself."

His scholarship was rather various than accurate or profound. Yet Dr. Burney, the younger, supposed him capable of giving a Greek word for almost every English one. Romances were always a favourite kind of reading with him. *Felixmarte of Hircania* was his regular study during part of a summer which he spent in the country at the parsonage-house of Dr. Percy. On a journey to Derbyshire, when he had in view his Italian expedition, he took with him *Il Palmerino d'Inghilterra*, to refresh his knowledge of the language. To this taste he had been heard to impute his unsettled disposition, and his aversion from the choice of any profession. One of the most singular qualities of his mind was the rapidity with which it was able to seize and master almost any subject, however abstruse or novel, that was offered to its speculation. To this quickness of ap-

* Wooll's Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Warton.

prehension was joined an extraordinary power of memory, so that he was able to recal at pleasure most passages of a book, which had once strongly impressed him. In his sixty-fourth year, he attempted to acquire the low Dutch language. He had a perpetual thirst of knowledge; and six months before his death requested Doctor Burney to teach him the scale of music. "Teach me," said Johnson to him, at least, the "alphabet of your language." What he knew he loved to communicate. According to that description of the student in Chaucer,

Gladly would he teach, and gladly learn.

These endowments were accompanied by a copiousness of words, in which it would be difficult to name any writer except Barrow that has surpassed him. Yet his prose style is very far from affording a model that can safely be proposed for our imitation. He seems to exert his powers of intellect and of language indiscriminately, and with equal effort, on the smallest and the most important occasions; and the effect is something similar to that of a Chinese painting, in which, though all the objects separately taken are accurately described, yet the whole is entirely wanting in a proper relief of perspective. What is observed by Milton of the conduct of life, may be applied to composition, "that there is a scale of higher and lower duties," and he who confuses it will infallibly fall short of that proportion which is necessary to excellence no less in matters of taste than of morals.

He was more intent in balancing the period, than in developing the thought or image that was present to his mind. Sometimes we find that he multiplies words without amplifying the sense, and that the ear is gratified at the expense of the understanding. This is more particularly the case in the *Ramblers*, which being called for at short and stated intervals, were sometimes composed in such haste, that he had not leisure even to read them before they were printed; nor can we wonder at the dissatisfaction he expressed some years after, when he exclaimed that he thought they had been better. In the *Idler* there is more brevity, and consequently more compression.

When Johnson trusts to his own strong understanding in a matter of which he has the full command, and does not aim at setting it off by futile decorations, he is always respectable, and sometimes great. But when he attempts the ornamental, he is heavy and inelegant; and the awkwardness of his efforts is more perceptible from the hugeness of the body that is put in motion to produce them. He is like the animal whom Milton describes as making sport for our first parents in Paradise—

——— Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might.

It is a good beast for carrying a burden or trampling down a foe, but a very indifferent one at a lavolta or a coranto.

His swelling style is readily counterfeited. Our common advertisements have amply revenged themselves for his ridicule of their large promises in the *Idler*, by clothing those promises in language as magnificent as his own. It is much less easy to catch the subtle graces of Addison. At the conclusion of the *Rambler* he boasts that "he has laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations."

The result of his labour is awkward stateliness and irksome uniformity. In his dread of incongruous idioms he writes almost without any idiom at all.

He has sometimes been considered as having innovated on our tongue by introducing big words into it from the Latin; but he commonly does no more than revive terms which had been employed by our old writers and afterwards fallen into disuse; nor does he, like them, employ even these terms in senses which scholars only would be likely to understand.

At the time of writing the Dictionary, he had a notion that our language "for almost a century had been departing from its original Teutonic character, and deviating toward a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily

adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idiom." But a little reflection will show us the vanity of this attempt. Since the age of Chaucer, at least, that is for more than 400 years, our language has been increased by continual transfusions from the French. To these have been added, from time to time, similar accessions from other languages, both ancient and modern. Thus a copiousness and a flexibility, which in the instance of the Greek seem to have arisen out of that subtilty of intellect which gave birth to endless subdivision and distinction, have been in some measure compensated in our own by the influxes which it has received from the languages of many other people; and have been yet further improved by that liberty which it is to be hoped we shall always retain, each man, of speaking his thoughts after his own guise, without too much regard to any set mode or fashion.

He had before said, in this same preface, that "our knowledge of the northern literature is so scanty, that of words undoubtedly Teutonic the original is not always to be found in any ancient language; and I have therefore," he adds, "inserted Dutch or German substitutes, which I consider not as radical, but parallel; not as the parents, but sisters of the English." And in his history of the English language, speaking of our Saxon ancestors, to whom we must, I suppose, go for that Teutonic original which he so strongly recommends, he observes that, "their speech having been always cursory and extemporaneous, must have been artless and unconnected, without any modes of transition or involution of clauses, which abruptness and inconnection may be found even in their later writings." Of the additions which have since been made to this our original poverty, who shall say what ought to be rejected, and what retained? who shall say what deficiencies are real, and what imaginary? what the genius of our tongue may admit of, and what it must refuse? and in a word, what that native idiom is, a coalition with which is to be thus studiously consulted?

Throughout his *Lives of the Poets*, he constantly betrays a want of relish for the more abstracted graces of

the art. When strong sense and reasoning were to be judged of, these he was able to appreciate justly. When the passions or characters were described, he could to a certain extent decide whether they were described truly or no. But as far as poetry has relation to the kindred arts of music and painting, to both of which he was confessedly insensible, it could not be expected that he should have much perception of its excellences. Of statuary, he said that its value was owing to its difficulty; and that a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that nearly resembles a man. What shall be thought of his assertion, that before the time of Dryden there was no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts, and "that words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet?" It might with more show of reason be affirmed, that in proportion as our writers have adopted such a system as he speaks of, and have rejected words for no other cause than that they were too familiar or too remote, we have been receding from the proper language of poetry. One of the chief ornaments, or, more properly speaking, the constituents of poetical language, is the use of metaphors; and metaphors never find their way to the mind more readily, or affect it more powerfully, than when they are clothed in familiar words. Even a naked sentiment will lose none of its force from being conveyed in the most homely terms which our mother tongue can afford. They are the sounds which we have been used to from our infancy, which have been early connected with our hopes and fears, and still continue to meet us in our own homes and by our firesides, that will most certainly awaken those feelings with which the poet is chiefly concerned. As for the terms which Johnson calls remote, if I understand him rightly, they too may be employed occasionally, either when the attention is to be roused by something unusual, or for the sake of harmony; or it may be for no other reason than because the poet chooses thus to diversify his diction, so as to give a

stronger relief to that which is familiar and common by the juxtaposition of its contrary. Of this there can be no doubt, that, whoever lays down such arbitrary rules as Johnson has here prescribed, will find himself mocked at every turn by the power of genius, which meets with nothing in art or nature that it cannot convert to its own use, and which delights to produce the greatest effects by means apparently the most inadequate.

He particularly valued himself on the *Life of Cowley*, for the sake of those observations which he had introduced into it on the metaphysical poets. Here he has mistaken the character of Marino, whom he supposes to be at the head of them. Marino abounds in puerile conceits; but they are not far-fetched, like those of Donne and Cowley; they generally lie on the surface, and often consist of nothing more than a mere play upon words; so that, if to be a punster is to be a metaphysician, Marino is a poetical Heraclitus. But Johnson had caught the cant of the age in which it was usual to designate almost any thing absurd or extravagant by the name of metaphysical.

It is difficult to suppose that he had read some of the works on which he passes a summary sentence. The comedy of *Love's Riddle*, which he says, "adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority," deserved to be commended at least for the style, which is a specimen of pure and unaffected English. Of Congreve's novel, he tells us, that he had rather praise it than read it. Judging from the letters of Congreve, his only writings in prose which it has been my good fortune to meet with, and which, as I remember, contain some admirable remarks on the distinction between wit and humour, I should conclude that one part of his character as a writer has yet to make its way to the public notice. I have heard it observed by a lady, that Johnson, in his *Life of Milton*, is like a dog incensed and terrified at the presence of some superior creature, at whom he snarls, then runs away, and then returns to snarl again. If the comparison be a just one, it may be added, in extenuation of Johnson's malignity, that he is at least a dog

who thinks himself to be attacking the inveterate foe of his master; for Milton's hostility to a kingly government was the crime which he could not forgive.

The mention of Milton, and of his politics, brings to my mind two sayings of Johnson's that were related to me by Mr. Price, of Lichfield. After passing an evening together at Mr. Seward's, the father of the poetess, where, in the course of conversation, the words "Me miserable!" in *Paradise Lost*, had been commended as highly pathetic, they had walked some way along the street in silence, which the good man was not likely first to break, when Johnson suddenly stopped, and turning round to him, exclaimed, "Sir! don't you think that 'Me miserable' is miserable stuff?" On another occasion he thus whimsically described the different manner in which he felt himself disposed towards a Whig and a Tory. "If," said he, "I saw a Whig and a Tory drowning, I would first save the Tory; and when I saw that he was safe, not till then, I would go and help the Whig; but the dog should duck first; the dog should duck:" laughing with pleasure at the thoughts of the Whig's ducking.

The principal charm of the *Lives of the Poets* is in the store of information which they contain. He had been, as he says somewhere of his own father, "no careless observer of the passages of the times." In the course of a long life, he had heard, and read, and seen much; and this he communicates with such force and vivacity, and illustrates by observations so pertinent and striking, that we recur again and again to his pages as we would to so many portraits traced by the hand of a great master, in spite of our belief that the originals were often misrepresented, that some were flattered, and the defects of others still more overcharged. In his very errors as a critic there is often shown more ability than in the right judgments of most other. When he is most wrong, he gives us some good reason for his being so. He is often mistaken, but never trivial and insipid. It is more safe to trust to him when he commends than when he dispraises; when he enlarges the boundaries of criticism

which his predecessors had contracted, than when he sets up new fences of his own. The higher station we can take, the more those petty limits will disappear, which confine excellence to particular forms and systems. The critic who condemns that which the generality of mankind, or even the few of those more refined in their taste, have long agreed in admiring, may naturally conclude the fault to be in himself; that there is in his mind or his organs some want of capacity for the reception of a certain species of pleasure. When Johnson rejected pastoral comedy, as being representative of *scenes* adapted chiefly "to please barbarians and children," he might have suspected that his own eye-sight, rather than pastoral comedy, was to blame. When he characterized blank verse, "as verse only to the eye," he might reasonably have questioned the powers of his own hearing. But this, and more than this, we may forgive him, for his successful vindication of Shakspeare from the faults objected to him by the French critics.

It is in his biographical works that Johnson is most pleasing and most instructive. His querulousness takes away much both from the agreeableness and the use of his moral writings. Addison has represented our nature in its most attractive forms; but Swift makes us turn with loathing from its deformities, and Johnson causes us to shudder at its misery.

Like most of the writers of that time, he made use of his poetry only as the means of introducing himself to the public. We cannot regret, as in the case of Goldsmith, that he put it to no further service. He took little delight in those appearances either of nature or art, for which the poet ought to have the eye of a painter. Nor had he much more sense of the elegant in numbers and in sound. There were indeed certain rounds of metrical arrangement which he loved to repeat, but he could not go beyond them. How very limited his perceptions of this kind were, we may be convinced by reading his strictures on Dionysius the Halicarnassian in the Rambler, and the opinions on Milton's versification, which in the Idler he has put

into the mouth of a minute critic, only to ridicule them, though they are indeed founded in truth. Johnson was not one of those whom Plato calls the φιλήκοοι καὶ φιλοθεάμονες, "who gladly acknowledge the beautiful wherever it is met with, in sounds, and colours, and figures, and all that is by art compounded from these;" much less had he ascended "to that abstract notion of beauty" which the same philosopher considers it so much more difficult to attain.*

In his tragedy, the dramatis personæ are like so many statues "stept from their pedestal to take the air." They come on the stage only to utter pompous sentiments of morality, turgid declamation, and frigid similes. Yet there is, throughout, that strength of language, that heavy mace of words, with which, as with the flail of Talus, Johnson lays every thing prostrate before him. This style is better suited to his imitations of the two satires of Juvenal. Of the first of these, "the London," Gray, in a letter to Horace Walpole, says that "to him it is one of those few imitations, that has all the ease and all the spirit of an original." The other is not at all inferior to it. Johnson was not insensible to such praise; and, could he have known how favourably Gray had spoken of him, would, I doubt not, have been more just to that poet, whom, besides the petulant criticism on him in his Life, he presumed in conversation to call "a heavy fellow."

In his shorter poems, it appears as if nature could now and then thrust herself even into the bosom of Johnson himself, from whom we could scarcely have looked for such images as are to be found in the following stanzas.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-stopp'd cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars;
Congeal'd impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

* Plato de Republicâ, l. v. 476.

Sappho herself might have owned a touch of passionate tenderness, that he has introduced into another of these little pieces :

— The Queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light,
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.

His Latin poetry is not without a certain barbaric splendour ; but it discovers, as might be expected, no skill in the more refined graces of the Augustan age. The verse he quoted to Thomas Warton as his favourite, from the translation of Pope's *Messiah*,

Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes,
evinces that he could be pleased without elegance in a mode of composition, of which elegance is the chief recommendation. If we wished to

impress foreigners with a favourable opinion of the taste which our countrymen have formed for the most perfect productions of the Roman muse, we should send them, not to the pages of Johnson, but rather to those of Milton, Gray, Warton, and some of yet more recent date.

It was the chance of Johnson to fall upon an age that rated his great abilities at their full value. His laboriousness had the appearance of something stupendous, when there were many literary but few very learned men. His vigour of intellect imposed upon the multitude an opinion of his wisdom, from the solemn air and oracular tone in which he uniformly addressed them. He would have been of less consequence in the days of Elizabeth or of Cromwell.

ORATIONS, &c. BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.*

THE author of this work is certainly an extraordinary man. We understand that when he came to London, about the autumn of last year, he was so completely unknown to fame, and so little was expected from him, that the Caledonian church, where he preaches, mustered for some time not more than fifty persons ; and now, to judge from the numbers who flock to hear him, his congregation would fill St. Paul's. Nor is this the only remarkable circumstance attending his career,—his popularity is among the highest class: the aristocracy are his mob. The most distinguished members of Parliament, cabinet ministers, peers, peeresses, and princes of the blood, crowd to his little church with as much eagerness, as if they thought him in possession of the "Deflagrator" for making diamonds ; or, shall we be more charitable, and suppose that they come to him for the pearl of great price ? We have noticed also amongst his auditors another class, whose appearance there equally surprised us, we mean the professed literati of this age,—men, whose fas-

tidious taste and pride of conscious talent are conceived to stand in the way of their attendance on public worship. Whence is it, we naturally ask, that Mr. Irving has obtained his influence over multitudes, in general so much beyond the sphere of the popular preacher ? and what will be the effect of his preaching, on the intellectual and the fashionable world ?

His manner, his figure, his style of preaching, are all so uncommon, that these, doubtless, must come in for a share of the honour attending on his unexampled success. The novelty too of the doctrines which he delivers adds not a little to the attraction, for that they are new to many of his congregation we have no doubt. Whether they will take fast hold of the hearts of the neophytes, as freshly imbibed knowledge generally does, we confess we have our doubts ; but it is something to have gained so fair an opportunity of making an impression.

It has been gravely lamented by some peculiar people zealous of good deeds, that, among all the societies so

* For the Oracles of God, four Orations. For Judgment to come, an Argument in nine Parts. By the Rev. Edward Irving, MA. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden. London, 1823.

excellently designed to benefit the age by the diffusion of religious instruction, no one has yet been established to convey to the rich, and the highly cultivated, the knowledge of the truths of the gospel. "We have the warrant of Scripture," it was said, "for the lost condition they are in, and for the difficulty they will have to enter the kingdom of heaven; and yet no steps are taken for their rescue. We see with our own eyes their melancholy situation, too plainly evidenced by Sunday parties, and other external signs of Sabbath breaking; but there is no man to be found so bold as to arrest their attention, and attempt to bring them under Christian discipline." The inferior orders saw and lamented this, and shook their heads. Some proposed applying to Mrs. Hannah More, for a series of moral and religious tracts adapted to the refined capacity of the great—others recommended the printing of the Homilies, with beautiful woodcuts, at the Lee Priory Press, for one guinea each—limiting the number of copies, and destroying the cuts,—but both these designs fell to the ground, upon an old Quaker observing, that one man might lead a horse to the water, but all the men in the parish could not make him drink: he said, the books might be sold, but he was sure they would not be read. It was then thought advisable to beguile the rich souls into better thoughts by a translation of some parts of Scripture into fashionable phrase and elegant poetry,

— Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores,

and accordingly Lord Byron wrote his *Hebrew Melodies*, Mr. Moore his *Loves of the Angels*, Mr. Milman the *Fall of Jerusalem*, &c. The lyric measure was tried, because it had succeeded so well in Sir Walter Scott's poems, and the refined ear was accustomed to it:—the form of a drama was adopted, and thought admirable, as it would seem so like reading a play. Religious novels were produced in abundance—and even the Great Unknown came flying abroad, scattering texts of Scripture everywhere, and mixing them up with all kinds of relishing confectionery to make them palatable, and

if possible introduce them without suspicion of their beneficial tendency. But all would not do, and the great world were beginning to see through the trick, and to relapse into indifference, when suddenly Mr. Irving came like a missionary into these dark regions, and astonished all ears with the nature of his communications.

Mr. Irving evidently takes this view of his own character and situation. He considers himself, in some degree, like John the Baptist, sent to call the great people of a great city to repentance. Many of his discourses, when delivered from the pulpit, so much favour this idea as to make the thought enter irresistibly into the mind of his audience. His lofty look and stern voice encourage such an impression: severity appears to suit his character, and his strong language loses nothing of its force by his deep and passionate earnestness.

In his delivery, he times his utterance to the ear better, we think, than any orator we have before heard; his words come out just as fast as they can be agreeably collected and understood; he neither overruns our attention nor fails to keep it occupied; in this illustrating the well-expressed conceit of Ben Jonson:—

If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it; but with a funnel, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own; to their capacity they will receive and be full.

In person, Mr. Irving is very much above the common size. He has a manly countenance, and abundance of long black hair; if he were to allow his beard to grow, the painters would ask no better model for the head of an apostle. His action is free, and generally good; but of late, we thought, less natural than at first; and we miss an emphatic raising of the right arm, which was before very frequent with him; it reminded us of a line in Burns,—for the sake of which we must quote the whole verse:—

Nae mercy then for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard o'er hip, with sturdy wheel
The strong fore-hammer,
Till block and stiddy ring and reel,
Wi' din some clamour.

This was a natural action, and had a good effect, from appearing to be inconsiderately adopted.

With science in no common degree, well conversant with history, ancient and modern, and, to judge from the conduct of his argument, a good mathematician, Mr. Irving also possesses a fine imagination, and a full flow of language anything but common-place. Having all these requisites, he comes near to Cicero's definition of a complete orator; but that which chiefly distinguishes him from other preachers is the freedom of his censures, the liberality of his eulogies, and the wide range which he allows himself to take while speaking on a religious subject. In this latter particular he reminds us of Jeremy Taylor, in whose writings we remember a beautiful passage which so well exhibits the scope, as we conceive, of Mr Irving's views, and the considerations which may have led him to throw down his gage so fearlessly to the intellectual world on the grand topic of religion—that we cannot resist our inclination to quote it.

It is but a sad thought to consider, that piety and books of devotion are counted but entertainment for little understandings, and softer spirits; and although there is much fault in such imperious mindes, that they will not distinguish the weakness of the writers from the reasonableness and wisdom of the religion; yet I cannot but think, the books themselves are in a large degree the occasion of so great indevotion: because they are (some few excepted) represented paked in the conclusions of spiritual life, without or art or learning, and made apt for persons, who can do nothing but *believe and love*, not for them that can *consider and love*. And it is not well, that since nothing is more reasonable and excellent in all perfections spiritual than the doctrines of the spirit, or holy life, yet nothing is offered to us so unlearnedly as this is, so miserable and empty of all its own intellectual perfections. If I could, I would have had it otherwise in the present books: for since the understanding is not an idle faculty in a spiritual life, but hugely operative to all excellent and reasonable choices, it were very fit that this faculty were also entertained by such discourses which God intended as instruments of hallowing it, as he intended it towards the sanctification of the whole man. For want

of it, busie and active men entertain themselves with notions infinitely unsatisfying and unprofitable: but in the meantime they are not so wise. For concerning those that study unprofitable notions, and neglect not only that which is wisest, but that also which is of most real advantage, "I cannot but think as Aristotle did of Thales and Anaxagoras, that "they may be learned, but they are not wise, or wise but not prudent, when they are ignorant of such things as are profitable to them. For suppose they know the wonders of nature, and the subtilties of metaphysicks, and operations mathematical, yet they cannot be prudent, who spend themselves wholly upon unprofitable and ineffectie contentments." * He is truly wise, that knows best to promote the best end, that which he is bound to desire, and is happy if he obtains, and miserable if he misses; and that is the end of a happy eternity, which is obtained by the only means of living according to the purposes of God, and the prime intentions of nature; natural and prime reason being now all one with the Christian religion. But then I shall onely observe, that this part of wisdom, and the excellency of its secret and deep reason is not to be discerned, but by experience; the propositions of this philosophie being (as in many other) empirical, and best found out by observation of real and material events. So that I may say of spiritual learning as Quintilian said of some of Platoe's books: *Nam Plato cum in aliis quibusdam, tum præcipuè in Timæo ne intelligi quidem, nisi ab iis qui hanc quoque partem disciplinæ [musicæ] diligenter perciperint, potest.* The secrets of the kingdom of heaven are not understood truly and thoroughly, but by the sons of the kingdom; and by them too in several degrees, and to various purposes; but to evil persons the whole systeme of this wisdom is insipid and flat, dull as the foot of a rock, and unlearned as the elements of our mother tongue. But so are mathematicks to a Scythian boore, and musick to a camel.

But I consider that the wisest persons, and those who know how to value and entertain the more noble faculties of their soul, and their precious hours, take more pleasure in reading the productions of those old wise spirits who preserved natural reason and religion in the midst of heathen darkness—such as are Homer, Euripides, Orpheus, Pindar, and Anacreon, Æschylus and Menander, and all the Greek poets; Plutarch and Polybius, Xenophon, and all those other excellent persons of both faculties (whose choicest dictates are collected by Stobæus) Plato and his scholars, Aristotle, and after him Porphyrie, and all his other

* Arist. Lib. vi. Eth. cap. 7.

disciples, Pythagoras and his, especially Hierocles: all the old academicks and stoicks within the Roman schools—more pleasure I say in reading these than the triflings of many of the later schoolmen; who promoted a petty interest of a family, or an unlearned opinion with great earnestness, but added nothing to Christianity but trouble, scruple, and vexation. And from hence I hope that they may be rather be invited to love and consider the rare documents of Christianity, which certainly is the great treasure-house of those excellent, moral, and perfective discourses, which with much pains and greater pleasure we finde respersed and thinly scattered in all the Greek and Roman poets, historians, and philosophers.

This wise-hearted and eloquent old Divine—*vates biformis*—prophet and poet both, here marks out the ground, as we take it, on which Mr. Irving has made his stand: and certainly the latter cannot take any position under a more eminent leader; but he does not wish, we think, to be considered a follower of Jeremy Taylor—we cannot recollect that he has even mentioned him:—he bends to Milton with more veneration than to any man, and professes so to admire and copy his style, that not unaptly might he apply to him the words in which Dante addresses Virgil:

Oh degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e 'l grande amore,
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore;
Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

Inferno, Canto I.

Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love
immense
Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and
guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which from its beauty into
fame
Exalts me.

Cary's Translation.

We cannot, however, compliment Mr. Irving quite so highly on his style—it is more metaphorical than Milton's, and reminds us again of Jeremy Taylor; but the latter was more discreet than Mr. Irving in the management of his luxuriance—he exhibits better taste—his pages do not glitter with a profusion of figurative terms, but they are “embossed, if with unnecessary, yet with

graceful ornaments,” which always show distinct and appropriate,

Like captain jewels in the carcanet.

But it is time that we let our Author appear in his proper person, and speak for himself. Apparently disdaining to owe his reputation to any high gifts of oratory alone, Mr. Irving has no sooner preached his sermons than he throws them before the public, to be cut up without mercy, if they are found unworthy of that favour with which they had been heard. This is candour, we had almost said, in the extreme; but it affords good evidence, nevertheless, of conscious power; nor has he made a wrong estimate of his ability, as the following extracts will prove:

[ON THE BIBLE.]

When God uttereth his voice, says the Psalmist, coals of fire are kindled; the hills melt down like wax, the earth quakes, and deep proclaims it unto hollow deep. This same voice, which the stubborn elements cannot withstand, the children of Israel having heard but once, prayed that it might not be spoken to them any more. These sensible images of the Creator have now vanished, and we are left alone, in the deep recesses of the meditative mind, to discern his comings forth. No trump of heaven now speaketh in the world's ear. No angelic conveyancer of Heaven's will taketh shape from the vacant air, and, having done his errand, retireth into his airy habitation. No human messenger putteth forth his miraculous hand to heal Nature's immedicable wounds, winning for his words a silent and astonished audience. Majesty and might no longer precede the oracles of Heaven. They lie silent and unobtrusive, wrapped up in their little compass—one volume, amongst many, innocently handed to and fro, having no distinction but that in which our mustered thoughts are enabled to invest them. The want of solemn preparation and circumstantial pomp the imagination of the mind hath now to supply. The presence of the Deity, and the authority of his voice, our thoughtful spirits must discern. Conscience must supply the terrors that were wont to go before him; and the brightness of his coming, which the sense can no longer behold, the heart, ravished with his word, must feel.—(P. 9, 10.)

Far and foreign from such an opened and awakened bosom is that cold and formal hand which is generally laid upon the sacred volume; that unfeeling and unimpressive tone with which its accents are pronounced; and that listless and incurious

ear into which its blessed sounds are received. How can you, thus unimpassioned, hold communion with themes in which every thing awful, vital, and endearing, do meet together! Why is not curiosity, curiosity ever hungry, on edge to know the doings and intentions of Jehovah King of kings? Why is not interest, interest ever awake, on tiptoe to hear the future destiny of itself? Why is not the heart that panteth over the world after love and friendship, overpowered with the full tide of the divine acts and expressions of love? Where is Nature gone when she is not moved with the tender mercy of Christ? Methinks the affections of men are fallen into the yellow leaf. Of your poets which charm the world's ear, who is he that inditeth a song unto his God? Some will tune their harps to sensual pleasures, and by the enchantment of their genius well nigh commend their unholy themes to the imagination of saints. Others, to the high and noble sentiments of the heart, will sing of domestic joys and happy unions, casting around sorrow the radiancy of virtue, and bodying forth, in undying forms, the short-lived visions of joy! Others have enrolled themselves the high priests of mute Nature's charms, enchanting her echoes with their minstrelsy, and peopling her solitudes with the bright creatures of their fancy. But when, since the days of the blind master of English song, hath any poured forth a lay worthy of the Christian theme? Nor in philosophy, "the palace of the soul," have men been more mindful of their Maker. The flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field have their unwearied devotees, crossing the ocean, wayfaring in the desert, and making devout pilgrimages to every region of Nature, for offerings to their patron muse. The rocks, from their residences among the clouds to their deep rests in the dark bowels of the earth, have a most bold and venturous priesthood; who see in their rough and flinty faces a more delectable image to adore than in the revealed countenance of God. And the political welfare of the world is a very Moloch, who can at any time command his hecatomb of human victims. But the revealed sapience of God, to which the harp of David and the prophetic lyre of Isaiah were strung, the prudence of God which the wisest of men coveted after, preferring it to every gift which Heaven could confer—and the eternal Intelligence himself in human form, and the unction of the Holy One which abideth,—these the common heart of man hath forsaken, and refused to be charmed withal.—(P. 17, 18.)

[ON THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.]

Think you the creative function of God is exhausted upon this dark and troublous ball of earth? or that this body and soul

of human nature are the master-piece of his architecture? Who knows what new enchantment of melody, what new witchery of speech, what poetry of conception, what variety of design, and what brilliancy of execution, he may endow the human faculties withal—in what new graces he may clothe nature, with such various enchantment of hill and dale, woodland, rushing streams, and living fountains; with bowers of bliss and sabbath-scenes of peace, and a thousand forms of disporting creatures, so as to make all the world hath beheld, to seem like the gross picture with which you catch infants; and to make the eastern tale of romances, and the most rapt imagination of eastern poets, like the ignorant prattle and rude structures which first delight the nursery and afterwards ashame our riper years.

Again, from our present establishment of affections, what exquisite enjoyment springs, of love, of friendship, and of domestic life. For each one of which God, amidst this world's faded glories, hath preserved many a temple of most exquisite delight. Home, that word of nameless charms; love, that inexhaustible theme of sentiment and poetry; all relationships, parental, conjugal, and filial, shall arise to a new strength, graced with innocence, undisturbed by apprehension of decay, unruffled by jealousy, and unweakened by time. Heart shall meet heart—

Each other's pillow to repose divine.

The tongue shall be eloquent to disclose all its burning emotions, no longer labouring and panting for utterance. And a new organization of body for joining and mixing affections may be invented, more quiet homes for partaking it undisturbed, and more sequestered retreats for barring out the invasion of other affairs. Oh! what scenes of social life I fancy to myself in the settlements of the blessed, one day of which I would not barter against the greatness and glory of an Alexander or a Caesar. What new friendships—what new connubial ties—what urgency of well-doing—what promotion of good—what elevation of the whole sphere in which we dwell! till every thing smile in "Eden's first bloom," and the angels of light, as they come and go, tarry with innocent rapture over the enjoyment of every happy fair. Ah! they will come, but with no weak sinfulness like those three lately sung of by no holy tongue; they will come to creatures sinless as themselves, and help forward the mirth and rejoicing of all the people. And the Lord God himself shall walk amongst us, as he did of old in the midst of the garden. His Spirit shall be in us, and all heaven shall be revealed upon us.

God only knows what great powers he hath of creating happiness and joy. For, this world your sceptic poets make such

idolatry of, 'tis a waste-howling wilderness compared with what the Lord our God shall furnish out. That city of our God and the Lamb, whose stream was crystal, whose wall was jasper, and her buildings molten gold, whose twelve gates were each a silvery pearl—doth not so far outshine those dingy, smoky, clayey dwellings of men, as shall that new earth outshine the fairest region which the sun hath ever beheld in his circuit since the birth of time.

But there is a depraved taste in man, which delights in strife and struggle; a fellness of spirit, which joys in fire and sword; and a serpent mockery, which cannot look upon innocent peace without a smile of scorn, or a ravenous lust to mar it. And out of this fund of bitterness come forth those epithets of derision which they pour upon the innocent images of heaven. They laugh at the celebration of the Almighty's praise as a heartless service—not understanding that which they make themselves merry withal. The harp which the righteous tune in heaven, is their heart full of glad and harmonious emotions. The song which they sing, is the knowledge of things which the soul coveteth after now, but faintly perceiveth. The troubled fountain of human understanding hath become clear as crystal, they know even as they are known. Wherever they look abroad, they perceive wisdom and glory—within, they feel order and happiness—in every countenance they read benignity and love. God is glorified in all his outward works, and enthroned in the inward parts of every living thing; and man, being ravished with the constant picture of beauty and contentment, possessed with a constant sense of felicity, utters forth his Maker's praise, or if he utters not, museth it with expressive silence.—(P. 382—385.)

[THE CHARACTER OF MR.
WORDSWORTH.]

There is one man in these realms who hath addressed himself to such a godlike life, and dwelt alone amidst the grand and lovely scenes of nature, and the deep, unfathomable secrecies of human thought. Would to heaven it were allowed to others to do likewise! And he hath been rewarded with many new cogitations of nature and of nature's God; and he hath heard, in the stillness of his retreat, many new voices of his conscious spirit—all which he hath sung in harmonious numbers. But, mark the Epicurean soul of this degraded age! They have frowned on him; they have spit on him; they have grossly abused him. The masters of this critical generation (like generation, like masters!) have raised the hue and cry against him; the literary and sentimental world, which is their sounding-board, hath reverberated it; and every reptile who can retail an opinion in print, hath spread it,

and given his reputation a shock, from which it is slowly recovering.—All for what? For making Nature and his own bosom his home, and daring to sing of the simple but sublime truths which were revealed to him; for daring to be free in his manner of uttering genuine feeling and depicting natural beauty, and grafting thereon devout and solemn contemplations of God.—(P. 504.)

[THE MODERN BRAVO.]

And here, first, I would try these flush and flashy spirits with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinking, and death-despising. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts; yea, of maidens, who durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take their chance with infuriated beasts of prey; and I can tell them of those who drank the molten lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire, and played with the bickering flames as gaily as they do with love's dimples or woman's amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war? Have they forgot Cromwell's iron-band, who made their chivalry to skip? or the Scots Cameronians, who seven times, with their Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung Psalms in every tent? It is not so long, that they should forget Nelson's Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero's crew. Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country's history, who it was that set at nought the wilfulness of Henry VIII. and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister; and presented the petition of rights, and the bill of rights, and the claim of rights. Was it chivalry? was it blind bravery? No; these second-rate qualities may do for a pitched field, or a fenced ring; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship, or turn their backs for a bait of honour, or a mess of solid and substantial meat. This chivalry and brutal bravery can fight if you feed them well and bribe them well, or set them well on edge; but in the midst of hunger and nakedness, and want and persecution, in the day of a country's direst need, they are cowardly, treacherous, and of no avail.

Oh these toppers, these gamesters, these idle revellers, these hardened death-despisers! they are a nation's disgrace, a nation's downfall. They devour the seed of virtue in the land; they feed on virginity, and modesty, and truth. They grow great in crime, and hold a hot war with the men of peace. They sink themselves in debt; they cover their families with disgrace;

they are their country's shame. And will they talk about being their country's crown, and her rock of defence? They have in them a courage of a kind such as Catiline and his conspirators had. They will plunge in blood for crowns and gaudy honours, or, like the bolder animals, they will set on with brutal courage, and, like all animals, they will lift up an arm of defence against those who do them harm. But their soul is consumed with wantonness, and their steadfast principles are dethroned by error; their very frames, their bones and sinews, are effeminated and degraded by vice and dissolute indulgences.—(P. 527—529.)

That there are many passages inferior to these we are not such blind admirers of Mr. Irving as not to perceive, and we disapprove of some as they deserve; but to challenge the public attention to them, as if it were a great thing to have discovered any faults in a man so famous, is to pay him too high a compliment. He must, of course, have many imperfections, but these we shall leave his hearers and readers to find out at their leisure, or to learn from the host of critics by whom he will be assailed, for it will be strange indeed if he be suffered to go on unmolested in his course. He cannot expect it; and, perhaps, he does not wish to be spared. By the readiness he shows to begin the attack, he invites hostility, and she will take him at his word: all parties then will be against him; for each will find in him something which cannot be excused or forgiven; and admiration is not so generous a passion that it can hold out long against offended pride or wounded vanity. His popularity as a preacher must decline. The tide will ebb in the same rapid degree that it has flowed; and those who are now the most eager for his praise will then be the loudest in his censure; they will be ashamed of their excessive passion to hear him, and will endeavour to find revenge in ridicule. Still, when detraction has done its utmost, this volume will remain an indestructible memorial of the Author's extraordinary powers.

We have sometimes wondered what would have been the effect of Mr. Irving's eloquence had he appeared as a private gentleman, at a public meeting, in support of some popular cause; or as a Member of Parliament, pleading for reform, or for the improvement of Ireland, or against the aggressions and machi-

nations of the Holy Alliance, which sooner or later will make a tough attempt to overturn the independence and liberty of England. What a spirit-stirring orator he would have been! How willingly then we should have put up with a little inflated diction, while every heart yearned to deliver itself from the pain of unprofitable agitation, in planning some bold design, or in the achievement of some meritorious enterprise. He would have been equal to Peter the Hermit, in setting all Christendom in motion to undertake a glorious act of deliverance: but, unless we are much mistaken, Mr. Irving would try, rather to deliver a nation from slavery, deeming the mind of man the true Holy Land, than to encourage a crusade for the recovery of some senseless earth from the possession of the infidels. It is easy to see in the watching eyes, and implicit brows which now surround him, that he would have found numerous and faithful followers and co-adjutors. But when all this feeling is excited, and there is no external foe to combat,—when they are in a spirit to call down fire from Heaven to consume the enemies of the truth,—and each man is told that the sin in his own heart is its greatest enemy—what is to be expected, but that the zeal which cannot be carried off in a proper direction, will fall on him who drew it forth:—they will turn and rend him. All we wish is, that he should be prepared for this reverse. He seems to be a little affected by the heat of prosperity,—we hope he will bear adversity better. Few men could have withstood so well the flattering attentions he has received.

Our approbation of Mr. Irving is established on firmer grounds than popular opinion;—

— It was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent.

We admire him for his manly utterance of truth without respect to persons,—for his enlarged conception of the privileges of the Christian character,—for his connection of piety with literature and philosophy,—for his patriotism and philanthropy,—and, lastly, for that eloquence of the heart, not of the head, without which all oratory is unpersuasive as the sound of a cymbal.

ANDREW LAURIE'S RETURN.

I went on a tryste to Dalgarnock.—*Burns.*

THE ship which bore me to my native shore, after an absence of many years, seemed the fairest of all ships;—the wind which filled our sail, and moved the waters, breathed delight and youth around me, and the rude sailor smoothed his locks, and spoke without cursing, as the hills of Scotland rose on our view. It is true, that the hills and glens of Nithsdale, on which I gazed as the ship glided along the shore, seemed rough and barren, compared to the hills of spice and the groves of cinnamon, among which I had lived in the east; but early remembrance sanctified and shed beauty o'er the landscape; and as my foot touched the shore, enthusiasm and imagination were busy within me, expanding the vales, and increasing the hills, and giving me back my native place, in all the romantic loveliness with which the memory of age invests the scenes of its youth. But I had not gone far, till enthusiasm began to fail, and imagination to subside;—I saw no fair and well-known faces,—I heard not the greeting of friendly lips,—new generations inherited the land,—I had returned to a strange people. I walked on, and all the vale seemed changed;—the Solway rolled on with diminished waters,—the Nith was dried into a petty brook,—the houses seemed small, and the ways narrow. I had seen nature on her grandest scale,—had walked on loftier hills, and passed deeper rivers, and seen more populous cities,—and the glory of my native hills, and kirks, and castles, was eclipsed.

But other changes than those of the imagination had taken place;—the farmer's plough,—the navigator's spade,—and the architect's hammer, had been working wonders in the land. The hills where I had shot the heathcock waved green with grain,—the houses, low, and reeky, and uncomfortable, with floors of clay, and coverings of straw, now showed roofs of slate glittering in the sun, and floors of smoothed stone or of shaven deal; while the streams which wandered at will, flooding the cottages, and sweeping away the

hopes of the farmer, now winded between long and sinuous lines of green embankments. I passed through Dumfries, and thought on its ancient gothic bridge of thirteen arches, with its defensive gate in the centre,—its massy walls,—its church, where Bruce spilt the blood of Comyne, and its old castle, which tradition still loves to connect by a subterranean way with the beautiful old abbey of Lincluden, where the vision of Liberty descended to Burns. And though many of these things which gave it fame and note have passed away, and live but in the memory of the aged, or in the romantic description of a modern geographer, I thought their absence was far more than compensated by the enchantments which the magic wand of plenty, and the enterprize of its merchants and its tradesmen had wrought. The river which I had seen in my youth impeded by rocks, and navigation shut out by impassable sands, now moved wide and deep along, bearing many a going and coming sail,—the houses rose more lofty and regal,—the streets were purer and broader, and the hum of business and industry was heard far and wide. "My native town," I said, "thy ancient name of 'Bonnie Dumfries,'—which I have heard pronounced by one of the fairest and noblest of Scotland's daughters, becomes thee more than ever." I hurried through the good old town, which, overflowing the ancient limits of its walls, had pushed its streets far among the green fields and gardens, and hastened northward; for my heart lay with a little nook of undistinguished earth some miles up the river.

The sun was nigh to setting when I entered the upper vale of Nith, among the ancient strong holds of the Douglasses and Kirkpatrick's. Here the hand of improvement had a heavier darke to do than even in the lower valley;—heath had been exchanged for corn,—wild hindberries and brambles, for the apple and the plumb; and the rough-footed fowls of the moss and the ling had flown away before the flocks of innumera-

ble sheep and cattle which covered all the higher pasture lands. The memorial stones of the martyrs, which I left among heather, I found among wheat,—their dwelling place sacred, and their legends renewed; the men who rode past me as I went, sat formerly in saddles of plaited straw, on shaggy and uncombed horses,—they were now in shining leather with silver mountings, and on steeds worthy of bearing the burthen of knighthood. The women who walked to the kirk on Sunday, went formerly in gowns of homely gray, spun by their own frugal hands,—they now flaunted in silks and in scarlets, and the youths fluttered in ruffles, and walked on the very limit of fashion. Here and there a broad blue bonnet, with tresses white and thin flowing from beneath it, might be seen,—here and there a dame in the antique and simple dress of the district, moved on stiff and stately,—and here and there a car without wheels dragged heavily along the ground,—and here and there a farmer persisted in old modes of cultivation, and rode proudly on sonks of straw, with a halter of hair, rejoicing that in his person the simple patriarchal times were yet preserved. All else was changed! Though I could not help owning the increased wealth and beauty of the country, I looked upon it with something of sorrow:—the change seemed to me so violent and so sudden, that I shut my eyes and opened them again, to see that imagination was playing me none of her pranks. But the scene stood before me in invariable beauty,—the hills were there with their well remembered outline, and there was the hall of Drumlanrig,—once a palace in a desert, but now looking over a vast extent of orchards and inclosed fields. All this was proof that the place which I sought, and the dwelling of my kindred, was nigh.

At length, I reached the rising ground, from which Dalgarnock kirk, with its ranks of grave-stones, and its little village, are first visible to one travelling up the river bank. I stood on the very spot on which I stood in the morning of life, and gazed back on the vale with a full heart, when departing for a far country; I stood and gazed now, and my heart was scarcely less full when I

observed that kirk and village were both gone, and that the plough had passed over the hearth of many a house dear to my heart, and that corn was waving where fifteen chimnies had smoked. I missed the kirk and the village, and I looked around for the signs by which I distinguished the abode of my fathers. There stood an ancient pillar of stone, with rude figures and uncouth symbols carved on its sides, at the foot of which, in old times, people met and transacted bargains, sold cattle, and disposed of land,—there grew the three oaks, so similar in shape, in stem, and in height, as to countenance the belief of the peasantry that not a bough or a leaf was on one but what had its companion on the others; and which, growing but a short step asunder, shoot up into a beautiful cone of green, and make them known by the name of the three brethren, wherever a Scotchman wanders. And beyond all these flowed the Nith, its clear stream scarce visible between its green banks, so much had it felt the influence of summer's heat. I singled out all these well-known memorials, but kirk and village were no longer visible. I was not prepared for this. I had heard, at times, of the visitations which death had made among the hearths of those I loved;—some had dropt away in the fulness of years,—some had sunk in their prime,—and some had found a grave in the raging sea, and others in the battle trench. One by one, therefore, had passed away of all I loved or esteemed, till one alone was left; but I had not heard that the village was desolate, and the kirk cast down,—they had still been present to my imagination; and when far distant, and after hot and perilous battle, when I seated myself on the ground, and washed my hands, and removed the stains of battle from my dress, my thoughts flew home, and Dalgarnock village and kirk rose before me, full of venerable and friendly faces.

With a slow step and an agitated heart I made my way towards the old burial ground,—for there I knew, whatever became of the kirk, the old sages of the parish would be buried; we are ever unwilling to mingle with other dust than that of our kindred. On the very brink of the river,—the

walls of which the stream moistens when in flood, stood an old cottage, with a spot of garden in which a few coleworts grew,—the residence, when I went abroad, of a person so old that she was suspected of witchcraft, and withal so shrewd and adroit, that she contrived to levy a tax equal to her subsistence on the superstitious terrors and credulity of her fellow parishioners. I remembered her wandering from house to house collecting meal, barley, and cheese, clad in a white mutch, a gray gown, and a black mantle, carrying a long staff in her hand. Age, I reckoned, had long ago consigned her to a quiet grave; and if I had actually seen her rising in her winding sheet, I could not have been more startled than I was now on beholding her in the same dress, and with the self-same looks, seated upon a stone by the river side, enjoying the warmth of the descending sun. She had strewn her door-step with brackens and rushes, and there she sat spreading out her withered hands in the summer heat, and looking towards the west, and muttering snatches of old superstitious prayers, half rhyme and half prose, which were imagined in the darker days to contain spells against unhappy chances and the approach of evil spirits.

I stood and listened. When she concluded her prayers, she began to question their influence in her favour. "Hout, tout, why should I hang up these sapless shoots from the rotten tree of popery aboon my door head?—they cannot hinder old age and poverty to come ben, and these are the fiends which vex and scaur me. What imp or saint, it matters not which, can put strength into my limbs, and marrow into my bones, and light into my een, that I might move about as I was wont, and get the plack, and the penny, and the curnie meal, and the ewe milk cheese, and an ell or two of the new web, as in reason I should. But auld age has worried up my skill, and the last time I tottered out there came after me many of the wicked youngsters, chips of the tree of perdition,—who shouted out 'witch,' and 'beldame,' and though I wished them ill enough, the fiend o' ane o' them was a plack the worse. But had it been Sathan's

will that they had treated my auld mistress of Scaur Water sae, who learned me all that I ken of the craft, she wad have wagged her thumb, and some fool fowk would have moaned the death of their brats. Aye, she was the wife for the warld,—she could find siller where other fowk could see nought thicker than moonshine; and wi' dog's-pluck, and herring bone, and hollow hemlock, could make a salve that would redeem ane frae the grips of death. I have seen her do't. But the spell o't's lost. I made some of the salve myself, and feigh! it was fit to poison a pool of toads; it took all the honey-comb of a wild bees' byke to souk the taste o't out of my mouth;" and she distorted her face, puckered her mouth in abhorrence, and coughed vehemently, and thus she continued her curious complaint:—

"Aye, aye, unsonsie looks? nobody cares for umsonsie looks now. I have seen on a day when they brought baked bread, and new cheese, and lapfuls of daintiths. I mind the time when the glance of an uncannie ee was reckoned ruinous to any undertaking. The cow on whilk ane looked askance, shuddered, and refused to yield milk,—the horse ane frowned on threw its rider,—the bride who forgot to bid ane to her bridal, made her husband lord of a barren bed,—the lass who forgot to cast ane a plack as she went to the tryste of her lover, never came maiden hame, and the proudest hopes of men, and the wisest wishes of women, misgave and miscarried. But now, the fiend have Girzie Gunson, if the weakest head of the parish heeds whether she smile or frown. I think the spiritual kingdom is over on earth,—the reign of spell and can-traips gone. The only thing whilk has happened to my wish of late, was when Habbie Hetheron's cow bursted o'er a crib of dewy clover,—I ken whase four quarters he may thank for that,—he might have given me a pound of yellow butter as his douce mother did afore him,—let him take that for making mouths at me. Od, I'm no sae auld and feckless as some folk trow;—there was proud Pennie Purdie, that used to cry after me, 'Witch, witch, score thy brow and burn thee.' I trow I gave her a dainty downcome with

the wild lad of Moffat water. What wad ye think?—a gliff after gloaming fa, who should drop down by our gate end but Pensie Pennie. I ken o' your coming cummer, said I, ye are come for a cannie cast of my skill. Sae I gied her something that gaurd her skirl, and skriegh—the lucken browed limmer,—I ken'd weel how to do't;—I had done the samen wi' mysel ere seventeen simmers were o'er my head,—she deserved it, she deserved it; what had she to do wi' my wee auld world ways!" And she arose and drew her mantle proudly about her, tossed her head till all the remainder hairs danced for joy, and seemed to dilate herself with the thought that much of her old might remained unimpaired.

I had seen much of the world, and often smiled at the singular superstitions and wild beliefs which influence mankind in distant parts of the earth. It was now my turn to be under such influence. I had returned to the latitude of superstitions, which had a seat in my own bosom, and I could not help feeling something of a mingled curiosity and alarm, as I gazed on the beldame before me. I had often molested her when a boy, and mimicked the lowering of her brows, and the hanging and trembling of her under lip. I had chased her gray cat into the cauldrons of Creahopellin, and placed snares for her black cat, which half the dames of the district believed was inhabited by an evil spirit. I had stolen her crutch of broomstick, and watched it while it flamed in the fire for the flight of the spirit which she was supposed to have conjured into it. I had dug pitfalls in her path,—turned the course of a flooded rivulet into her door,—and, to sum up all my delinquencies in one deed, I had, according to ancient prescription, boiled pins and nails among milk at midnight to cure a cow which was suffering from her witchcraft.

In spite of all these deeds, I was something of a favourite with old Grizel. I had done her many little acts of kindness, carried her many little presents during the stormy seasons, and protected her and her whole establishment from the boys of the village, who like myself sought amusement in such mischief. Even when she sometimes detected me in working

her annoyance, she confined her resentment to the lowering of her brows, and the shaking of her staff, and an exclamation of "Ah, Andrew Laurie, thou art an evil one." But she never forgave me for the experiment I made in expelling witchcraft from the cow; it was observed that her eyes darkened and her brows contracted whenever this feat was mentioned; and it was rumoured about the parish that on the night when I sought, much to my own terror, to dissolve the spell, Grizel was seen with dishevelled hair, eyes on fire, and feet which seemed touched with unnatural swiftness, running round the house where the charin was working with many a sob and shriek. It is true that I saw no such sight, and heard neither sob nor shriek; but the people around me were certain I had both heard and seen something, and the fame of my exploit flew far and wide, with many a strange addition, and many a marvellous comment. All this, Grizel, with the unsensie foot, as she was called in the parish, heard from many lips, and every one expected to see me withered down by a sudden spell,—or pining slowly away,—or carried bodily off by evil spirits,—or drowned in the deepest pool in the river,—and though none of all these things came to pass, people shook their heads, and muttered old saws and broken adages, all of which went to show that sudden death, or slow, would overtake me sometime. I had not seen her for some months, though I heard she was moving about more dreaded than ever, and I had begun to think, as I stood on a rising ground, and looked back on my native place as I left it for a far land, that I should never see her more. At that moment she stood before me,—looked me full in the face, and, laughing till the river bank rang again, cried, "bonnie Andrew Laurie, he'll never see kith, nor kin, nor Dalgarnock kirk mair."

All this, and much more than this, was present to my mind, now as I stood and hearkened her curious complaint. I thought she was alone, but on stealing nearer a step or two, under screen of a large bush of holly, I observed she had a companion,—a slim girl some sixteen years old or so, who was squatted among the

grass at her feet. She had restless and piercing black eyes, and short curly hair. A sort of bodice enclosed her waist, a kirtle reached under her knee, leaving her small active limbs entirely bare, and her whole person was tanned with the influence of the sun, as brown as a berry. A string of brass and silver trinkets was round her neck,—a pair of massy gold rings depended from her ears, and something of a tawdry and stained embroidery ran round the neck of her bodice. Of all these articles of gipsy finery, as well as of a very handsome form, the young girl seemed sufficiently conscious; and as she looked from time to time on her image, reflected so truly in the quiet water, it was not without a secret swelling of pride at her conquests over Geordie Gordon, and Willie Marshall, and Wattie Kennedy, and all other young heroes of the clouted cauldron and the mended spoon, from Cosincon to Caerlaverock. A small basket, filled with the rude minstrelsy of the district, stood beside her; and while she arranged her ballads, and concealed some pieces of coin, which her knowledge in palmistry had conjured from the reluctant hands of the thrifty maidens of Closeburn, her eyes were continually peering in the face of the old dame, and wandering

hastily over her residence, like one taking note of an enemy's country.

On the other hand, ancient Grizel brought down her lowering brows, and lowered her nether lip into close scrutiny of the gipsy's person, and her whole face seemed to say—"Nay, to spy out the land are ye come."

Such suspicious glances appeared to strike awe into the bosom of the bold young gipsy,—she selected a ballad from her basket, and holding it up to her of the unsonsie foot, said, "Shall I sing ye a song about the auld house of Laurie?—they're a' dead and gane now; but it is weel my part to sing a song i' their praise:—many a time have they sheltered the houseless head of a Kennedy frae the winter blast: five women and fifteen bairns—my ain mother, who was drowned in Dryfe, was ane of them—have sat at their hearth when Drumlanrig gardens were a desert, and the bonnie corn lands of Closeburn were a' in the Lord's ain hand."—And with a voice of great natural sweetness, she sang, much to my surprise, a song about myself, which she said was as true as that crooked horns made handsome spoons, and that the cunning hand clouted the kettle.

BONNIE ANDREW LAURIE.

Adown the barley's golden beard

The silver dew was dreeping,

As with the lad I loved, I met,

When a' the town was sleeping—

"The heaven aboon my Nannie's bright,

The earth aneath her flow'rie,

Her sweet een aid the moon's pure light"—

Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

I tried to scorn him, but my looks

Grew kinder ay and kinder,

With such a lovesome laddie near,

How could I be but tender?

"O had I all yon moon shines on,

I'd give thee't for a dowrie,

To wed me when I come frae sea"—

Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

"And maun I sit on yon green hill,

When midnight stars are burning,

And look my youthful bloom away,

In hopes of thy returning;

While ilka dame who passes by,

Shall say right sharp and sourlie,

'Ye're waiting till the blue snow comes,

And bonnie Andrew Laurie."

" See yon twin stars bright as thy een,
 Aboon Dalgarnock roaming,—
 Hear yon fair stream; between its banks,
 Sing sweet in silent gloaming;—
 Yon stars shall fall from heaven—yon stream
 Shall change its channel hourlie,
 And cease to run when I prove false"—
 Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

" I've seen the stars fall, and the stream
 Wild from its channel ranging,
 And man's best faith is like yon moon,
 Even while we gaze 'tis changing"—
 " Oh ever fair, and ever false,
 As April sun-shine's show'rie,
 We part—and never more to meet"—
 Quo' bonnie Andrew Laurie.

We parted on a summer night,
 We parted high and proudly,
 The wind awaken'd with the sun,
 The ocean answered loudly:
 The white sail fill'd, and fast the ship
 Shot past far-seen Barnhourie;
 He sail'd,—but never more return'd,—
 Alas! for Andrew Laurie.

" Ah! Andrew Laurie," exclaimed she of the unsonsie foot, " I kenned the bairn weel,—he burnt my crutch,—sodded up my lumshead,—built up my window, and turned the burn at Belton into my door. I kenned the bairn weel,—a giddy and a carried callant, but wi' a free hand and a frank heart,—he did me mair gude with the right hand than harm wi' the left.—I have a gude right as well as thee, lass, to sing a song anent the auld house of Laurie,—the name's gone frae the land,—dead as the timmer at yule,—as sapless as my crutch,—and there's nane can lift it again but this giddy callant,—and the wee bird says he'll soon be here,—I wonder gin he'll ken auld Grizel with the unsonsie foot,—her who gaurs the kye gang yell,—can milk the cows in Cumberland,—can turn the moor-fowl on Drumlanrig brae into swans and turkeys, and the silver salmon of Nith into puddocks and toads.—I wonder gif he'll ken auld Grizel with the unsonsie foot. But hearken, hinnie, till I chaunt ye a crumb of an old world sang—it may do ye good, and the thoughts on't may cheer ye on your way frae a witch's dwelling.—It has a charm in't, lassie, it has a charm in't,—no such a charm as can make Geordie Gordon honest, or keep Willie Marshall frae herrying folk o' their

hens, nor keep Tam Macgrab frae men's pouches at Midsummer,—but sic a charm as shall send bonnie blythe Susie Kennedy away frae my door-stone wi' nae wish to come back in the lone hour of night, to steal my staff, and my hollow stane, and my hemlock pulled at midnight, and my teat of black wool, won from the black mouth of the fox, and my milking peg, and all my curious gear, with which I work pranks, and win myself a name in this perverse world."

This catalogue of witching looms and trinkets had a visible influence upon the demeanour of the young gipsey; and it was evident that the wish of the old woman was to inspire her unwelcome visitor with a salutary terror, which might ensure respect to her property during a midnight excursion, when half the houses in Nithsdale pay tribute to her tribe. The old woman commenced on her promised lyric—the spell might lie in the way in which she contrived with a voice, croaking and uncouth, to render audible this rude production:—in the matter it could hardly lie, and even the credulous author of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, would have been unable to question the perfect innocence of the song, unless he had heard it from the lips of the author of all evil himself.

ALAS FOR THE LAURIE!

Alas for the Laurie,
 Alas for the brave,
 The ruler on land,
 And the lord of the wave!
 Oh! bright waved his banner,
 And bright shone his sword,
 Wherever he roamed,
 He was ruler and lord.

Oh! brave and undaunted
 Through battle he rode,
 O'er the strength of the mighty
 He march'd like a god;
 The proud sea obey'd him,
 And smooth'd at his call,
 As he swept down the Spaniard
 With powder and ball.

Oh, clap thy hands, Bourbon,
 Exult in thy pride;
 Unscath'd thy glad lilies
 May dance on the tide;
 Go sing on the deep sea,
 And laugh on the shore,
 The right hand of Laurie
 Shall daunt thee no more.

On the sad day he sail'd
 The fair sun would not shine,
 His broad pennon hung
 Like a pall o'er the brine;
 The wave pass'd his ship,
 And came shuddering to shore,
 And I thought a voice said,
 "Ye shall see him no more."

O'er the waves he career'd,
 All their breadth and their length;
 All exulting he sail'd,
 And rejoiced in his strength;
 But a flash fell from heaven,
 And a shriek went ashore,
 With the bubbling of waves—
 And his victories are o'er.

"Hale be your heart, beldame, and lang may yere voice keep in tune to charm the ravens and the hooded craws," said Susie Kennedie,—"losh me, it sounds like Willie Marshall's hand-hammer clinking on the rivets of a punch spoon. Sing ay that way, and nether jaud nor gipsey will daur to steer ye; od, I never heard sic an unmelodious croon since Jem Thingumthrum, the Cameronian weaver, sang the merry song of 'As I came through the Sanquhar town, to the melancholy draunt of Coles-bill.'" "A truce to thy foolery, girl," said she of the unsonsie foot; "and think nae that I am the only one that hearkens thee. There's ane

whom nane but myself can see, but ye need nae start and rin, he shall not harm thee,—and there's ane, a welcome ane, whom ye shall see,—the sonsie lad frae far awa,—he's in ahint the holly bush,—whom we call Andrew Laurie; come hither, lad, ye shall burn my broomstaff three times owre before I say foul fa' thee." And she laughed till the river banks rang again, and cried out, "Come Andrew Laurie, my lambkin; what have swords, and bullets, and fire, and famine, and storms, and luxuries mair deadly than them aill, been doing, when they loot thy fair face hame?"

I stept from my place of conceal-

ment, and went towards her:—the gipsy maiden, who believed, perhaps, that I was a production of witchcraft, conjured forth on the moment for no good to her, or wishing to be gone, uttered a shriek, and, starting off with the swiftness of a doe, was lost in the neighbouring wood. The old woman arose, and looked for a minute's space upon me, and said, "Ah! lad, but ye have left the merry eye, and the blooming cheek abroad;—ye are one of those who take away corn from cannie auld Scotland, and bring her home chaff. But come,—Scotland's an altered Scotland since ye sailed away, and that ye'll presently find. Death has herried the house of the Lauries, and made their hearthstones cauld. I said when ye departed,—and wha ever heard me tell an untruth?—that ye would never see kith, nor kin, nor Dalgarnock kirk mair. Aye, ye may look, but see if it be not true. And there was your ain love, Nancie Greerson, kirked the ae Sunday, and kirk-yarded the next;—they never prosper who break true love vows,—and ye were vowed to ane anither, that my ain ears heard. It's all true, Andrew Laurie,—was I no at her dredgie, think ye, an unbidden guest, and gat my brow crossed, and blood drawn, by the drunken laird of Cahoolie? In ae short week he was found drowned in as little water as would have christened him,—and I was mair than avenged. But away,—away,—question not me of kith or of kin,—I like ill to speak of the dead, and some maun speak of me soon. Can I raise people from the dowie grave,—charm the last of a race out of a winding sheet, and bring youth back, and merry aughteen, and laughing twenty again? Welcome hame, Andrew Laurie,—a cauld hearth and a deserted hall, a fremit face and a gaping grave,—can wit and wealth mend that, think ye?" And, laughing more in anguish than in joy, she closed the door in my face; and the last words I could distinguish were, "Sorrow, and dool, and cauld blood, and dread of the grave, come to others as well as to Grizel with the unsonsie foot."

To speak with this woman, and learn tidings of my family, was much my wish, but old age had made her more wayward than ever; and

when I knocked at her door, and told her who I was, she cried out, "Awa, honestlike man, awa,—I am a poor body in a lone house, with three bawbees and a pickle barley meal, and I'm in bed, and my door's barred,—Awa, honestlike man, awa." After another fruitless attempt to draw her to a conference, I hastened on my way, and in a little while came within sight of a small promontory, three parts encircled by the river, surrounded by a rude wall, and crested with innumerable grave stones—the kirkyard of Dalgarnock. Before I came in sight, the ancient kirk, with its sharp peaked gabels and narrow windows, floated in a shadowy vision before me on the summit of the knoll;—row succeeding row of bared and venerable heads, seemed to fill the extent of the walls from end to end,—and I almost thought I heard the voice of the pastor, and the ascending of the psalm. But when I emerged from the little woody glen, I found that a few corner stones, and a heap of dust, was all that remained of the kirk of Dalgarnock. It had been cast to the ground many years, and the roads which came from four different airts to its door, were ploughed and sown, except one rugged and abrupt way which led from a ford in the river, and on this I could observe that sometimes the feet of man had lately travelled. The gate was unfastened, and with a slow and faltering step I went among the memorials of the dead, and winded my way reverently among their graves,—the foot of the living should respect the dwelling of the departed. I heard something like the murmuring of a human voice, and looking around saw a new dug grave, deep and long, a spade and a hoe stuck in the loose black earth; I saw nothing else,—yet still the sound increased; and, at last, I saw, not without surprise, the figure of a man laid at full length on the grass, like one measuring ground with his person for a grave. At a small distance a clean white cloth was spread over a flat gravestone, and wine and other refreshments stood in a basket upon it.

I stood gazing on the grave, and on the living person who lay stretched beside it. He wore a coat of coarse, homespun gray cloth,—with

gun-mouthed trowsers reaching mid-leg down; his feet were bare, and a grizzled lock or two escaping uncombed from beneath a broad and tattered bonnet, spoke something to me of age and weakness of brain. He lay holding a fresh dug-up skull between his hands, to which he was speaking with the familiarity of old acquaintance. "Aha, Johnnie Wumble," said he, "ye are a quiet chield now, and a' since ye got on a timber coat, and witch Girzie laid ye in yere last linen. My certe, but ye lay quietly among the mools, wi' the red dewy gowans wagging bonnilie aboon ye. Ye had nae business to cut the tree where the wood-dove biggit, in the foot of my mother's yard,—and ye had nae right to ding down the auld kirk of Dalgarnock, and let in the wind and rain among the sparrows and bats, poor sackless things. Had ye behaved yeresel, the bedral wad nae hae daddit the mools out atween yere teeth with his airn spade, and bade ye lie still for a fool, and no rise till the Lord lifted ye. But ye raise for a' that. Ye think I did nae see ye sitting on the kirkyard dyke in the howe of hallowmas eve, wi' the deil's Rab of Rorie, and Jock Thuneram of Thrapplem, and a full score of uncoffined companions at your elbow. Ye had een like burning coals, teeth like harrows, and ye were singing a highland sang. Ah! loon to think to fright daft Symie Crosstree, that unlovesome gate. I'll throw thy skull into the Nith, and let the eels and the water adders have a new place of abode." And the water flashed as the skull descended into a neighbouring pool.

Daft Symie Crosstree—a kind hearted and quiet fool, who used to wander from house to house in the parish, and seek his food and clothes among those who were willing to befriend one of the most helpless and harmless of mankind,—daft Symie having disposed of the skull of ill Jock Wumble, proceeded to stretch himself beside a low grassy grave, marked with no stone of remembrance, and laying his arms over it, began to fondle and caress it as a mother caresses a baby. "Bonnie Lillie Lesley," he said, "seventeen simmers have ye lain in a maiden grave, and seventeen simmers since

have I wandered the earth, and this is the first time I have had the grace to lie down aside ye. Ye were a blythe and a bonnie lass when I first began to roam, a poor demented lad, about the parish,—but I'm wise now, lass, and can mind,—when ane hunted the dogs on me,—another drave me frae the door, and anither laid me in wet straw and damp sacks, saying aught was gude enough for a gowk,—what did my bonnie Lillie Lesley do? She gied me a warm supper and a cozie bed,—gentle words, and pitying looks, and took the garters frae her ain white lady-like legs, and tied up Ringwood and Whitefoot, and kept in all the dogs of Dalgarnock gate end frae her ain poor Symie. It has been a waeful world for me since bonnie Lillie Lesley died." And wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, he bubbled out and wept. On turning his head, and observing a new gravestone fresh painted and filled with letters, he broke away into another mood. "Od, but Lillie lass, I would have ye to lie farther frae auld Lancie Luckpennie,—he'll pick the siller nails out of your braw black kist, lass, and a' for love of the metal. Mickle need has he to gather gain aneath the earth, his nephew is scattering it fu' gloriously aboon. I'll tell ye what, auld Luckpennie, take a fool bodie's counsel, and ease up the edge of your painted stone awee, and get ae glance at the way in which the gowd is getting the air, which ye sinned your soul in saving. A snow flight at yule is nought compared wi' the flight of thy hoarded gear; ye may hear the clink on't in every change house; horse-racing, and dicing, and drabbing, and play-going, give wings to the wealth of auld Lancie Luckpennie." And leaping to his feet he shouted,

"Auld Lancie Luckpennie,
Auld Lancie Luckpennie,
Ilka Jockie has his Jennie,
And the deil has Lancie Luckpennie."

Roused, no doubt, by a noise which would have roused all that was less than dead, an old man, slowly, and with many a groan, raised himself up from the side of a fresh ridged grave, and rubbing his eyes, and yawning like a death's head on a sepulchre,—the simile was at hand as all similes should be,—exclaimed,

scandalized beyond endurance at the irreverent song of Symie—"Deil dibble yere daft bouk in an ebb grave, that a clocken hen may scratch it out, wherefore make ye that unsanctified din? Away wi' your carcase, I say. I'll never earn a groat out of thee:—I bury all the wise fowk at aughteen pence the head, and the daft fowk into the bargain, and providence has been sae bountiful of intellect to the district, that I'll no make aboon saxpence a piece; hand owre head,—I counted them a' by the register book yestreen,—it's a sad bargain, and an there was mickle wisdom in the parish I would have it broken."

To the grave digger of the old kirkyard of Dalgarnock, Symie advanced with a look of vacant stupidity. All the arch and somewhat mischievous alertness of his glance was gone, and his face seemed changed into a mere lump of unquicken'd clay. "Gude day, gude day, Ichabod Shool," said Symie, "ye hae dug a braw hole,—ye make the house, and leave death to find a tenant;—this sair cough that's gaun raging amang us wise fowk of Dalgarnock will send monie a siller aughteen-pennie, and dredgie drink thy road." "Siller pennies, said ye, gowk," quoth Ichabod Shool, "siller seldom comes my road;—none but daft fowk die, and wise fowk live for ever. Save when a Laurie or a Menteach, grace be wi' them, take it into their head to oblige ane wi' a wise person's funeral, I never can clap a creditable body wi' my spade, and bid the gowans wag o'er a sark-full of sensible clay. This wearyfou marriage of the gude maiden parish of Dalgarnock wi' the captious carle Closeburn, vexes ane sair,—sorrow be wi' them that laid the twa thegither. Then there's the dinging down of the bonnie auld kirk, where monie a fair face sat, and monie a lang psalm was sung; and casting out the ancient name of Dalgarnock frae 'mang the parishes of Nithsdale, just as if it had nae as sweet a sound as Closeburn, or Kirkmahoe,—or warse than a Wamphray,—a name fit to make a dead dog bark. But let the name gang,—a name's but a sough and a sound,—and let the kirk tumble, it was but timmer and stanes,—but wha can

endure, think ye, to see the auld world worthies of the land haurled awa feet foremost, and a' to grace the new burial ground of Closeburn, an' a plague till't,—can it no be content wi' devouring the name of the green and gladsome nook of Dalgarnock, but it maun wile away the bouks of douce and sponible fowk; as if our ain auld sunny knowe were nae like a slip of the garden o' paradise compared with the new calf-ward of Closeburn,—a barren top and a sour bottom,—a barren top and a sour bottom."

"And then," said Symie, "what is the parish gardener of Closeburn compared to our Ichabod Shool?—can he make a deep and a narrow dwelling according to the word? Can he make sic a bonnie piece of subterranean architecture as thou? Ye should never make a grave for a piece of cauld common clay,—ye should keep yere spade for the use of gentles and dukes, and the like of Tam o' Campel an' me."

"Truly," said Ichabod, "a wise word frae a witless pow. Ye are right, Symie; my last hames are just sey pieces of human skill, sae straight, sae deep, and sae tempting. There was the young portioner of Cairncross slipped a bit of gowd in my loof, when he saw what a bonnie subterranean edifice I had cut for his father, and tauld me it was a pleasure to look upon. The lad's an honest lad, though a thought given to drink and the lasses, and can judge of the merit of my wark as it made him laird of three gude mailens. But all go to Closeburn kirkyard now,—the young and auld, the rotten and ripe,—vanity lays them down, and may the fiend gie them a lifting."

"Hout, Ichabod Shool," said Symie, "your slip of paradise is no deserted yet. Ye have Douglasses, Kirkpatricks, and Hallidays, mony a ane,—a kind Menteach or twa,—and in the fulness of time ye'll have mae be praised for't,—and a lang line of Lauries."

"A lang line of Lauries," said the grave-digger of Dalgarnock?—"but the langest day will draw to night, and the lang line of Lauries maun have an end. And the mair's the pity, the mair's the pity; but wilfu' fowk, wilfu' fowk, ane gade east, and

another went west,—ane gade to the north,—I wonder what he found there,—and ane to the south, and left a fair patrimony, and the hope of having a pleasant haddin cut wi' my spade in the gowan knowe of Dalgarnock. They were a frank-handed race,—but their race is run;—they were a liberal people, and good to beast and body, and they never forgot me at either bridal or burial,—a siller crown piece afore ever I wet a spade,—and on the marriage day the drop of drink, and the roast and the boiled, made it little waur than a dredgie. They were a liberal race. I would count ye some saxteen of them, all side by side, ready to rise when heaven's will is,—but they are sae covered wi' memorial stones, Symie, my lad, that the rising will be a kittle chapter;—the Dargavels, and all the names that nae body cares for, will be up and through Enterkin afore a Laurie can rise." And the ancient man of Dalgarnock kirk-yard stept upon a gravestone, looked round, and began to count with his finger the graves of my ancestors. "Saxteen beds all in a row," he said, "wi' the green grass waving aboon them, and one gaping there for the coming morsel,—a bonnie sight." I stept upon another gravestone, and surveyed the line of graves; Ichabod saw me for the first time, and said in a tone more of surprise than pleasure, "Grace guide us, here's ae Laurie risen afore another's well ready to lay i' the grave."

"A Laurie risen!" said Symie, coming to my side, and examining me with a look of vacant consideration,—"*Trouth*, he's arisen, that I can avouch,—for he was twice killed in battle, thrice drowned in the sea, and sax times dead wi' fair straw death,—or else there's nae truth in country clatter. But risen or not, it's my ain bonnie Andrew Laurie. Ah, Andrew, my man, what have ye made of Whitefoot, and Whaupie, and the pet hawk?—and how did ye live without me?—ye would not find a daft lad in every country to do ye a good turn,—there's no the like of me at every dyke back. Wherefore d'ye no speak? have ye been deaf, as well as dead? and that's gaye likely, for there was my ain grandame, when she went to the kirk-hole, and ill Bauldy Beattie

basted me wi' his strap, I ran and tauld her on't, and she ne'er minded her poor bairn, but lay as quiet as the mools aboon her,"

"Whisht, ye born fool," said Ichabod, "this is ane of the queer gentlemen who never love a house till the riggins off't,—a tree, till its dead i' the top and rotten i' the heart,—nor a kirk, till the howlets forhoo it for fear it falls. I ken them bravely. Give them three or four rousty coffin nails, and an auld bane, and the tram of a wheelbarrow, and a worm-eaten quaigh, and the snout of a steel bonnet, and an auld parritch spurtle, and a lang stane, wi' twa or three scratches upon it, and they'll make a book as big as Boston's Fourfold State, wi' a hundred pictures o' a' the straps, and straes, and knocking stanes in the parish. This is ane of them."

"Ah! Andrew Laurie, man," said Symie, "d'ye mind how ye hunted me to the top of the Hazelybrae, and made me lie all night among the heather, for fear of your dog Whitefoot? But then ye gied me twa apples and a saxpence at Thornhill fair,—sae lay that and that together,—kindness clears a' scores wi' daft Symie. And then, man, d'ye mind how ye put a living hurchin in the ae meal powk, and a howlet i' the tither, and sent me crying round the parish, '*fidum*, father, *fidum*, our cat has kittled twa magpies and a moudie?' Nae act of kindness cleared that score,—sae take ye that, Andrew Laurie, for what ye did to me lang syne." And stooping suddenly to the ground, and snatching up the remains of a skull, he hurled it at my head—and this unexpected missile narrowly missed the mark. I thought if Symie visited every little deed of early mischief upon me, I was in a fair way of being stoned to death, so I threw him a crown-piece; which he caught as it flew. When he saw it was silver he gave a leap, then ran round like a pair of yarn windles, and shouted out, "*Goodsooth*, Symie Crosstree, it's a crown-piece,—it shall work while I sleep,—it shall work while I sleep,—It came frae the hand of a Laurie,—a frank free hand,—the same hand that chaced me wi' stones from the top of Topstarvet down to the mains of Closeburn, and made me climb into

the top of Menteath's oak, where I sat till it took six men and three ladders to bring me down again. Nae kindness ever salved that sair,—sae take ye that, Andrew Laurie, ye ken what ye did to me lang syne;” and he threw a shank-bone, with a bitterness which my late present gave me no reason to expect, and I found some trouble in eluding it.

“I'd brain ye wi' my spade, gowk,” said the grave-digger, “if it werena I would have your grave to howk gratis, and that for misusing a man wi' a frank hand, and siller in his pouch. And you, sir, wha throw away mair coin on a coof than I would dig ye three full size graves for, d'ye ye no see that he's half knave and fu' fool, wi' as much cunning as will cause him to throw dead men's banes at you, while ye throw siller at him. But take ane's counsel, who never saw a penny of your coin, and gang and sit down aside the burial bread and wine, there where they stand. Daft Symie respects burial drink, when he respects nothing else.” I seated myself as Ichabod advised, and Symie came quietly and sat down beside me.

The spot where I sat was full of summer beauty and sanctity, but the desolation of the kirk, and the home of my youth, pressed upon my heart. I thought on the sabbath mornings when I had stood by the gate, and seen all the way to the house of God moving with the grave, the beautiful, and the young,—when I beheld the seats thronged, and many fair eyes glancing modestly to and fro, and that interchange of silent and holy greeting which passes among friends before worship begins. I thought too on those who bore my name, and shared kindred blood with me; and I saw the graves of many I loved growing green beside me, each headed by a memorial stone. And I said in my heart, of the seven Lauries whom I left, lo! six are sleeping there,—and as I looked I thought on the new dug grave, and I saw it was for a tall person; and as my eyes dwelt upon it they filled with tears, and my heart throbbed, and I would fain have gone away, but I had not the power.

Ichabod now came to my side, “Deil mend their speed,” said he, “here am I standing as stiff wi' cauld as a crutch, and as hungry as

the grave at a green yule,—but they're near now,—I hear the neighing of their horses.” Symie started to his feet, and laying down his ear to the earth, and listening for a moment, he clapped his hands and shouted out, “Oh! the burial bits,—the burial bits,—dads of bread and touts of wine. I wish other sax would die. Men are far kinder to poor demented Symie when they have their timmer tap coats on, than when they sit at the board head. A piece of sour bread, and a drop of wynted milk, from the living,—but waughts of red wine, and wamefuls of white cake, from the dead. I can gang fasting and sorrowfu hame frae a reeking house, but frae the kirk-yard I have to grope my way,—and the wine has whomeled me owre a grave, and left me to cool, and come to myself among the morning dew. Oh! the burial bits,—the burial bits,—dads of bread, and touts of wine. Yonder he comes, yonder he comes, in his braw black chest, with siller whirlies on the sides, and the parish cloak trailing o'er him. Well may he bruik the new.”

I stood up and saw a long train of horsemen descending the western bank of the river, and approaching to Dalgarnock kirkyard, by a narrow, and woody, and unfrequented way. They were all dressed in black, and riding slowly and mournfully along. In the middle of the line of horsemen two rode abreast, bearing a coffin across the shoulders of their horses, over which a mortcloth was thrown, which reached nigh the ground. They passed the river, and, halting at the little gate, bore the coffin to the brink of the grave beside where I stood, and all gathering around gazed mournfully on it for a minute's space or more, in silence so intense, that I thought the very throbbings of my heart were audible. At length a very old man removed his hat, smoothed down a few white hairs which time had left about his temples, and looked in the grave, and in the faces of his companions, till the tears started in his eyes. As he looked round he saw me, he eyed me for a little space, and said, “His dying words are come to pass,—one has come from a far land, who will lay his head in the grave,—never, he said, would the

head of one of his blood be laid low in Dalgarnock, but the hand of one of his name would lay it,—and his words are come to pass.”—And he came and took me by the hand, and leading me to the head of the grave, said, “Mine old eyes deceive me much if thou art not Andrew Laurie,—stand there,”—and he placed the silken cords of the coffin in my hands, which the love of some antique mind had wreathed with flowers. All eyes were turned on me,—my eyes wandered from face to face,—I dreaded to speak, and the same dread seemed visible in every one.

The old man came forward, and said, —“Let us not lay in the grave, with superstitious rites and observances, one of the kindest, and gentlest, and simplest spirits which ever breathed among us. Devout himself, and one who walked in the austere meekness of the pure Scottish kirk, we should insult him were we with uplifted hands, with heads held down, and with smooth words, and studied sentences, to offer up supplication for him. Shall we pour a prayer less than inspired over him who so often poured over others the warm and unsolicited overflowings of a tender heart and a gifted mind? Afar from me be all the vanity of such devotion, and in a homely way will I speak of a homely heart. There he lies, who for seventy years never gave a pious heart pain, nor denied an honest man’s request,—he thatched the roof of the widow’s house,—he put food between the lips of the orphan,—his door stood ever to the wall, that the needy might enter,—and at his hearth was found the soldier’s wife and her helpless children. He was not vain of his influence among men, nor was he proud of his wisdom,—his wit was kind and pleasant,—his humour was chaste and

free,—and he read a song sweeter than others could sing it. His sayings became proverbs, and his proverbs are laws in the land. He was proud of his descent,—and he said none of his blood or his name ever begged bread. The beggar will bless his house as he passes, though the hearth shall be cold and the table unfurnished. He goes where all shall go,—but he goes blessed,—for him the grey headed and the wise weep, and the fool sheds tears.”

The old man had elevated his hands in fervour,—his voice was waxing melodious,—a flush was coming over his brow—matter bold and figurative was flowing in, and he was about to pour out one of those simple and affecting characteristic prayers which I have heard uneducated men utter over the dead, when he was suddenly interrupted. Poor demented Symie, with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst through the band of mourners, leaped into the grave, and cried out with a voice of unsurpassable agony, “Oh! Luke Laurie,—Luke Laurie,—I will be buried for thee.” The old man looked on him for a moment, dropped his hands, and said, “Thus men may know when the righteous and the kind-hearted die. Andrew Laurie, there lies thine uncle,—long he looked for thy return; the last look he gave was with the hope of seeing thee,—the last wish he uttered was that thou mightest lay his old white head in the grave,—and he died in the belief that all this would come to pass. Now let us lay him in the dust. All has been said that Christians ought to say over the clay mansion, out of which the immortal spirit has passed; and the wisest man’s words are but folly compared to those of this poor simple fool.”

NALLA.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

WE announced that Mr. Ebers had taken the King’s theatre in the Haymarket for two years. It has since been said that he has assigned his lease; and the Marquis of Hertford, Mr. Williams, and some other gentlemen, are understood to be the purchasers. The management will probably devolve on Signor Benelli. th

A new Opera of Rossini’s composition, *Matilde di Shabran e Corradino, ossia il trionfo della Belta*, has been brought out since our last report, at the benefit of Signor and Madame de Begnis. A French writer on opera has remarked that his countrymen are excellent judges of the plot, situations, and dialogue of

a lyric drama, but are not so sensitive as the Italians to the beauties of the music. While the French therefore are always eager for new productions, so little do the Italians care for the poem, that they will run with equal pleasure to see an opera which has been set and reset a hundred times, as to one fresh from the anvil. That they did so formerly is unquestionable, for Metastasio furnished food for almost every composer of eminence during his own long life. And if some portion of the veneration for his beautiful dramas has evaporated, and his countrymen wish for something new, it is quite clear they care very little about the quality of the viand or the way in which it is hashed up. *Riccardo e Zoraide* was weak enough in all conscience; *Matilde e Corradino* would be equally insipid if it were not vastly more absurd. The poetry is by Giacomo Ferretti, and the translation by W. J. Walter; (is not this an *alias* for Stephano Vestris? *) and the latter has caught the vapidness of the former (gaping is contagious), which he has augmented by not a little vulgarity. These slovenly translations are by the way a disgrace to the establishment:—e. g.

Chorus. Soft :—no one is near : we may
Here unmolested stray ;
And curious peep and pry around,
To see what novelty is found,
This side or that—

Egol. This is the castle—Where, inaccessible,
He commands—that terrible man,
Of madmen, the maddest—the most eccentric,
Who by his followers scarce ever's seen.
Who, always arm'd—and always fierce,
With face of terror—threatens all,
And knows not what—soft pity means.

Chorus. What a strange fellow ! Ha,
ha, ha !

This extract may serve for a specimen both of the Italian and English styles; for the one is quite as good as

the other. Now for the story, which is not a little involved.

Corradino, a desperate slayer of men, and a no less inveterate hater of women, shuts himself up in a castle, over the gates of which he inscribes these dreadful menaces. On the one—

A chi entra non chiamato
Sara il cranio fracassato. †

On the other—

Chi turbar osa quiete
Qui morra di fame e sete. ‡

A travelling poet, (such folk are common in the modern Italian melodrama, *Il Turco* to wit), oppressed with fatigue and hunger, arrives before the castle, and after much contest between the belly and limbs, and the head, he determines to enter; then arranging his toilette upon the green sward, he assails the castle with a song. He is terrified almost to flight by the guard, when Corradino at length comes forth. The poor poet makes a destructive blunder, by offering to sing praises of Corradino and his fair one, and is just about to be spitted on his lance, when Aliprando, the domestic physician and confidant, enters, and mitigates the fury of the warrior, who commutes sentence of death to imprisonment. The doctor comes to inform Corradino, that Matilda, the daughter of a warrior, his friend, who fell in battle and bequeathed her to his care, designs him a visit. Corradino allows her to come to the castle, but not to see him without his special permission. Somehow or other, Edoardo, the son of a neighbouring baron, has fallen into his clutches, and the youth is now dragged before him in chains to be desired to fall at his feet, which he magnanimously disdains. He is, however, allowed the rules of the palace on his parole. At this instant, the approach of Matilda is announced. Corradino prudently meditates a retreat, wisely pronouncing—

* Sheridan being found drunk in the streets, and unable to stand or go, delivered himself up to the watch as Mr. Wilberforce. But the poet of the opera being (we presume) sober when he writes himself Walter, his *nom de guerre* is quite as cruel a satire upon an honest name, as Sheridan's; only, unfortunately, it lacks all the wit.

† Who presumptuous enter here,
For his head has cause to fear.

‡ Who disturbs this still retreat
Shall his death by famine meet.

Fuggasi un sesso infido
Che snerva la virtù. Sposo, danari,
Io le darò. Del Padre
Adempir vuo così l'ultima speme;
Ma femmine e valor non stanno insieme.

The doctor then leads in Matilda, who is a beautiful coquette, determined on enslaving this invincible *cuor di ferro*. Corradino has already, it appears, contracted himself to a certain Countess d'Arco, as a pledge of some pacification, but has avoided fulfilling his agreement. This lady comes unbidden, in a fit of jealousy, to survey Matilda, and a scene of such soft contention follows, that the hero, aroused by the uproar, suddenly comes forth from his den. To the Countess's declaration, *Sai che t'amo*, Corradino replies with disdain, but Matilda desires him to kiss her hand, and the Lion is tamed, very suddenly indeed, by love. Yet he does not yield without the fiercest struggles. He soon discovers that this change must be the work of enchantment, and that the unlucky poet is the magician, to whom he applies for relief, and who ingeniously refers him to the lady. Very tender interviews succeed, and at length Matilda brings him to her feet. These scenes are never without witnesses, which appears to be a contrivance to exalt the folly of the hero. At this moment a drum is heard: soldiers appearing, Edoardo pushes in; why, it is difficult to conjecture, except it be in compliance with the rule which assembles as many characters as possible for a finale. Then comes Corradino and his page with his armour—the doctor and the poet already accoutred. The latter is also hung round with paper, pens, and inkstand, to record the valorous deeds, and he gratefully declares:

Il vostro Isidoro—nel rischio crudele
Con gamba fedele—seguirvi potrà.
Per scriver la storia,—le fughe, le rotte,
Le piaghe, le botte—cantando verrà.

Matilda at length herself arms Corradino, and that sweet confusion which is the glory of a well-wrought Italian finale concludes the act.

We have entered into these particulars to convey some notion of the very newest taste in Italian lyrico-dramatic poetry. But we must hasten to the catastrophe. The alarm arises from Edoardo's father,

who has armed for his rescue. The escape, however, is contrived by the Countess, who imposes on Corradino the belief, that Matilda has enlarged him from affection. Poor Corradino becomes monstrously jealous. He condemns Matilda to death. She declares death to be nothing; but to perish by the command of the man she so deeply loves, is the worst of miseries. She is, notwithstanding, doomed to be thrown into a deep river from a high rock, and the poet is sent to execute the sentence. He relents—her innocence is discovered, and her tenderness for Corradino confirmed. The hero falls into despair, and determines to plunge into the very depth that has buried Matilda—is prevented—Matilda is produced—they are united, and he is *gentled*, as the horse-breakers say of their colts.

Such is the structure of this exquisite poem, of which it is impossible to conceive half the nonsense or extravagance—it is quite unequalled—except, indeed, upon the English stage, where, whoever goes to see that strange monster called an opera, will find *Delphines inter sylvas* enough and more than enough, even if he had the appetite of Brydone's Prince of P. The solution, however, of the vehement transitions of the Italian drama is to be found in two considerations; 1st, that the audience care very little for any thing but the music; and, 2d, that passion is the chief agent by which the composer can work. “Un passaggio facile, e pronto da situazione in situazione, un risparmio di circostanze oziose, una serie, artificiosamente combinata, di scene vive ed appassionate, una economia di discorso, che serva, per così dire, come di testo, su cui la musica ne faccia poscia il commento; ecco ciò il poeta drammatico debbe somministrare al compositore.”

This is the recipe of a writer who has studied with the most profound attention the construction of the Italian musical drama; and in its adoption the poet of the present day thinks it sufficient if he gives scope enough for passion without regarding the incidents, characters, or language of his piece. It will not, therefore, seem wonderful, if, out of this jumble, various enough for such a purpose, Rossini has contrived to find pegs to hang some beautiful music

upon. It is indeed amongst the most spirited of his works, though wanting the originality of some of his earlier compositions, because he has taken his accustomed liberties with what he still considers to be his own, though he may have previously given it to the public. The concerted pieces are polished and effective, and the whole was rendered exceedingly attractive, by the way in which it was got up. Signor and Madame de Begnis were particularly happy. Indeed the characters seemed to be on purpose for them. The lady improves every time we hear her, having changed her manner, and attained much nearer to the great style of singing since she came to England. Madame Vestris also, and Garcia, sung eminently well.

Since our last, the concerts have slackened considerably. There has been one upon a grand scale for the Royal Metropolitan Infirmary, on the 25th of June, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which we mention merely to prove the extensive application of art to the purposes of charity.

His Majesty, it was announced in the court circular on the 11th of July, "had a numerous evening party of distinguished personages at half past nine o'clock, who were gratified with a performance of most choice and chaste English music only, under the direction of Mr. Hawes." We are glad to see the taste setting this way, for English music has lately incurred the danger of disappearing altogether. There has, however, now clearly been raised a disposition to make a stand for British art. Let British artists have a care lest the effect of their talents be still kept in shadow by want of concord among themselves. Now that the King himself manifests so decided a desire as he has of late, to encourage national effort, it is their part to second by every endeavour so important a movement in their behalf.

The Royal Academy has had a concert of the pupils, who exhibited considerable and creditable ability. Prince Leopold distributed the prizes. One of the young ladies showed such strong symptoms of mortification at being second in the contest, that his Royal Highness was not obdurate enough to resist her tears, and therefore bestowed a second medal.

Miss Schauroth, whom we mentioned in our last report, has had a concert, and the display of her talents did not belie the reputation she has gained abroad. She played some of the most difficult pieces of our masters, as well as her own, in a manner to satisfy the ablest professors.

The most considerable work that has lately appeared is "An Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capability, and Management of the Human Voice, by Mr. Nathan." We ought not, perhaps, in the honeymoon of Literature and Music in this country, to measure such a book by the same standard as we should a work on any other science. Musicians should be encouraged to literary attainment, which they have too long neglected; for nothing is so likely to advance the character, both of the art and its professors. Mr. Nathan's chief defect is, want of arrangement and of selection. His book contains a great deal of sensible matter, but this is dissolved in a menstruum of common-place remark and anecdote, which greatly reduces the efficacy of the ingredients that are really valuable; and will, we fear, impede the circulation of the publication, as the expence is so much increased by their introduction. The solfeggi exercises are, however, very complete, if not the most perfect that have ever been printed; and the observations respecting singing are, upon the whole, pertinent and able.

Eighth Fantasia for the pianoforte, by Ferd. Ries. The subjects taken by Mr. Ries, as the groundwork, are *Ciel pictoso*, an Aria, and *Perchè mi guardi e piangi*, a duet, from Rossini's Opera of *Elmira*; and he has employed the most striking parts with much effect. While the contrast produced by the manner in which the themes succeed each other, and the variety occasioned by their difference of character, bespeak imagination and judgment in the composer, he gives the player all the materials for expression and execution; and the manner in which he has performed his own part of the task, is highly creditable to his taste and science.

Mr. Kallmark's Capriccio Ecossois can hardly be allowed to claim so exalted a title, but it may fairly be termed a light lesson. The arrangement of *Should he upbraid*, for a divertimento, by the same composer, will be found a good substitute for the song. The air and accompaniments are well connected, and preserved amidst the deviations necessary to the character of an incidental piece.

Les Belles Fleurs, consisting of select pieces, from the works of the most celebrated Authors, selected, and most of them

newly arranged, for the pianoforte, by Bruguier, and for the flute, by Sola. No. I. is a composition of Bochsa, and the selection and arrangement promise well for the succeeding numbers. The flute part is rather difficult, but both the instruments have an equal share in the performance.

The New Zealander's Dance, by Moralt, is a lesson of the easiest description for the pianoforte.

Mr. Bruguier's Fourth Dramatic Divertimento, contains two airs, from Tan-

credi, *E tu quando tornerai*, and *Di tanti palpiti*, arranged with as little difficulty as the nature of the subjects permits.

The arrangements recently published are the fourth books of Mr. Latour's selections from *La Donna del Lago*, for the pianoforte and flute; the first book of *Airs* from the same opera, for the harp and flute, by Mr. Bochsa; and *Himmel's Overture to Fanchon*, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello, by Mr. Coggins.

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SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Italy.—One of the most remarkable literary phenomena of the present times, is the great number of new editions of Dante's works, and of writings of which that poet is the subject. Only in the years 1821 and 1822, there have appeared, the *Divina Commedia*, with Lombardi's Commentary; a *Rimario*, or Rhyming Dictionary of Dante; and a Treatise on Homer and Dante: all three published at Padua. Illustrations of the *Divina Commedia*, by Colelli, at Rome; farther, an edition of this work, forming part of the *Parnasso Italiano*, publishing at Florence, which contains Dante, Petrarch, Politian, Ariosto, and Tasso. Lastly, the *Atlante Dantesco*, by Thomas Flaxman, which contains 120 Copper Plates, adapted to all the editions of the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso*. They begin now in Italy to give to the friends of Dante, whose numbers are constantly increasing, the name of *Dantists*, as the adherents of Petrarch were, in the 17th century, called *Petrarchists*. This might pass, but it affords matter for serious reflection, when we learn, that these admirers of Dante are derided as Sectaries and Ghibellines, or as enemies to social order, and that writings against them, containing accusations of that kind, are in circulation. If calumnies of this kind should succeed, we may expect to hear of similar accusations against the *Petrarchists*; for, if Dante joined the Ghibellines, Petrarch, on the other hand, was a constant adherent of the Guelphs, and an intimate friend of Cola Rienzi. The Italian literati appear to have become animated with a laudable zeal to assert the merits of their ancient travel-

lers and navigators. Thus, besides the announced publication of hitherto inedited documents, relative to Columbus, we have a *History of the Three Maritime States of Italy*, (Venice, Genoa, and Pisa) and of their commerce and navigation, by G. B. Fanucci, 4 vols. 8vo.; and, especially, Zurla's *Dissertations on Marco Polo*, and the other most illustrious Venetian travellers, 2 vols. 4to. The learned author, who has lately been raised to the dignity of Cardinal, having been several years at the head of the Propaganda, dedicated himself entirely to these studies, which, while their main object is religion, equally promote civilization and geography. In the course of last year, he printed a discourse, on the advantages which the sciences, and especially geography, owe to the Christian religion. Among the early voyages, those of the brothers Zeni in the northern part of the Atlantic Ocean, afford a subject of research equally difficult and interesting; they prove that these Venetians visited Newfoundland, and collected information respecting many other parts of America, a hundred years before Columbus; and we see from them that the Scandinavian nations continued, in 1380, the intercourse which they had opened with the New World, in 980 to 1000. A Collection of the most remarkable Sepulchral Monuments of Venice, and its Islands, is in the course of publication. It will be in twenty-four numbers, each containing five plates, in 8vo. Three numbers are published.

Netherland's.—The widow of the celebrated Professor Wytttenbach, of Leyden, has just published an interesting volume, in 12mo. under the

title of *Symposiaques ou Propos de Table*; it is printed by J. Didot, and the profits are to be applied to the aid of the Greeks. This is not the first time Madame Wyttenbach appears before the public; she has already made herself honourably known in the republic of letters, by three other very pleasing works, *Théagène, le Banquet de Leontis, and l'Histoire de ma petite Chienne Hermione*.

Sweden.—The Journal of the celebrated Field Marshal Count Dahlberg, written by himself, is now published; it is very interesting. A new and complete edition is advertised of Rudbeck's *Atlantica*, several parts of which have long been out of print.

Denmark.—Professor Molbeck, Secretary in the great Royal Library, intends to publish the Letters and Political Writings of the great King, Christian IV., so far as they can be proved to have been his own composition; and, from the various sources to which he has access, has already collected nearly 2000.

Germany.—Notwithstanding the great value and importance of the literature of Germany, and the justice that is done to the merits of the German literati, by those who are able to appreciate their works, it is certain that the knowledge of German literature is very confined in England. Numerous translations have, it is true, been made; but the choice of the translators has not been always so judicious as might have been wished, and the execution has been, with a few splendid exceptions, in general indifferent; the catalogue of German authors, of whom the English reader knows a little, is, in truth, very scanty, and includes but few works besides poems, plays, and novels. One cause of this neglect of important works is, undoubtedly, the enormous expense of printing in this country, which deters publishers from risking their capital. While the Germans publish reprints and translations of the best English works at a fourth part of the price that we pay for the originals, we cannot afford to do the same with theirs; and even those who understand the German language are not able to purchase, as they would gladly do, on account of the high prices charged by the London booksellers, which are partly to be ascribed to the heavy duty on importation.

Thus the English public know little more than the works of Gessner, A. Lafontaine, Kotzebue, Klopstock, Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, Schlegel, and a few more; and the library of the German student is, in general, confined to a few celebrated names. Hence it happens that German works of the greatest merit and importance are neither translated for the benefit of those who do not understand the language, nor imported for the use of those who do. We have thrown out these remarks, not only from a desire of drawing attention to this subject, but also as accounting for the insufficiency of the information respecting the progress of German literature, which it is possible to obtain here; though our literary correspondence with that country frequently puts us in early possession of intelligence which it might not otherwise be easy, or even possible, to procure. The travels of Drs. Spix and Martius, in Brazil, which have been so long expected, have not yet been published, and will probably be delayed till the Michaelmas Leipzig fair. Some numbers of the *Natural History* which, as in M. Humboldt's travels, is published apart, have, however, already appeared. Raumer's work on the middle ages is likewise delayed. We do not hear of any novels or dramatic works that have attracted much attention. All the novel-reading world is fully employed with Sir Walter Scott's, whose works are published in Germany in multifarious editions, as well in English as translated. Some other English novels, as the *Cavalier*, the *Lollards*, and a few others, are likewise esteemed. It must be observed, that these novels, besides their intrinsic merit, are peculiarly adapted to please the prevailing taste in Germany, which has for some years past taken a decided turn toward researches into antiquities, especially those of Germany. Hence the attempts to revive the old German costume, to extirpate from the language every foreign word, especially French, &c.; but though this Germanomania has been carried to a laughable excess, it has produced many valuable works, and led to very important researches and interesting discoveries. We owe to it the formation of a society for the printing of ancient chronicles relative

to the affairs of the middle ages, which being patronized by the Sovereigns, and all the most distinguished characters, will certainly be the means of throwing new light on that important period of modern history. Among other subjects the ancient German school of painting has excited great interest, which has been the fortunate occasion of rescuing from the dust of centuries numerous valuable and extraordinary specimens of the old German masters. Two brothers, of the name of Boisserée, have formed a noble collection of nearly 300 old pictures, which are placed in a gallery at Stuttgart. A work of engravings of the finest of these pictures is to be published in numbers; we believe, that one or more numbers have been already published, but we have not seen them. Messrs. Boisserée are also publishing a very fine series of engravings of the celebrated cathedral of Cologne. A lady, Mrs. Schopenhauer, has published two small and interesting volumes, under the title of John Von Eyck and his successors; which, though chiefly compiled from Carl Mander, contain in a small compass much information. This has been succeeded by a treatise on "Hubert and John Von Eyck," by Mr. Waagen, himself a good artist, and possessing a fine collection. A good life of Lucas Cranach has also been published; and one of Albert Durer is preparing for the press.

France. The literary world will, at length, have the pleasure of seeing the several parts of M. de Humboldt's Travels, which are not yet complete, regularly published, the work having fallen into the hands of a new editor. These parts are the Melastoma, and the other Genera of the same Order, in folio; the Mimosas, and other leguminous plants, in folio; Nova Genera et Species Plantarum, in folio; the Zoology, in 4to.; and the Personal Narrative, in 4to. and 8vo. with an Atlas. As the botanical works of M. Humboldt, published by M. Kunth, in 6 vols. folio, are too expensive for the generality of amateurs, Mr. Kunth is now publishing a Synopsis of the work, which will be only 4 vols. 8vo.; besides new observations suggested by the Progress of the Science, M. Kunth has added the

Cryptogamia, which is entirely new, and in which he has been assisted by two distinguished botanists, Professor Agardt, of the University of Lund, and Mr. Hooker, of the Royal Society of London. M. Raoul Rochette has published, in an 8vo. volume, the History of the Revolution in Switzerland, from 1797 to 1803. The first two volumes of the Memoirs relative to the English Revolution have now appeared; they contain the Memoirs of Hollis, Huntingdon, and Fairfax, and the first volume of those of Ludlow. Of the Collection of Historical Memoirs of French Ladies, in 26 vols. 18mo., four more volumes have just been published, being the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, of the Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Among the continuations are Vols. IV. and V. of Dissertations and Memoirs, relative to National and Foreign Antiquities; and No. 115 to 120 of the Description of Egypt. A complete translation of the Works of Machiavel, in 12 vols. 8vo. is advertised; it is the first translation of all the works. An edition of the Works of Rotrou in 5 large volumes, 8vo. is an agreeable present to the lovers of the drama; it is, we believe, the first complete edition of this author, whom Corneille called his father; but who is hardly known even to the French themselves, except by his tragedy of Wenceslaus. An important and interesting work, at the present moment, is a Statistical Essay on the Kingdom of Portugal and Algarve, compared with the other States of Europe, followed by a view of the present state of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts, among the Portuguese of the two hemispheres, by M. Balbi, 2 vols. 8vo. To this we may add a Guide for Travellers in Spain, by M. Bory de Saint Vincent, 2 vols. 8vo. The theatres have not brought forward any thing remarkable: the "Innocence of the Country" at the second theatre, seems to have failed in what might be supposed to have been the author's intention—to show that the innocence of the country is a poetical fiction. They have forgotten the title of their piece, and all their principal characters are Parisians. An Opera called the Twin Sisters, represented at the Opera Comique, has been well received.

THE DRAMA.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THIS little theatre, which used to have a lofty, chilled, *cathedral* look, has, during the long holiday which the Lord Chamberlain and the winter theatres permit it to enjoy, undergone a complete alteration, and has, at last, put on a warm and comfortable appearance, which is certainly meeting the seekers of pleasure half-way. The old tall pale blue empty staring boxes have been so managed, as to come out cozy, glowing, and furnished little apartments. A rich drapery goes round the front of the first circle, which reduces the height of the dress boxes, and gives a solid and finished appearance to the audience part of the house. The chandeliers are all new and splendid, particularly the rich mass of light hung drops over the pit, which shed a dazzling lustre over the whole internal part of the theatre. The decorations have, undoubtedly, been managed with infinite skill and taste, and do great credit, not only to the manager who directed them, but also to that rapid architect of playhouses and plays, Mr. Beazley, who, as our readers may recollect, *did* the inside of Drury Lane Theatre, "Is He Jealous?" The house at Birmingham, and "Gretna Green." The public are much indebted to this gentleman for his performances both before and behind the curtain; for, like Mr. Astley's racing ponies, his merits appear not only on the stage, but through the pit.

The saloon, which generally undergoes some fanciful change for the season, being a Chinese temple one summer, and an odorous shrubbery another (we used to sigh at seeing such a mortality among the laurels and myrtles!)—has taken upon itself this year, the shape and character of a trellis-work arcade. We certainly think it the least successful plan which has yet been adopted. There are three or four walks fenced out with trellis work, over which no leaves are entwined, and which therefore have the nakedest effect imaginable. The lamps being a-la-Vauxhall scarcely mend the matter—and,

on looking down from the stairs, upon the arcade itself, and upon the ladies who promenaded its walks, we must confess that it struck us as looking too much a work of *lath* and *plaster*. A few shrubs would materially improve the effect; but the saloon, we take it, is not a place very favourable to evergreens.

The theatre opened with a new melodrama, called the *Swing Bridge*, which carries its plot in its name. A lover, a villain, a lady, an honest old man, and a comical attendant:—a start, and a stamp which makes the dust fly out of the russet boot—a black eye glaring through snaky curls,—a falling bridge—and virtue rewarded. These make a melodrama all the stage over; and these were the foundation of the *Swing Bridge*. The architect was no *Mr. Rennie*, for the work was carried away by the rapid current of public opinion in a few nights. Keeley played pretty well, but we rather fear he is not destined to immortalize himself as a comic actor. He carries the simple a little too far. Bartley and Cooke were hearts of oak:—indeed, Bartley has all the solid worth and strength, and *growth* of that brave tree; and, like the celebrated Glendower-oak, we doubt not were he a hollow one (which we are sure he is not) but a reasonable party might sit comfortably in his interior. We like to look at a spanking English actor of his girth.

When the *Swing Bridge* ceased to swing, the audience were amused with the revival of several of the light two-act dramas, for the lively representation of which this house is so justly celebrated. *Gretna Green*, which exhibits Wrench and Miss Kelly as two servants mutually deceiving each other with mock nobility, and splendidly proving that "fine feathers do not make fine birds," is one of the cleverest little farces alive. Wrench is a *very* upper servant—trespassing inside his master's garments (though the dreadfully striped trowsers were not much like the jean lodgings of a Lord) and aping under a straw hat all the insolence of fashion. His bad English

was most correctly given. Miss Kelly, in Betty Finikin, quite out-Kelly's Kelly! Her gaudy dress seems out of place, as well as herself; and the constant inconvenience which she shows herself to be suffering under the drapery of her shawl, bespeaks the shawl to be an unaccustomed article of dress with her. Her feathers tumble over her head, as if they did not expect to find it beneath them: and her whole bearing is that of extreme awkwardness, and splendid, *wooden* carelessness. Her exclamation of "Oh Lord! my Lord!" is "kitchen and parlour, and all!" as the old song says: and her downward look of simple wonder and offended delicacy, when Lord Wrench says he must "swear at her feet" is inimitable; and yet not so delightful either as the tone in which she repeats the words, "swear at my feet!" The tender toyings, and *huckaback* compliments of the Gretna couple, are enough to split the sides, and not merely the ears of the groundlings: Wrench's sighs seem to come out of the butler's pantry, Miss Kelly talks rich kitchen stuff! He stands upright at her side, as though he were behind his mistress's chair, instead of at her feet: she writhes under her fine apparel, evidently tortured by its catching glaring colours. At one time she jumps herself into a seat on the table, like a person who had overswept a room; and her lover seems overpowered at the grace with which she swings her pink or blue shoes to and fro. Indeed, such a picture of low life above stairs was never exhibited; and no one who prizes perfect acting ought to keep a quiet dollar in his pocket when the piece is played again. The moment the real Lord and his mistress come after the holy blacksmith, or after the *nailor* as he is termed, the fun is over; and Betty Finikin and Mr. Jenkins subside entirely! But this is always the case, when a real peer pokes himself in amongst a pleasant party. A coronet is no uncommon extinguisher to the lights of wit and humour.

The volatile French Opera of *Figaro* has been revived at this theatre, and in a style which ought to make it highly popular amongst the lovers of light elegant acting, and brilliant music. It seems, as now constructed,

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to be built upon Holcroft's *Follies of a Day*, and the original piece as written by *Beaumarchais*; with the music, selected from the Italian opera. The intrigue of the piece is always on the increase, and English eyes and ears are not quite alive to it, but the music and the spirit float you along, leaving your morality or your reason no chance of making a stand.

A Miss Louisa Dance, sister of the young lady who played *Belvidera* a season or two ago at Covent-Garden, made her first appearance in *Susannah*—the lively part which Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and Miss Paton have filled. Miss Louisa Dance has a pleasing figure, though *Cæsar's* wish as to *Cassio* might safely be extended to her. She was evidently a good deal alarmed at first, and sang a little out of tune with a becoming incorrectness and diffidence; but she gained confidence as she went on, until her voice was enabled pretty fully to manifest its character. She is a pleasing, but not a good singer,—certainly not a first-rate singer. In a room we dare to say she delights her family,—but there is a wide difference between piano-singings in a parlour, before eleven or twelve affectionate brothers and sisters, and a bunch of friends who come to sing and sup—and playhouse-singing before hundreds of *unrelations* and *unfriends*. Miss Louisa Dance performed better than she sang, and if we might advise, we should recommend her to take to comedy and abandon opera. *Dance* and *song* seldom agree well together. This young lady has good features and good spirits—and we should think that she and *Thalia* might make a bargain advantageous to the interests of both parties. One thing we must observe, that we fear she has a person who is a dangerous and flattering friend to her—and that is Miss Louisa Dance! That lady has at present too high an opinion of our young actress, and mistakes promise for performance. It is certainly the most dangerous folly in the world to whisper sweet things into one's own ear, and by no means so difficult a task to accomplish as may at first appear.

Mrs. Austin, once of Drury-Lane, an agreeable light-haired copy of

Mrs. Orger, both in face and voice, appeared as the Countess. She is very lively, very pleasant, and with the exception of a little occasional *mis-singing*, quite an acquisition to this theatre:—perhaps she sang out of tune to be in harmony with Miss Louisa Dance, at the early part of the evening. Miss Kelly was the Page—and, past dispute, was Page the first!—We turned to the *Contents* in the volume of the audience and read her name as so indexed. Wrench played Count Almaviva,—an amorous noble in a cap and feathers, who is compelled to hear every body sing but himself;—which is occasionally our misfortune, and truly a vast misfortune too! Figaro in Mr. Pearman's hands weighs ten stone instead of five: or rather,—for the part must be the same,—the pound of lead is heavier than the pound of feathers:—we never understood the difference before. Bartley, as the Drunken Gardener, made some dangerous reels among those fragile plants, the figurantes; and balanced his ripe face, as if by a miracle. The whole opera went smartly off—though it would be much better without the last act. It is nearly as long as the last year's opera of *Gil Blas*, which was just twice as long as *Hastings's* trial.

Mr. Moreton's Romantic Drama of the Knight of Snowdon, unfoundedly reported to be founded on the *Lady of the Lake*,—has been selected,—we presume, for the sake of bringing out Mr. Wallack and Mr. T. P. Cooke, both as heroes. They *are* heroes—and there are few pieces which allow of two gentlemen riding on one horse without exposing one gentleman to a seat behind. The two Kings of Brentford in the Rehearsal are perhaps the most equal balance of power on dramatic and heroic record. But Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu are the next in succession. If the Scottish king wears Lincoln green and a gilt bugle,—Roderick has black hair and a splendid Tartan;—and the broad sword of his Majesty is not a bit broader than the broad sword of the Scottish rebel. In the playing of these two characters the whole interest of the piece is centered;—for a more wretched distortion of plot and language, than this disordered parody of the poem, was never exhibited.

All the points of character are blunted or broken short off;—and all the romantic interest of the incidents and the rich Scottish beauty of the poetry are remorselessly and unfeelingly destroyed. The *costume* of the story is lost! Roderick is made the lover of Ellen—the successful lover,—Fitzjames is nobody,—except with the sword. Douglas is a tame feeble old gentleman—Ellen a singer of bravuras;—and poor Blanch—mad—love-mad Blanch is never heard of. At the Surrey theatre, in the reign of Robert William the First, the *Lady of the Lake* was admirably dramatized;—but they certainly *do* the Scottish novels and poems in a very superior manner in Blackfriars-road.

But to speak of the acting of Wallack and Cooke—we must say our attention was wholly ingrossed by the combat between the two. It is a fight!—It is no “one, two, three,—and under,”—but downright cleaving at the head,—thrusting at the ribs,—smiting at the heart:—parrying breast, neck, shoulder, leg, hip, and wrist!—Cooke strikes might and main at his antagonist's brain—and Wallack parries like a swordsman, returning at Mr. Cooke's briskeet. Indeed, such an earnest, muscular, ferocious contest, we never saw on the stage—and the very lamps tremble in their sockets! Mr. Wallack is a fine, handsome, gallant fellow,—and Cooke is an old offender in the same way:—of course the audience take a peculiar interest in the fight, and we have no doubt, that a few persons of taste go nightly in the hope of seeing a quarter actually cut by accident off one of these two pet lambs. We have not a word to say of any one else.

“My Aunt,” a little comic piece, introduces Mr. Wallack in a comic character, which he plays with infinite gaiety and whim. He is a spendthrift and a gamester, and in the drunken scene with My Aunt (not that we would extend the intoxication to My Aunt herself,—Heaven and Mrs. Grove forbid!) he seemed “remediless in the premises.” In his pursuit after his reeling hat, which seems drunk too,—he looks at it with a marvellous eye. Mrs. Grove was *My Aunt*:—she really was. What a profound elderly lady!—What singular domestic decorum!

She on the stage! go to—it was some reputable matron out of the Magdalen—some nurse of the Foundling, who had come to the English Opera House to enquire after one of her progeny. What garments she wears!—"We cannot but remember such things were, that were most dear to us." Her bonnet, a poke,—a decided poke. Her decent gown, brown as evening,—her comely cloak,—her orderly, demure, innocent mittens!—Her muffled, slender voice in years!—Oh, Mrs. Grove!!—We respect such a person to her backbone.—Will she take tea with us?—We can make up a rubber with old cousin Sparkes, and our other aunt, dear Mrs. Davenport. How is our uncle, Mr. Grove?—Is he still in the trade?—We really disliked seeing so very real a personage as my aunt surrounded by the frivolous and fictitious creatures of the drama. *We* could not be tipsy before Mrs. Grove.—And we must say, that Mr. Wallack must have pushed about the bottle "rather too freely" to forget himself in the presence of those awful mittens, and their ten respectable taper inhabitants. We never were very partial to aunts, but Mrs. Grove has given the character a dignity in our eyes, which we shall never forget!

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Sweethearts and Wives.

Kenny is, beyond dispute, the cleverest playwright now in existence:—he understands writing original pieces, translating, or paraphrasing, or adapting French dramas, better than any other English writer: and when we know that he has good actors to measure for characters, we are quite sure that he will fit them to perfection. In the instance before us, he has suited Liston, Terry, and the fine Miss Chester to a T. The plot of the piece is, as usual, a confusion of lovers, and "lots of jea-

lousy." Terry plays an old Admiral, in his own stern, hard, but excellent manner. Miss Chester, as a Miss Fanny, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, performed with a spirit and nature which we were not prepared to expect from her. In a scene where she forgives her husband, of whom she had been jealous, her tenderness was quite delightful; and we "venture to predict," that if she is allowed to play a few such characters as this, she will become a decided favourite with the public, and deservedly so. Madame Vestris has a character not suited to her; she is in petticoats. Vining played the husband of Fanny with great animation and ease; and Mr. Davis (in this case "*Blood will not have blood*,") acted with serenity, and sang charmingly. Liston was unusually Listonic! He represents a young *Fondling* (my aunt will prick up her old motherly ears), and is always pressing to tell his story, and worming himself into the ungrammatical sentimental. Bad English out of Liston's mouth becomes good. If he has to vote against Lindley Murray, he gives a *plumper*. Billy Lackaday (the name of this London *Verter*) "conceives a passion" for Miss Fanny—and nothing can exceed the expression of his face, when she comes before him, or when he unexpectedly sees her. His whole appearance is that of sea-sickness. His heart seems instantly in his mouth: and he rolls his large tender eyes like two *taws* in his head. His song of "*Man was born to sorrow*," is worthy to be sung by Mr. Casella in purgatory. Some of the notes are the very echoes of grief. The play is lightly written; but gives great satisfaction.

Mathews is in England again, we understand.—Let the Americans look to it!

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

JOURNEY TO THE HEAD OF THE GANGES.

THIS interesting journey was performed in the year 1817, by Capt. Hodgson and Lieut. Herbert, an account of which they have published in the *Asiatic Researches*. Having

formed little magazines of grain at the places where they intended to halt, and re-established the Sangas, or spar-bridges, over the river, they set off from Reital on the 21st of May. The situation of this village, on the east side of a mountain, the

summit of which is covered with snow, and the foot washed by the Bagirat'hi, is very pleasant. It commands a noble view of the Sri Cánta and other adjoining peaks of the Himálya, on which the snow for ever rests. On the 23d, after passing through Juwarra and Dangal, they arrived at Súci, a small village, surrounded on all sides by the Himálya. The scenery at this place is in general grand and sublime; at the falls of Lohari Naig there is a frightful rock above 800 feet in height. On the 28th they pitched their tent at Baerog'hati, at the confluence of the Bagirat'hi and Jáhnevi. Here precipices composed of the most solid granite confine both of the rivers in narrow channels, which seem to have been scooped out by the force of the waters. The base of the peaks is of the most compact sort of granite, of a light hue, with small pieces of black sparry substances interposed. From the smoothness of the rocks which confine the stream, it appears that the water must at one time have run in a higher level, and that it is gradually forming a deeper channel. Great cedar pines fringe these bare rocks, and fix their roots where there appears to be very little soil. A few of the large-deal pines are also seen, but inferior trees do not grow here. Though the Bagirat'hi is generally esteemed the *holy and celebrated* Ganges, yet Capt. Hodgson is inclined to think the Jahnevi the larger. By the course of this river there is a pass to Bhoat or Thibet, by which the people from Reital and the upper villages of Rowaien go to sell salt, blankets, and wool in exchange for grain. On the 26th they went along the side of a very steep mountain, passing over chasms by means of ladders and scaffolding of decayed planks, and reached Gangotri, hitherto the boundary of research on the Ganges.* Here the rivers had become more open, having, during their route from Baigog'hati, been between several precipices of 200 or 300 feet high. By the side of the river at Gangotri there is in some places soil

where small cedars grow, but in general the margin is strewn with masses of rock which have fallen from the precipices above. Having retired to rest, the travellers were awakened by the rocking of the ground, occasioned by an earthquake, which hurled down rocks in every direction, from the peaks around, to the bed of the river. In the morning they crossed to the opposite bank, where they were more secure, and enabled to make observations. The mean breadth of the Ganges at Gangotri was 43 feet, depth 18 inches, and nearly the same at the sides as at the middle; the current very swift and over large stones. At this time the stream was in one channel, but the effect of the sun in melting the snow was so powerful, that it was daily augmenting. Accordingly, on their return on the 2d of June, they found it about two feet deep, and considerably wider, the volume of water being apparently doubled. On the 29th they proceeded up the Ganges over snow and rocks, and pitched their tent on a sort of bank by the left margin of the river, which is here perceptibly diminished. The temperature, during night, was below freezing; the soil strong and full of rocks. By the barometer it appeared to be 11,160 feet above the level of the sea. On the following day they ascended gradually among rocks, having to the left high cliffs of granite, and on the right snowy peaks 600 or 700 feet high, distant about two miles, and halted near the *debouché* of the Ganges. They were here above the line of vegetation of trees; birches appearing only as small shrubs, and the rocks being covered with a species of lichen. The three peaked mountains were observed from this place, to which they gave the names of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew. Farther on another appeared, which they called St. David, and to the right of the snow valley, which hides the river, a most magnificent peak cased in snow and shining ice was seen, which they termed Mount Moira.

* This was visited by Mr. B. Fraser in his journey through the Himálya mountains, an account of which he published in 1820. According to the accounts which he received, the source of the Ganges is about five hundred miles horizontal distance from Gangotri, beyond which place he states it is in all probability supplied by the melting of the snow that terminates the valley.

Considerable difficulty of breathing was experienced here, and that peculiar sensation always felt at great elevations, where there is any sort of herbage, which is ascribed by Capt. Hodgson to noxious exhalations from the plants, for he never suffered from it on snow beds, even though at a greater height. In some places the ground was covered with a species of creeper and menmat, in the manner of furze, and which he is inclined to think is that of which the case of black lead pencils is made. The dazzling of the snow was rendered here more striking by its contrast with the sky, which is of a dark blue colour. At night the stars shine with a lustre which they have not in a denser atmosphere. The only living creatures seen were a few small birds. On the 31st they reached the spot where the Bagirat'hi or Ganges emerges from under a very low arch at the foot of the grand snow bed. The river here is bounded to the right and left by high snow and rocks, and above it, immediately over the *debouché*, there is a perpendicular mass of snow of the height of 300 feet, from the brow of which large icicles hang, formed by the freezing of the water produced by the action of the sun, and which flows in small cascades over it. The mean breadth of the stream was 27 feet, the depth about 15 inches. In the hopes of getting on to the top of the activity, they ascended by a dangerous path, but they were soon under the necessity of returning, as the surface of the snow was broken into chasms, and in many places so soft, that they often sank in it up to the neck. The avalanches were falling from Mount Moira with a noise like that of thunder, and threatening by its shocks to loosen the unsteady foundation on which they then stood. From the highest station they saw onwards about five miles. In the space they had passed over, after leaving the *debouché*, the Ganges was not to be seen, being concealed by snow, probably many hundred feet in thickness, and as far as they could observe, it did not again appear, so that this may be considered the first place where it becomes visible. The breadth of the snow valley is about a mile and a half, and its length about seven

miles from the *debouché* to the summit. It may be easily conceived, that a large supply of water must be furnished at this season by the melting of this mass, and of that covering the great peaks that surround it, all of which runs to the valley to form the Ganges, which is farther augmented by the waters that filter through the rents of the snow. In this way there must be a sufficient supply, during a course of six or seven miles, to form such a stream as was observed issuing under the arch. No volcanoes were seen or heard of in those mountains, nor were there found any shells or animal remains. The magnetic variation differed little from that on the plains, and the diurnal slight changes of the barometer were perceptible, the mercury always falling a little before noon.

SOLIMA TERRITORY.

Captain Laing, of the Royal African Colonial Regiment, has returned to Sierra Leone, from a residence of some months in the Solima territory, to which he proceeded on an invitation of the king. The country, then visited for the first time by an European, possesses a peculiar geographical interest as the source of the mysterious Niger. The information obtained by Captain Laing is likely to prove both important and interesting, as the Solimas are a numerous and powerful nation, of the interior of which scarcely more than the name was known until three years ago, when an army of 10,000 men appeared in the Mandingo country to terminate a dispute between two chiefs of that nation, the weaker of whom had appealed to the king of Solima. The elevation, and the latitude and longitude of the hill of Soma, whence the Niger has its origin, have, we understand, been ascertained. Captain Laing is also of opinion, that no material difficulty would be experienced in the route from Sierra Leone, through Sankara, to the Niger at Nafi. His Journal is expected to be very soon before the public.

ECONOMICAL BRIDGES.

A bridge of suspension, or rather of tension, has been constructed by Seguin, near Annonay, in the department de l'Ardeche, after the mode of those used by the natives of America.

At the place where it is constructed the river is confined by rocks, which have furnished strong points of attachment for the bridge—a band composed of eight iron wires, each 1-22 of inch in diameter, is fixed by its extremity to a bolt in the rock. It then crosses the river and passes round a pully on the opposite side, from which it goes to that where it commences, and again returning to the other side, and again back, crossing the water four times; small pieces of wood are fixed to the bands of wire, over which are placed planks that form the foot-path of the bridge. Two other bands are carried across the river at a convenient height to serve as hand rails, and these are connected to the others by descending wires. The bridge is also fixed at the middle to large stones thrown into the water, to prevent any lateral motion. This bridge, so light as to occasion fear on first going on it, is so steady and strong, that no sensible vibration or bending is perceived in going along it. It is 2 feet broad and 55 long. The weight of wire about 25 pounds. The expense of the whole materials it is stated was 35 francs, the labour is estimated at 15 francs, so that the bridge was constructed for 50 francs.

ENGLISH OPIUM.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, of Winslow, Bucks, have cultivated poppies for opium, with such success, as to induce the belief that this branch of agriculture is of national importance and worthy of support. In 1821, they produced 60 pounds of solid opium, equal to the best Turkey,

from rather less than four acres and a half. The seed was sown in February, came up in March, and the gathering commenced in the latter end of July, when the poppies had lost their petals and were covered with a bluish white bloom. By horizontal incisions, opium was procured from them daily, until the produce would no longer bear the expense; 97 pounds 1 ounce were obtained for 31*l.* 11*s.* 2½*d.*, which, when properly evaporated, yielded 60 pounds of dried opium. The poppies stood till they became yellow, about the middle of August; they were then pulled and laid in rows on the land, and, when dry, seeds were got from them amounting to 13 cwt. which was expected to yield 71½ gallons of oil. The oil cake was used with great advantage in feeding cattle. From the capsule from which the seed is obtained, an extract may be got by cold water, eight grains of which are equal to one of opium, an acre producing 80 pounds of it, and the poppy straw, when laid in the yard in a compact heap, makes excellent manure. The quantity of opium consumed in this country is about 50,000 pounds, which could be easily raised in many parts where there is dry land and a superfluous population. On the moderate calculation of 10 pounds per acre, 5000 acres would be sufficient, which would employ about 50,000 people, such as are not calculated for common agricultural labour, and at a time when there is scarcely other labour for them; viz. between hay time and harvest.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE intelligence from Spain, since our last, although interesting, is, we are sorry to say, not very flattering to the friends of the constitution. The military details indeed are so trifling as scarcely to be worthy of insertion. They consist invariably of the advance of the French after some irregular skirmishing; and the invaders appear now to be checked merely by the fortresses, which universally resist, and which they are,

therefore, compelled to invest in their progress. This, to be sure, must necessarily delay and distribute their forces, but still the delay must be merely temporary, unless they are encountered by a more general and active opposition. This, we fear, is not likely to be the case, unless indeed the spirit of the people proves more sincere than that of some of those in whom they have confided. It appears, that on the establishment of

the French army at Madrid, the Cortes began to think their residence at Seville insecure, and determined upon their own removal, and that of the Royal family, to Cadiz. Ferdinand, however, who takes a different view of an invader's advance into the heart of his dominions, thought proper now to remonstrate as lustily against his departure from Seville, as he had before against his departure from Madrid—the authorities argued with him, but they preached to the winds, and were at last obliged to appeal to the Cortes, who declared Ferdinand to be in a state of mental aberration, and appointed a Regency to act until his arrival at Cadiz. He was then removed *vi et armis*, very much against his will, and arrived in the isle of Leon safe, and as rational as ever, on the 16th. The rapid advance of General Bourdesoult upon Seville with a considerable force, is stated to have been the cause of this determination on the part of the Cortes; and, strange to say, this very advance, intended, no doubt, as most friendly to Ferdinand, is said to have thus operated against his meditated escape. It was arranged, it seems, to have enclosed Ferdinand in a *bale of blankets*, to have thus carried him out of the castle, and having embarked him in a steam boat on the Guadalquivir, he was to have been transmitted to the French squadron in the bay of Cadiz! The precipitate approach of Bourdesoult, however, alarmed the Cortes before the scheme was ripe, and thus defrauded the blankets of the *Royal bug*! It was a pity—the very situation might have afforded Ferdinand a fine subject for some future piece of embroidery, and thus his loyal subjects might have had the safety of his person producing a most legitimate occupation for the exercise of his mind. Certain it is, that his mind never could have been more innocently employed. The account of this plot is taken from the *Constitutionnel*. Another plot, of a much more serious nature, is, however, spoken of in accounts from Cadiz, which, being to the same purport, has, we hope untruly, the name of an Englishman of rank assigned to it. The article is dated Cadiz, June 14, and asserts, that a conspiracy was detected at Seville, at the head of which was Sir John

Downie, to induce the military to rise and resist the king's removal. Its discovery was curious. In the Alcazar of Seville, a person belonging to the palace was accidentally passing, and heard some tumultuous expressions proceeding as if from beneath him: he instantly proceeded to the place to discover the cause, when he found seventeen persons sitting in council with several papers before them, which they hastily concealed on his approach. The discoverer being intimidated, retreated to the door and gave an alarm. They were all taken, and Sir John Downie and his nephew, a Mr. Barrie, were sent, under a strong escort, to Paris, where it was thought that they would be tried and shot. Most sincerely do we hope, for the sake of the country, that this detail may be without foundation; but it is asserted too positively to be totally discredited. We need not say, however, that we state it on no authority of our own, but merely as it has come to us through the public journals. If these reports are true, and were known to Ferdinand, he certainly showed more sense than insanity in his opposition to the journey. He was three days upon the road, and appears to have been treated with neglect, if not contempt, by the people as he passed along. The intention of the Cortes, in thus for the time deposing him, was, it seems, merely to compel his departure; for on his arrival at Cadiz, they immediately met, and formally restored to him his authority. It is said, that when the ceremony of reinstating him in his power was finished, he exclaimed, "*Ahora es acabada mi locura*," (now is my madness over!) We hope so. The first sitting of the Cortes at Cadiz was held on the 18th, and 110 members answered to their names; a plain proof that so many men of consideration, at least, are contented to abide by the responsibility of this measure. The Royal family were lodged in the palace of the Customs, and their arrival was marked by a melancholy event, namely, the self-destruction of the war minister, who cut his throat after burning his papers. That the Constitutional Cortes have, if they fail, incurred something more than a verbal responsibility, appears pretty clearly from the proceedings of the

Angoulême regency, on hearing of their proceedings. On the 21st of June they published a proclamation, denouncing as "enemies to God and the Monarch," all who were concerned in the deportation of Ferdinand to Cadiz. On the 22d they met again, and issued a decree declaring that a list should be formed of the members of the Cortes, the military officers, &c. &c. who ordered or executed the removal; that their property should be sequestered; that they were guilty of high treason, and that they should be put to death whenever taken, without any judicial process, upon simple proof of their identity! We really cannot see why those who advocate the framing of such a decree as this should complain so loudly that the Constitutional leaders deny quarter to the rebel Spaniards found in arms against them. This fact is surely "simple proof of their identity" as enemies. There are, however, much more disastrous reports with respect to the Cortes, than any with which the Angoulême Regency can affect them; we allude to rumours of division amongst themselves. Such a division had taken place in the councils of the Constitutionals, and to such a height had their disagreements been carried, that General Zayas, to whom the command of the troops had been confided, threatened to leave the city, and join Ballasteros. The Constitutionals are stated to be now formed into two parties; one of which is called the moderate party, and espouse the safety of Ferdinand; this is headed by Romero Alpuente, and Gasca, the ex-minister of the interior; the other is named the phrenetic party, led by Galiano and Arguelles, determined in time of danger upon the sacrifice of the Royal Family. Though so extreme a measure as this can scarcely be justified, still our readers will not be surprised that the most ardent, or perhaps we should say the least ardent of the Constitutionals, should be exasperated to the very utmost against their invaders, when we announce that the adherents of the faith have, under the fanatic auspices of the French Prince, actually established the Inquisition in all its power in Madrid! Thus, if the Bourbons now succeed, it is quite clear that

those who so nobly opposed Napoleon, and perished in their opposition, have been shedding their blood for the establishment of a system to be deplored equally by the friends of freedom and Christianity. This account of a division amongst the Cortes was soon to be followed up by one but too well authenticated, and of a nature almost equally calamitous; we mean the defection of the Spanish General, Morillo. He had defeated General Bourke, with considerable loss in Leon; when all of a sudden he stopped in his career, and issued a proclamation, which appeared at the moment somewhat suspicious, but which, nevertheless, left some loop-hole for hope. In this document, dated at Lugo, his headquarters on the 26th of June, he addresses the soldiers and inhabitants of the fourth military district, and disclaims the authority of the Regency, established by the Cortes, at Seville. He declares that he had collected the sense both of the soldiers and the people, and that it expressed a determination not to obey the decrees of the Cortes, who had unconstitutionally deprived the king of his privileges. He then named a council to assist him in the command of the district which he retained, until "the king and the nation should have adopted a regular system of government." He also declared his intention of proposing to the French an armistice, until it was seen what turn affairs would take. This, it must be admitted, was sufficiently alarming; but still those who confided in him were willing to hope that when he received intelligence of the restoration of Ferdinand's authority at Cadiz, his scruples would be silenced, and his allegiance resumed. Notwithstanding, however, that this was communicated to him in such a way as destroyed all incredulity, he not only proposed an armistice, but actually delivered up Lugo to the French, and went over to them with the few troops which he could induce to follow him, and few they were, as it is not denied that they almost all deserted him when his perfidy became apparent. Perhaps, after all, this defection, though undoubtedly to be deplored, is not much to be wondered at. Morillo was one of Ferdinand's most able but devoted

generals, and had fought too long and too zealously at his command against the infant liberties of South America, to have imbibed very sincerely the principles of liberty at home; the cause is the same every where. But it is our business simply to record the fact, and leave others to comment on it. The defection of Morillo has not, however, at present, produced all the bad effects which were naturally to be feared from it. Though he has gone over, he has gone almost alone; the military deserted him, and the civil authorities of the province denounced him. Before he had passed the Rubicon completely, and while he yet might be said to linger on its banks, he addressed a letter of half entreaty, half remonstrance, to General Quiroga, his second in command, seeking sophistically to justify his conduct, and to induce Quiroga to follow his example. Quiroga, however, replied to this by a most indignant denunciation, and followed it up by a proclamation, explaining to the province that the open treachery of Morillo now shows that his previous apathy in suffering the French to advance so far, was the result of a preconcerted treason; he gives the necessary directions for rallying the force of the province around the Constitutional standard under which he declares it to be his individual determination to resist to the last. This attempt was followed up by another equally unsuccessful upon the Governor of St. Sebastian. A French officer was sent to the fortress with a flag of truce, informing him of the events which had occurred in Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, and also of the submission of Morillo to the Regency. This last point, it seems, was considered by the French of such importance, that they offered to allow the Governor to send one of his officers to Madrid, in order personally to convince himself of its truth. The Governor replied, that all he wanted to know was, the exact state of the garrisons of Santona and Pampeluna; but the French General refused to allow any communication with these fortresses, upon which the intercourse was immediately concluded. At its close, however, some of the French troops fancying that an accommodation was about to be effected, advanced with some confidence rather too near the fortress; the consequence was, an immediate salute of grape shot from the batteries, and a sally from the garrison, in which the invaders admit considerable loss; this shows that the negotiations terminated in something more than smoke, and that all patriotism has not perished with Morillo. The officer, however, who has displayed, not the most zeal, for the zeal of Quiroga, Riego, and Ballasteros, remains still unquestioned, but beyond comparison the most activity, is the indefatigable Mina. This chieftain has traversed Catalonia, from north to south, according even to Marshal Moncey's own dispatches, unmolested. Most of his men are stationed in the fort of Bellaguer, Tarragona, Figueras, Zerida, &c. which serve him as points d'appui, and in which he changes his flying corps, leaving them whenever the men are tired, and taking out fresh troops. He has been reinforced by the corps of Manso, who has died. Manso was a brave, a good and faithful officer; and his death must, at such a moment, operate as a severe loss to the Constitutionalists. In the meantime, the Angoulême Regency are making every preparation for the investing of Corunna and Cadiz; upon the fall of the latter place, they build their greatest hopes; its defence, however, unless terminated by treachery, is likely to prove tedious. Upon their creation, they immediately appointed the Duke of San Carlos Ambassador Extraordinary to Louis XVIII. It is related, that when he presented his credentials to the French King, he strongly excited his Majesty to continue his aid to rescue the King of Spain and the Royal Family, to which Louis replied, "I am very sensible, Sir, of the sentiments which you express to me in the name of the Regency of Spain. I follow it in its labours, with the interest inspired by tender children, who conduct the affairs of a father who is confined by sickness. God has hitherto protected the justest of causes in a manner too visible not to hope that he will continue to render it his support. For me, strong in the purity of my intentions, and of those of the Sovereigns, my Allies; I am resolved not to lay down my arms un-

til I restore to Spain her happiness, to the King his liberty, and to Europe that repose of which the troubles of your country threatened to deprive it."

With respect to Portugal, the counter-revolution in that country to which we alluded in our last, appears, whether through the popular influence, or, as is more probable, the influence of French gold, to have been fully consummated. By official accounts from Lisbon, we learn that the King, on the 5th of June, made a grand triumphal entry into that Capital, where his presence inspired, it is said, universal rejoicings. It certainly appears that he relies much upon the popular opinion, as he has gone several times since into public, and the enthusiasm with which he is stated to have been received, seems to justify his confidence. On his arrival, he issued a number of decrees, which were substantially as follow. He revoked the decree of the Cortes against the Queen, declaring that he had signed it with great grief and on compulsion—her Majesty immediately returned to Lisbon, from the country house to which the Cortes had banished her. He restored Count Amarante to his honours and emoluments—he nominated Prince Miguel Commander in Chief of the army—opened the Portuguese ports to French ships—revoked the liberty of the press—appointed a censorship for each journal—restored to the monasteries, convents, &c. all the property of which the Cortes had deprived them, and finally nominated a junta of fourteen members to prepare a new Constitution! Most undoubtedly, if future navigators should discover future countries, the present day in Europe will furnish spare Constitutions in abundance to supply them, and suit all their tastes, however various. On the 4th of June, the day previous to the entry of the King, the Constitutional General, Don Louis de Nego Barreto, who commanded the army against Amarante, signified his abandonment of the government by reading Don Miguel's proclamation to his troops. The king granted a distinctive medal to all the officers and non-commissioned officers who accompanied the infant, Don Miguel, to Villa Franca de Merina. It bears the legend—

"fidelity to the king and country." Indeed, if we may credit the Lisbon Gazette, the counter-revolution appears to prove most palatable to all ranks of the community. According to it, deputations and congratulatory addresses continue to pour in from every part of the country; and the only trouble occasioned to the authorities was to restrain the popular zeal directed against the revolutionists, and particularly against the freemasons. Amidst the commotions consequent on this change, our countryman, Sir Robert Wilson, appears to have had a narrow escape. He, accompanied by one or two young gentlemen, had gone over to Spain to assist the Revolutionists, and was, during this rupture, at Oporto, in consequence of some negotiations relative to an expected command in the Portuguese army. He was immediately arrested by the new authorities, but suffered to depart for Galicia, on pledging his honour that he would not attempt to interfere with the new order of things. On his way, however, at Braga, the populace, instigated by the priests, gave him such treatment, that he was glad to escape back again to Oporto. The authorities there again forced him to depart from the country; and he, at last, with some difficulty, arrived at Vigo, from which place he published an address to the Portuguese nation, grievously complaining of the usage he received. Sir Robert, according to the last accounts from Spain, was to assist in the defence of Corunna. The Spaniards, it seems, expected that he would land in their country, at the head of 10,000 British volunteers; and letters from his friends, which have been published, now say, that he is to have the commission of a lieutenant-general in the Constitutional service, on the landing of a fourth part of the legion. For ourselves, we profess, wishing well to every free cause, as undoubtedly we do, we cannot clearly comprehend the source of these expectations. We cannot forget that our ministers, whether justly or unjustly, have continued in force the provisions of the foreign enlistment bill; and while that is the case, it is utterly impossible that any such force can be equipped in this country for the

service of Spain. To hold out, therefore, any such hope to her people is to practise on them a gross delusion which never can be realized, and which, when discovered, may produce the worst of consequences. If the Spaniards will not fight for their freedom, they do not deserve to enjoy it; and the zeal is worse than suspicious which requires the instigation of imposture. We are quite sure, that neither Sir Robert Wilson, nor either of his associates, would lend themselves to such devices, and hope soon to see them attain promotion more by their own talents and valour than by any fanciful aid which it is not in their power to furnish. There seems to be a concerted system between the cabinet of the Thuilleries and the new counter-revolution governments, calculating upon the theatrical effect of its display—at least, judging from the following anecdote, and holding in mind the reception of the Duke of San Carlos, as we have detailed it above. The Marquis of Marialva, the new Portuguese ambassador to the French court, on presenting his credentials thus addressed the king. "The king, my master, re-established in the free exercise of his power by an unanimous and spontaneous movement of all classes in the kingdom—an event on which the resolution adopted by your Majesty with respect to Spain has had so much influence—hastens to renew those relations between the two august courts of France and Portugal which were interrupted much against his inclination." To which Louis replied—"I feel sensibly on account of the part which the king, your master, ascribes to me in the great event which has restored him to liberty. I congratulate his Most Faithful Majesty on his being in a situation to do to his people all the good which his heart dictates. But I address myself also to you, to congratulate you on the fine example which the Portuguese government has, for the second time, given of its energy and attachment to the House of Braganza. History will not separate these facts; and the 1st of June, 1823, will live in the memory of men, as much as the 1st of December, 1640,"—alluding to the establishment of the House of Braganza upon the throne of Portugal. It is stated on

the authority of the French papers, that the King of Portugal was no sooner re-established in his privileges than he sent out two commissioners to Rio Janeiro, charged with a letter to his son, giving positive orders to cease hostilities immediately; similar orders had been sent to Bahia and Rio de la Plata. These papers say, that there is every ground for believing that the Emperor (or, as they call him, the Prince Royal,) will not hesitate to second the efforts of his father, and assure the Brazilians that they will enjoy a government adapted to their position, and calculated to promote their welfare, with the advantage of being governed henceforth by a Prince of the House of Braganza. It really is difficult to say what any prince will do under any circumstances, and therefore we do not pretend to deny that the Brazilian emperor may second the wishes of his "august parent" upon this occasion; however, we doubt the fact, because the "Prince Royal" will thereby substitute an inferior for a superior title, which crowned heads do not seem to entertain any predilection for, particularly those whose royalty has sprung from Spain or Portugal: as to the good people of the Brazils, it is quite clear, that the advantage held out to them by the change, they enjoy already; they have a prince of the royal stock of Braganza.

On the interesting subject of the state of Greece we have nothing new to add. It is said, that a Turkish fleet, consisting of 120 sail, had put to sea; but various accounts represent that the Porte does not succeed well in the formation of a new army. Accounts from Tripolezza, of the 16th of May, give a favourable report of the Greek affairs. The military chiefs were beginning to recognize the authority of the central government, so that a better organization and more concert, the want of which was sensibly felt, might now be expected. The interest shown in the British metropolis had been communicated by the agent sent by the Greek committee to the sitting of the representatives. The communication was deeply felt, and many of the members were observed to shed tears. On the whole, though they seemed to expect a renewed and increased

exertion on the part of the Turks, still their courage and confidence do not seem to be in the least abated. The Greek committee still continue their labours in London, as do also those who have undertaken to receive the Spanish subscription. We must not omit to mention that one individual has sent anonymously 5000*l.* to the latter fund, an act of munificence on the part of an individual not to be paralleled, we believe, even in this munificent country.

By accounts from Rome, we learn that his Holiness, the Pope, has met with an accident, which will, in all probability, terminate his eventful life. Indeed, at his advanced age, and in the state of extreme feebleness in which he is represented to be, nothing else can be expected. It seems, in attempting to reach a rope by which he was in the habit of raising himself from his arm chair in his study, he missed his grasp and fell upon a marble slab, by which his thigh-bone was broken. His cries brought his attendants to his assistance, and he was carried to his bed; a fever had, however, begun, which it was feared would prove fatal. Indeed, the very nature of the accident argues great debility. His death would, it is supposed, cause much embarrassment, as each of the continental powers is interested in the choice of his successor. Austria, it is long known, has anxiously looked to the appointment of one of her own princes to a vacant chair, which would, in fact, place Italy at her supreme disposal. How strangely St. Peter must look upon such a motive for the succession to his keys. Times are much altered: it seems, since his sacred master declared his "kingdom" not to be "of this world."

Accounts from Mexico confirm the deposition of Iturbide. That country is now governed by a regency or triumvirate. The fallen emperor is on his way to Italy, with an annual allowance of 25,000 dollars! It really would appear as if the new world was jealous of the singular revolutions of the old, and determined in our own day to rival them.

We are sorry to have to announce melancholy intelligence from our colony at Sierra Leone. "Every thing," says a letter from thence, dated May 31, "seems to conspire against this

unfortunate colony, which is now visited with one of the most baneful fevers that ever visited this or any other place; nothing but misery seems to be depicted in the countenances of the few Europeans who yet remain; nearly eighty gentlemen have died within six weeks." That this information is too true, appears plainly from an order in council, directing that all vessels arriving from that place should conform to a strict quarantine.

The Persian ambassador, Mirza Saulih, has, on his departure from this country, issued a curious invitation from the Prince of Persia to English emigrants to settle in his dominions. He promises them plenty and protection, and perfect freedom under his sway. Strange promises from the heir apparent to the most absolute despotism in the world! It is said that there have been many inquiries already after the promised land: we should have thought that "Persian freedom" would scarcely have operated upon any subject of this realm as an inducement to emigration—perhaps, however, the invitation was meant for *Ireland*.

The session of Parliament has terminated, and the Houses have been prorogued by a speech delivered by Lords Commissioners, his Majesty's precarious state of health rendering a prorogation in person unadvisable. Before, however, we present our readers with the speech which closed the sittings, we deem it right to pursue our summary of the measures which preceded. They are neither very important nor very numerous—indeed, the past session, taking it altogether, has not presented any features of extraordinary interest. On the 30th of June, Mr. Hume presented a petition from a person of the name of Mitford, praying for an inquiry into the state of private madhouses, and referring to a book which he had written on this subject. This petition caused some discussion, and an opinion was expressed by Mr. G. Bennet in the course of it, that Dr. Warburton was called upon imperatively to prosecute the book. We have ourselves seen this publication, and we quite agree with Mr. Bennet, that Dr. Warburton is called upon to institute, not a prosecution, but a civil process against the author, by which

alone the truth of the facts alledged can be put in issue. The detail of human calamity and human crime which this book imputes, is absolutely terrific—either the author or the accused must be atrociously criminal—the one, if he has had the heart to perpetrate such cruelty—the other, if he has dared to publish it without foundation. We totally disagree with Mr. Peel as to its not calling for inquiry—when such a statement as that book contains has been publicly hazarded, it forms a subject for investigation, the most prompt, public, and unsparing. The character of Dr. Warburton, which we understand to be most respectable, is not alone in issue—it is, in fact, the character of human nature. The petition was ordered to be printed.

The English Roman Catholic Qualification Bill was lost in the House of Commons, by a majority of 89 to 30.

A sum of 40,000*l.* was voted in the House of Commons for the erection of a building to receive the royal library. After some debate, it was agreed that this money should be appropriated to the finishing a wing of Somerset House, and it was also suggested, that, when finished, the models and paintings should be removed there from the British Museum. It appeared that Sir G. Beaumont had presented his paintings to the British Museum; and it seems as if the Angerstein collection would be also bought for the public benefit.

A petition was presented to the house by Mr. Hume, signed by upwards of 2,000 persons, of various Christian denominations, amongst whom were ninety-eight Christian ministers, praying for the discontinuance of prosecutions, on account of the publication of infidel opinions. The petition, which is much too long for our limits, was very beautifully written, and has been attributed, we believe justly, to the classical pen of Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool. Mr. Hume founded on the petition some resolutions which he subsequently withdrew, conceiving, no doubt, that the discussion itself had produced all the good attainable.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward what is technically called the Budget. The details were, of course, dry and uninterest-

ing, but concluded with the satisfactory intelligence that the revenue was increasing, and that this year would produce a surplus of receipt above expenditure, of 409,177*l.*, of which 244,000*l.* would be applied to the reduction of the debt. This was independent of the appropriation of five millions to the sinking fund. The honourable member's statement drew forth universal compliments, similar to those which followed his lucid exposition at the commencement of the Session.

The Irish Tithe Composition Bill, and the Irish Insurrection Bill, have passed into laws. Upon the discussion of the latter, in the House of Lords, Earl Fitzwilliam declared that "he never gave a vote in his life with greater satisfaction than the vote which he had just given against that bill. He knew enough of the horrors which had been committed under such acts, to make one's blood run cold." The noble Earl then left the house.

A motion made by Colonel Palmer, for an investigation into the conduct of our Foreign Policy, was negatived without a division. The honourable mover reprobated it as a disgraceful and destructive system.

After various discussions upon the conduct of the Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer, Mr. Scarlett moved "that the house does not think it necessary, under all the circumstances that have been stated, to adopt any proceeding in regard to the conduct of the Chief Baron of Ireland." The resolution was agreed to by a majority of 38 to 16.

A bill for the better regulation of the Scotch juries, which had passed the Commons, was thrown out in the House of Lords. Several incidental discussions have taken place latterly in the House of Commons, on the subject of delays in the Court of Chancery. No measure, however, appears to have been founded on them. Indeed it is much easier to criticise the conduct of such a Judge as Lord Eldon, than to improve upon it. It is most ungenerous to sneer at an individual for faults which lie in a system.

The Spital-fields silk manufacture regulation bill, which had caused, in its progress, the greatest ferment amongst the operative weavers, has

been lost; Mr. Huskisson, its parent, conceived that the amendments made in it in the Upper House had so neutralized the measure as to render it ineffectual; accordingly he would not move the concurrence of the House of Commons in the amendments, and the bill fell to the ground. This event has caused the greatest rejoicings throughout the district of Spital-fields. It is, however, only fair to add, that nothing could have been more temperate than the conduct of the weavers during the progress of a bill vitally affecting them.

The following is his Majesty's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, after which the Parliament was prorogued with the usual solemnities:

My Lords and Gentlemen.—We are commanded by his Majesty, in releasing you from your attendance in Parliament, to express to you his Majesty's acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity wherewith you have applied yourselves to the several objects which his Majesty recommended to your attention, at the opening of the Session.

His Majesty entertains a confident expectation that the provisions of internal regulation, which you have adopted with respect to Ireland, will, when carried into effect, tend to remove some of the evils which have so long afflicted that part of the United Kingdom.

We are commanded to assure you, that you may depend upon the firm, but temperate exercise of those powers which you have entrusted to his Majesty, for the suppression of violence and outrage in that country, and for the protection of the lives and properties of his Majesty's loyal subjects.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that his Majesty is enabled to contemplate the flourishing condition of all branches of our commerce and manufactures, and the greatest abatement of those difficulties which the Agricultural interest has so long and so severely suffered.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.—We have it in command from his Majesty to thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year, and to assure you that he has received the sincerest pleasure from the relief which you have been able to afford his people, by a large reduction of taxes.

My Lords, and Gentlemen.—His Majesty has commanded us to inform you that he continues to receive from all Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

Deeply as his Majesty still regrets the

failure of his earnest endeavours to prevent the interruption of the peace of Europe, it affords him the greatest consolation that the principles upon which he has acted, and the policy which he has determined to pursue, have been marked with your warm and cordial concurrence, as consonant with the interests, and satisfactory to the feelings of his people.

Our readers will not fail to observe, amid the mere verbiage of this speech, the allusion which is made to Ireland. The state of that country may be easily summed up. The people are too busy in mutual depredation to think of paying either rent or taxes, and even were they not busy, they have nothing to pay—the Magistrates are fully occupied in transporting them—the Crown Lawyers are employed prosecuting them—the Catholics are mutually complimenting each other, on their acknowledged patriotism, and the Orangemen are all thanking the Grand Orange Lodge, for not dressing King William on the 12th of July. It will surprise our readers, after the flattering summary just given, to hear that this anniversary has, notwithstanding, just been celebrated by an unusual number of massacres and murders! If any thing could add to this disgusting catalogue, it is, that some semi-barbarous priestly hypocrites are bellowing forth a Catholic miracle, just achieved in Ireland, upon the tongue of Miss Lalor, through the agency of Prince Hohenloe, St. John of Nepomuscene, Father O'Connor, and Doctor Doyle, of Derrig, in the county of Carlow!! We would recommend these politic Catholic priests to transmit an authentic account of this miracle to Mr. Peel—it would really read well in the House of Commons on the next discussion of their claims.

AGRICULTURE.

The field operations of this month have been busy—weeding the corn, which never, within our remembrance, stood in so much need of cleaning—sowing turnips, and getting in the upland and meadow hay. The Swedes, which were earliest sown, were taken off in many places by the fly, whose ravages, it is said, have been much stopped by sowing fresh slacked hot lime over the plant. It is singular, that in the teeth of tes-

timony so decided as that given by Mr. Coke, at the last Holkham meeting, who declared, that he considered his turnip crop to be rendered as secure by the adoption of the ridge system as any other—it is most singular, we say, that farmers should be so negligent in following the practice. But so it is ; and this, amongst other circumstances, shows how much the cessation of a festival, where so many beneficial truths were enforced, is to be lamented. We cannot, indeed, at this particular period, write a syllable, without remembering how many facts in this art, so important to mankind, our report this month might have contained, had not the calamities, which fell upon agriculture so unexpectedly and so heavily, occasioned the suppression of a meeting, the most powerful with respect to the propagation of useful results of any ever held in the empire.

The constant showery weather which has prevailed during the entire period that has elapsed since our former report, has, however, been very favourable to the late sown turnips, which, generally speaking, are abundant and healthy. The meadow hay has been kept backward by this circumstance, and if the growth be increased the quality will be injured. Potatoes, in spite of the very reduced price, are sown in greater quantities this year, and the plants rise fairly. Beans and peas are generally good.

The corn of all kinds has been benefited, but the farmer begins to look a little anxiously for sunny weather; wheat, barley, and oats, are upright even upon the heaviest soils,—a proof, say some of the speculators, that the crops cannot but be light. Although this is by no means a conclusive argument, for the rain has been as gentle as the showers of April, there is upon the whole, reason to believe the crop will not be more, if so much, as an average, owing principally to a comparatively careless culture, and to the frosts. But there has seldom been a season more favourable to land in general ; and if the next two months present tolerably warm and dry weather, there will be but little reason to complain of nature. The harvest must at all events be from three to five weeks later than usual, according to soils and circumstances. The hops are dreadfully injured by insects, and the duty is estimated at

an exceedingly small amount. Mr. Coke sold his wool at Thetford (Norfolk) fair at 46s., but the general price cannot be taken so high.

The quantity of wheat which has reached Mark-lane in the four weeks that have passed since our last account has increased a little, comparatively with the same period last year,—a curious fact—as up to this time, there has never been a delivery equal to last year's. For the five weeks, to July 21, inclusive, the total stands as follows :—

1822 Quarters of Wheat 39,953

1823 Do. Do. 40,493

Increase 540

At the same time, it is to be stated that the quantities of flour have within the last twenty weeks exceeded by nearly one half the supply of last year ; so that in point of fact, London is now furnished with as much as (computing from last year) is adequate for its consumption till the harvest. The superabundance is accounted for, by the eagerness of the country millers to do all the business possible to their powers, upon a rising market ; and thus, by purchasing in their home markets, they intercepted, as it were, the supply of wheat, and increased the supply of flour. In the face of these facts, flour is nevertheless expected to advance. It would almost seem impossible that it can be known how greatly the supply has been augmented this year. In the last twenty weeks the ratio of increase stands as 210 to 147 thousand sacks. The markets are now to be considered only as what are called weather markets, that is to say, affected as it may be thought the state of the weather is likely to influence the growing crops. Upon the whole, wheat has declined about three shillings per quarter, and barley has been nearly stationary since our last ; the ports are expected to open for oats on the 15th of August. Meats of all descriptions are lower in Smithfield.

COMMERCE.

The most remarkable feature in the commercial transactions of the last four weeks, is the extraordinary speculation in cotton, the consequence of which was a rise in the prices, both at London and Liverpool, and Glasgow : the particulars are in

brief as follows:—for the last four weeks' sale in London; first week, 1,700 bales; second, 12,000; third, 30,000; fourth, 7,100:—at Liverpool, first week, 25,000; second, 21,700; third, 38,350; fourth, 9,900:—the sales at Glasgow during the same period have been nearly 10,000 bales, making in the whole the enormous quantity of above 155,000 bales; the arrivals at Liverpool in the same period have been 75,000 bales. So great a demand, the reason of which, however, does not clearly appear, naturally caused a rise in the prices; and the demand, as might have been expected, having subsided, a decline has taken place. Coffee and Sugar have been in good demand, and the prices improving; but they have again declined a little for the last week or ten days. The Indigo sale at the India House has not turned out exactly as was expected, the finer sorts being sold at 1s. per pound lower. The Company has declared a sale of 6,900,000 pounds of tea, for 2d September. The measures determined on by the government for the gradual

removal of the restrictions on commerce, continue to be gradually brought forward, and there is every reason to expect highly beneficial consequences from their adoption. The following is a bill, (as amended) to authorise his Majesty, under certain circumstances, to regulate the duties and drawbacks on goods imported or exported in foreign vessels:—

His Majesty may, by order in council, authorise the importation of Goods in Foreign Vessels, on payment of the same duties as British Vessels.—Proof to be first given, that, in such Foreign country, goods imported in British vessels pay the same duties as if in vessels of the country.—Duties may be raised on goods imported in vessels belonging to countries where higher duties are imposed on goods imported in British vessels, than when imported in vessels of the country.—Duties to be levied as other duties. Such duties may be removed, or again imposed.—(Clause A.) Foreign vessels of less burthen than sixty tons, exempted from the obligation of taking on board a pilot to conduct them into British ports.—Orders in council under this Act to be laid before Parliament.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

The History of Wells Cathedral and Antiquities. Illustrated by 16 Engravings, by J. Le Keux, &c. from Drawings by G. Cattermole; forming the eighth portion of Mr. Britton's Cathedral Antiquities of England.

A Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, containing a Series of Views, illustrative of the Character and prominent Features of the Coast. By W. Daniell, ARA. Volume the Seventh. In Imperial 4to.

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano, with Notices of their principal Works; beautifully printed in small 8vo. with a Portrait.

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of Brockley, in the same County.—The Rev. Mr. Stroug, Curate of Painswick, Gloucestershire, to be vicar of the same place, by Election.

OXFORD.—His Majesty's Gold and Silver Medals were adjudged as follows: Latin Prose, "Vitorum illustrium minima quæque vitia statim in oculos hominum incurrunt." Mr. Henry Davidson, a Gold Medal.—English Verse, "The Death of Lady Jane Grey." Mr. Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, a Gold Medal.—"Hannibalis ad Scipionem de pace oratio." Mr. Henry Le Mesurier, a Silver Medal.—The Speech of "Titus Quinctius to the Romans, when the Equi and Volsi were ravaging their territory to the very gates of the city." Mr. James Corry Connellan, a Silver Medal.

The following Degrees have been conferred: Doctors in Divinity, the Rev. R. Mason, of Queen's College; the Rev. H. Card, of Pembroke College.—Bachelors in Divinity: The Rev. W. E. Hony and the Rev. P. Johnson, Fellows of Exeter College.—Bachelors in Civil Law: The Rev. C. H. Ridding, and the Rev. R. Grant, Fellows of New College.—Masters of Arts: The Rev. W. Kay, Chaplain of Magdalen College; J. Parker, of Brase-nose College; the Rev. E. Warneford, of St. John's College; G. H. Seymour, Fellow of

Merton College; R. D. Thomson; Rev. J. Egerton; Rev. H. Washington, and the Rev. W. A. Shirley, Fellows of New College.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. Peter Paul Dobree, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, was unanimously elected Regius Professor of Greek, on the resignation of the very Rev. J. H. Monk, DD. Dean of Peterborough.

The Annual Prizes of 15 Guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best Dissertations in Latin Prose, were adjudged as follow:

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The Porson Prize for the best Translation of a Passage from Shakspeare into Greek Verse, was adjudged to Benjamin Hall Kennedy, of St. John's College.—Subject, Henry VIII. Act. v. Scene 6, beginning with "This royal infant," and ending with "And so stand fix'd."

BIRTHS.

- June 20.—The lady of the Rev. John Kirby, a son.
21. At Packington, Warwickshire, the Countess of Aylesford, a son.
— At Lochnew-castle, Lady Agnew, a son.
25. At Bath, the lady of Major Charles de Havilland, a son.
26. At Poyntzfield-house, North Britain, the lady of Major General George Gun Munro, a daughter.
27. The lady of Sir Thomas Farquhar, Bart. a son.
28. At Campall-park, near Doncaster, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. a daughter.
— At Torry-hill, Kent, Lady Montresor, a son and heir.
29. At Painswick-house, Gloucestershire, the lady of W. H. Hyett, Esq. a son.
July 2.—In Wimpole-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Bourcier, a son.
6. In Cumberland-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir T. Noel Hill, KCB. Grenadier Guards, a daughter.
— At his house, in Great George-street, Westminster, the lady of the Hon. Edward Cust, MP. a daughter.
11. At Raymond Arundell's, Esq. Kenilworth, Warwickshire, the lady of Edmond de Penrheny O'Kelly, Esq. a daughter.
15. At her house, on Putney-heath, Lady Colebrooke, a daughter.
— In Montague-street, Portman-square, the lady of W. J. St. Aubyn, Esq. a son.
17. In New-street, Spring-gardens, the lady of J. H. Tremayne, Esq. a daughter.

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At Douglas-house, near Cork, the lady of John Callaghan, Esq. a daughter.

ABROAD.

- At Geneva, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir W. Inglis, KCB. a son.
At Paris, the Viscountesse de Stacpoole, a daughter.
At Spanish Town, Jamaica, the lady of the Hon. W. Burge, a son.
At Gibraltar, the lady of William Filder, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General to the forces, a son.
At Calcutta, the lady of Henry Hobhouse, Esq. second son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. a son.

MARRIAGES.

- June 21.—At St. Mary-le-bone church, by the Rev. Thomas Fuller, MA. J. D. Fitzgerald, Esq. Deputy Assistant Commissary General to the forces to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late R. Fuller, Esq. of York-street, Portman-square.
— At Ashbourne, the Rev. H. C. Boutflower, Bury, Lancashire, to Harriet, eldest daughter

of the late H. J. Boutflower, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.

24. At the new church of Mary-le-bone, Robert Peter Smith, Esq. to Josepha, relict of R. Chamberlain, Esq. of Mullet-hall, Jamaica.
26. At Mary-le-bone church, by the Rev. Dr. Ridley, Prebendary of Gloucester, the Rev. Henry John Ridley, Prebendary of Bristol, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lee Steere Steere, Esq. of Javes, Surrey.
30. At Hythe, Kent, by the Rev. J. H. Bell, Henry Thompson, Esq. BA. Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Anne Harrison, second daughter of the Rev. James Bell, Vicar of Lympe, Kent.
July 1.—At Ipsden, Oxon, Lieut. Allan Francis Gardiner, RN. third son of Samuel Gardiner, Esq. of Coombe-lodge, Oxon, to Julia Susanna, second daughter of John Reede, Esq. of Ipsden-house, in the same county.
5. By the Rev. Lord John Thynne, the Hon. Henry Lascelles, to Lady Louisa Thynne, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath.
8. At the house of Barrington Price, Esq. of Haslemere, Robert Price, Esq. MP. for Hereford, and only son of Uvedale Price, Esq. of Foxley, to Mary Anne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Price, Prebendary of Durham, and Canon Residentiary of Salisbury.
15. At Churston Ferrers, Devonshire, by the Rev. J. Dix, Colonel William Wood, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Capt. Edward Dix, RN.
— At Speldhurst, Kent, Major Brook Bridges Parlyb, of the Madras Army, to Miss Maria Plumb.
16. At Cheltenham, Isaac Hawkins Morrison, Esq. Post Capt. in the Royal Navy, to Louisa Adams, daughter of John Powell Smith, Esq. of Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Thomas White, John Jarrett, Esq. of Marelands, Hants, and Camerton-house, Somersetshire, to Anna Eliza Waller, youngest daughter of Sir Matthew Waller, Bart. of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, and of Hertford-street, May-fair.
17. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Col. Mackinnon, to Anne Jane, eldest daughter of John Dent, Esq. MP.

IN SCOTLAND.

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At Glasnevin church, county of Dublin, by the Rev. Archdeacon Bishopp, Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Capt. Martin G. T. Lindsay, of the 78th Highland Regiment, to Harriet Anne, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Robert Bull, CB. &c.

At Portunna, county of Galway, by the Rev. John Arnstrong, Capt. Humfrey, of the 86th regt. to Mary, only daughter of the late William Keys, Esq. of Cavanacorn, county of Donegal.

IN WALES.

At Llanbadarn Valvr, by the Rev. R. Evans, F. T. Gibb, Esq. to Elizabeth, only child of the late Thomas Hughes, Esq. of Hendrefelen, in the county of Cardigan.

ABROAD.

In Granville, Nova Scotia, by the Rev. B. C. Gray, Thomas Ritchie, Esq. Barrister, and Member for the county of Annapolis, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late George Best, of Pershore, Worcester, Esq.

At her mother's house, by the Vicar General of Naples, Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Matthew Higgins, of Bennown, Ireland, Esq. to Gaetano Pannola, Esq. of Lauro. The ceremony was afterwards performed at the house of Mr. Hamilton, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from his Britannic Majesty.

In the Cathedral Church, at Quebec, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Quebec, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Mills, Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces, Capt. Frederick Arabin, RA. fourth son of Henry Arabin, Esq. of Maglare, County of Meath, Ireland, to Miss Eliza Mountain, eldest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

DEATHS.

June 23.—At Lamas, Norfolk, in the 77th year of his age, Wm. Lubbock, Esq. father of Sir John Wm. Lubbock, Bart.

26. At Kentish Town, Geo. Jackson, Esq. in the 76th year of his age—the last, except one of the original Directors named in the Act of Parliament for that truly great national work, the Grand Junction Canal.

27. Of a fever, Dr. O'Leary, Principal Medical Officer at Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight.

30. At Eltham, Kent, John Bowdler, Esq. in the 78th year of his age.

— At his house, at Stamford, Lincolnshire, Octavius Graham Gilchrist, Esq. Mr. Gilchrist was originally intended for the church, and with that view was entered of Magdalen College, Oxford; but after a residence of two years he quitted it for a lucrative business, which was left him by his uncle. This made no change, however, in his character: he added high literary acquirements to a mind unusually vigorous and discriminating, and became the author of several interesting publications; among which his Vindications of Ben Jonson and of Pope will not soon be forgotten. He was one of the earliest contributors to the London Magazine, and an occasional writer in the Quarterly Review.

July 1.—At Shrewsbury, after a short illness, Admiral Geo. Bowen.

2. In London, Major Stewart, son of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield, Lanarkshire.

— In Brook-street, Chas. Freeman, Esq. formerly Secretary to the Government at Madras, aged 68.

— At his house, in the Kent Road, aged 60, Chas. Brewer, Esq. late of the Royal Navy Asylum at Greenwich, and formerly Secretary to Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart.

5. T. H. Cutbush, Esq. 45 years of His Majesty's Office of Ordnance.

— In Devonshire-street, Maria Emilia, wife of Henry Nassau, Esq. of Oporto.

6. In Jermyn-street, Major Gen. the Hon. Arthur St. Leger.

July 6.—The Rev. David Williams, MA. Principal of Yelladmeiric College, Cardiganshire, and formerly Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

— At his house, at St. Bernard's, Stockbridge, Sir Henry Raeburn. He had for a long period occupied the first place among the portrait painters of Scotland. Sir Henry was a Member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the late Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New York, and a few days before his death received a Commission, appointing him portrait painter in Scotland to the King.

7. In Seymour-street, Bath, John Warner, Esq. formerly of Beaulieu, Hants, aged 81.

8. At Clough Hall, in the County of Stafford, Wm. Shepherd Kinnersley, Esq. MP.

— At Otley, suddenly, Miss Mary Ward. She had been so terrified by the thunder storm, as to be thrown into strong convulsion fits, which defied all aid, and terminated in her death the same evening.

9. At Exeter, on his return homewards from India, in the 40th year of his age, Major Chas. Hall, of the 16th Regt. of Madras Light Infantry, eldest son of David Hall, Esq. of Macclesfield, in the County of Chester.

11. At Brighton, Sam. Rolleston, Esq. aged 80.

— At his father's house, at Stifkey, Norfolk, Col. Henry Loftus, of the Coldstream Guards.

— At Shrewsbury, a female of the name of Baxter, having attained the age of 104 years.

— At Wain-Wern Cottage, near Pontypool, Monmouthshire, Robt. Smith, Esq.

15. At Bosworth Park, Leicestershire, Mrs. Pochin, relict of the late Col. George Pochin, of Bourn Abbey, Lincolnshire, and eldest daughter, and ultimately sole heiress of Sir Wolstan Dixie, Bart. of Bosworth Park.

— In his 76th year, Mr. Bent, of Paternoster Row, Bookseller.

16. At Walthamstow House, Essex, Harriet, daughter of Sir Robt. Wigram, Bart.

17. In Bermondsey-street, Southwark, aged 67, the Abbé Auge Denis Macquin, formerly Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Meaux en Brie.

18. At Southampton, Susan, only daughter of Dr. Borland, of Teddington.

— At Ramsgate, after lingering three years in a decline, Miles James Beevor, in his 18th year, eldest son of Colonel Beevor, of the Royal Artillery.

19. At Westbourn Green, after a long and severe illness, Francis, second son of the late John Braithwaite, Esq. of the New Road, Fitzroy Square, in his 27th year.

21. At the house of her mother, Mrs. Walton, in Gower-street, Bedford Square, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Hall Harris, Esq. of Stanwell, Middlesex.

ABROAD.

On board His Majesty's Ship, Leven, on the Coast of Africa, Mr. James Favell, Admiralty Clerk, and son of Mrs. Favell, of Cambridge, widow. This lady, at one time, could boast of having five sons in His Majesty's Service; viz. three in the Army, and two in the Navy: the three in the Army, one a Captain, the second a Lieutenant, and the third an Ensign, were killed, whilst serving under his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular War; the fourth met his death as related above; the fifth and only remaining one, is a Lieutenant in the Navy, and, till lately, commanded His Majesty's schooner, Pioneer.

At Madeira, Eugenia, the wife of John Keir, Esq. At Etterbeck, near Brussels, of a decline, the lady of Morgan Waters, Esq.

At Cologne, on his return to England, from Italy, George Halliday, Esq. of St. James's-street, Banker, aged 31.

At Calcutta, in his 65th year, Robt. Gibson, Esq. of Denmark Hill.

In Persia, Lieut. Herman Joseph Milford, of the 5th Regt. of Infantry, Madras Presidency, aged 22, second son of S. F. Milford, Esq. of Exeter, Devon.

At Sea, Henry Barry, Esq. Purser of the London, East Indiaman, aged 25.